HESIOD.

When the great sire of Gods beheld the fair,
The fatal guile the inevitable snare,
Hermes he bids to Epimetheus bear

Works and Days Bk I.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XLI.

CONTAINING

COOKE'S VERSION OF HESIOD,
MEEN'S COLUTHUS;
AND EUPOLIS' HYMN TO THE CREATOR,
TRANSLATED BY C. WESLEY.

LONDON:

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1818.

THE

WORKS

OF

HESIOD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

THOMAS COOKE.

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PART I.

CONTAINING

HESIOD'S

WORKS AND DAYS.

DEDICATION.

TO

HIS GRACE JOHN,

DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH, &c.

MY LORD,

As this is the only method by which men of genius and learning (though small perhaps my claim to either) can show their esteem for persons of extraordinary merit, in a superior manner to the rest of mankind, I could never embrace a more favourable opportunity to express my veneration for your Grace, than before a translation of so ancient and valuable an author as Hesiod. Your high descent, and the glory of your illustrious ancestors, are the weakest foundations of your praise; your own exalted worth attracts the admiration, and I may say the love, of all virtuous and distinguishing souls; and to that only I dedicate the following work. The many circumstances which contributed to the raising you to the dignities which you now enjoy, and which render you deserving the greatest favours a prince can bestow; and (what is above all) which fix you ever dear in

the affection of your country, will be no small part of the English history, and shall make the name of Argyll sacred to every generation; nor is it the least part of your character, that the nation entertains the highest opinion of your taste and judgment in the polite arts.

You, my Lord, know how the works of genius lift up the head of a nation above her neighbours, and give it as much honour as success in arms; among these we must reckon our translations of the classics; by which, when we have naturalized all Greece and Rome, we shall be so much richer than they were by so many original productions as we shall have of our own. By translations, when performed by able hands, our countrymen have an opportunity of discovering the beauties of the ancients, without the trouble and expense of learning their languages; which are of no other advantage to us than for the authors who have writ in them; among which the poets are in the first rank of honour, whose verses are the delightful channels through which the best precepts of morality are conveyed to the mind: they have generally something in them so much above the common sense of mankind; and that delivered with such dignity of expression, and in such harmony of numbers, all which put together, constitute the *os divinum;* that the reader is inspired with sentiments of honour and virtue; he thinks with abhorrence of all that is base and trifling; I may say, while he is reading, he is exalted above himself.

You, my Lord, I say, have a just sense of the

benefits arising from works of genius, and will therefore pardon the zeal with which I express myself concerning them: and great is the blessing, that we want not persons who have hearts equal to their power to cherish them: and here I must beg leave to pay a debt of gratitude to one, who, I dare say, is as highly thought of by all lovers of polite learning as by myself, I mean the Earl of Pembroke; whose notes[1] I have used in the words in which he gave them to me, and distinguished them by a particular mark from the rest. Much would I say in commendation of that great man; but I am checked by the fear of offending that virtue which every one admires. The same reason makes me dwell less on the praise of your Grace than my heart inclines me to.

The many obligations which I have received from a lady, of whose virtues I can never say too much, make it a duty in me to mention her in the most grateful manner; and particularly before a translation, to the perfecting which I may with propriety say she greatly conduced, by her kind solicitations in my behalf, and her earnest recommendation of me to several persons of distinction. I believe your Grace will not charge me with vanity, if I confess myself ambitious of being in the least degree of favour with so excellent a lady as the Marchioness of Annandale.

I shall conclude without troubling your Grace with any more circumstances relating to myself,

[1] These occur in four places only, and are included in the present edition between brackets.

sincerely wishing what I offer was more worthy your patronage; and at the same time I beg it may be received as proceeding from a just sense of your eminence in all that is great and laudable. I am,

MY LORD,
with the most profound respect,
Your Grace's
most obedient,
and most humble servant,

THOMAS COOKE.

January, 1723.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

THE LIFE OF HESIOD.

SECTION I. *The Introduction.*

THE lives of few persons are confounded with so many uncertainties and fabulous relations as those of Hesiod and Homer; for which reason, what may possibly be true, is sometimes as much disputed as the romantic part of their stories. The first has been more fortunate than the other, in furnishing us, from his writings, with some circumstances of himself and family; as the condition of his father, the place of his birth, and the extent of his travels: and he has put it out of dispute, though he has not fixed the period, that he was one of the earliest writers of whom we have any account.

II. *Of his own and father's country, from his writings.*

He tells us in the second book of his Works and Days, that his father was an inhabitant of Cuma, in one of the Æolian isles; from whence he removed to Ascra, a village in Bœotia, at the foot

of mount Helicon; which was doubtless the place of our poet's birth, though Suidas, Lilius Gyraldus, Fabricius, and others, say he was of Cuma. Hesiod himself seems, and not undesignedly, to have prevented any mistake about his country; he tells us positively, in the same book, he never was but once at sea, and that in a voyage from Aulis, a sea-port in Bœotia, to the island Eubœa. This, connected with the former passage of his father sailing from Cuma to Bœotia, will leave us in no doubt concerning his country.

III. *Of his quality, from his writings.*

Of what quality his father was we are not very certain; that he was drove from Cuma to Ascra by misfortunes, we have the testimony of Hesiod. Some tell us, he fled to avoid paying a fine; but what reason they have to imagine that I know not. It is remarkable, that our poet, in the first book of his Works and Days, calls his brother διον γενος. We are told indeed that the name of his father was Dios, of which we are not assured from any of his writings now extant: but if it was, I rather believe, had he designed to call his brother of the race of Dios, he would have used Διογενης or Διογενος; he must therefore by διον γένος intend to call him of 'race divine.' Le Clerc observes, on this passage, that the old poets were always proud of the epithet 'divine;' and brings an instance from Homer, who styled the swineherd of Ulysses so. In the same remark he says, he thinks Hesiod debases the word in his application of it, having spoke of the necessitous circumstances of his father in the following book. I have no doubt but Le

Clerc is right in the meaning of the word δῖον; but at the same time I think his observation on it trifling: because, if his father was reduced to poverty, we are not to infer from thence he was never rich; or, if he was always poor, that is no argument against his being of a good family: nor is the word 'divine' in the least debased by being an epithet to the swineherd, but a proof of the dignity of that office in those times. We are supported in this reading by Tzetzes; and Valla and Frisius have took the word in the same sense, in their Latin translations of the Works and Days.

—*Frater ades* (says Valla) *generoso e sanguine Perse.*

And Frisius calls him *Perse divine.*

IV. *A judgment of his age and quality from fiction.*

The genealogy likewise which the author of the contention betwixt Homer and Hesiod gives us, very much countenances this interpretation. We are told in that work, that Linus was the son of Apollo, and of Thoose, the daughter of Neptune; King Pierus was the son of Linus, Oeagrus of Pierus and the nymph Methone, and Orpheus of Oeagrus and the Muse Calliope; Orpheus was the father of Othrys, Othrys of Harmonides, and Harmonides of Philoterpus; from him sprung Euphemus the father of Epiphrades, who begot Menalops the father of Dios; Hesiod and Perses were the sons of Dios by Pucamede the daughter of Apollo; Perses was the father of Mæon, whose daughter Crytheis bore Homer to the river Meles. Homer is here made the great grandson of Perses

the brother of Hesiod. I do not give this account with a view it should be much depended on; for it is plain, from the poetical etymologies of the names, it is a fictitious generation; yet two useful inferences may be made from it; first, it is natural to suppose the author of this genealogy would not have forged such an honourable descent, unless it was generally believed he was of a great family; nor would he have placed him so long before Homer, had it not been the prevailing opinion he was first.

V. *Of his age, from Longomontanus, and the Arundelian marble.*

Mr. Kennet quotes the Danish astronomer Longomontanus, who undertook to settle the age of Hesiod from some lines in his Works and Days; and he made it agree with the Arundelian marble, which makes him about thirty years before Homer.

VI. *From Herodotus.*

Herodotus assures us, that Hesiod (whom he places first in his account) and Homer lived four hundred years and no more before himself: this must carry no small weight with it, when we consider it as delivered down to us by the oldest Greek historian we have.

VII. *From his writings.*

The pious exclamation against the vices of his own times, in the beginning of the iron age, and the manner in which the description of that age is wrote, (most of the verbs being in the future tense) give us room to imagine he lived when the world

had but just departed from their primitive virtue; just as the race of heroes was at an end, and men were sunk into all that is base and wicked.

VIII. *The opinions of Justus Lipsius and Ludolphus Neocorus confuted.*

Justus Lipsius, in his notes to the first book of Velleïus Paterculus, says, 'there is more simplicity, and a greater air of antiquity, in the works of Hesiod than of Homer,' from which he would infer, he is the older writer: and Fabricius gives us these words of Ludolphus Neocorus, who writ a critical history of Homer: 'If a judgment of the two poets is to be made from their works, Homer has the advantage in the greater simplicity and air of antiquity in his style: Hesiod is more finished and elegant.' One of these is a flagrant instance of the random judgment which the critics and commentators often pass on authors, and how little dependence is to be laid on some of them. In short, they are both in an error; for, had they considered through how many hands the Iliad and Odysses have been, since they came from the first author, they would not have pretended to determine the question, who was first by their style.

IX. *Dr. Clarke's and Sir Isaac Newton's opinions considered.*

Dr. Samuel Clarke (who was indeed a person of much more extensive learning and nicer discernment than either Neocorus or Lipsius) has founded an argument for the antiquity of Homer on a quantity of the word καλος. In his note on the 43d verse of the 2d book of the Iliad, he observes,

that Homer has used the word καλος in the Iliad and Odyssey above two hundred and seventy times, and has in every place made the first syllable long; whereas Hesiod frequently makes it long, and often short: and Theocritus uses it both long and short in the same verse; from which our learned critic infers, that Hesiod could not be cotemporary with Homer (unless, says he, they spoke different languages in different parts of the country), but much later; because he takes it for granted, that the liberty of making the first syllable of καλος short was long after Homer, who uses the word above two hundred and seventy times, and never has the first syllable short. This is a curious piece of criticism, but productive of no certainty of the age of Homer or Hesiod. The Ionic poets, Dr. Clarke observes, had one fixed rule of making the first syllable in καλος long: the Attic poets Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, in innumerable places, he says, make it short; the Doric poets do the same: all therefore that can be inferred from this is, that Homer always used it in the Ionic manner, and Hesiod often in the Ionic, and often in the Doric. This argument of Dr. Clarke's, founded on a single quantity of a word, is entirely destructive of Sir Isaac Newton's system of chronology; who fixes the Time of Troy being taken but thirty-four years before Hesiod flourished. Troy, he says [1], was taken nine hundred and four years before Christ, and Hesiod, he says, flourished eight hundred and seventy. This shows Sir Isaac Newton's opinion of the age of

[1] In his 'Chronology of ancient kingdoms amended.'

Hesiod in regard to his vicinity to Homer: his bringing the chronology of both so low as he does, is to support his favourite scheme of reducing all to scripture chronology.

x. *A thousand years before Christ.*

After all, it is universally agreed he was before, or at least cotemporary with Homer; but I think we have more reason to believe him the older; and Mr. Pope (after all the authorities he could find in behalf of Homer) fixes his decision on the Arundelian marble. To enter into all the disputes which have been on this head, would be endless and unnecessary; but we may venture to place him a thousand years before Christ, without exceeding an hundred, perhaps, on either side.

xi. *Some circumstances of his life from his writings.*

Having thus far agreed to his parents, his country, and the time in which he rose, our next business is to trace him in such of his actions as are discoverable; and here, we have nothing certain but what occurs to us in his works. That he tended his own flocks on mount Helicon, and there first received his notions of poetry, is very probable from the beginning of his 'Theogony;' but what he there says of the muses appearing to him, and giving him a sceptre of laurel, I pass over as a poetical flight. It likewise appears, from the first book of his 'Works and Days,' that his father left some effects, when he died; on the division of which his brother Perses defrauded him, by bribing the judges. He was so far from being pro-

voked to any act of resentment by this injustice, that he expressed a concern for those poor mistaken mortals, who placed their happiness in riches only, even at the expense of their virtue. He lets us know, in the same poem, that he was not only above want, but capable of assisting his brother in time of need; which he often did after the ill usage he had met with from him. The last passage, relating to himself, is his conquest in a poetical contention. Amphidamas, king of Eubœa, had instituted funeral games in honour of his own memory, which his sons afterwards saw performed: Hesiod here was competitor for the prize in poetry, a tripod, which he won, and (as he tells us himself) consecrated to the muses.

XII. *From Plutarch, &c.*

Plutarch, in his 'Banquet of the Seven Wise Men,' makes Periander give an account of the poetical contention at Chalcis; in which Hesiod and Homer are made antagonists: the first was conqueror, who received a tripod for his victory, which he dedicated to the muses, with this inscription:

> Ησιοδος Μουσαις Ελικωνισι τονδ' ανεθηκεν,
> Υμνω νικησας εν χαλκιδι θειον Ομηρον.
>
> This Hesiod vows to the' Heliconian nine,
> In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

This story, as related by Plutarch, was doubtless occasioned by what Hesiod says of himself, in the second book of his 'Works and Days;' which passage might possibly give birth to that famous treatise, Αγων Ομηρου και Ησιοδου, mentioned in the

fourth section of this discourse. Barnes, in his Præloquium to the same treatise, quotes three verses, (two from Eustathius, and the third added by Lilius Gyraldus, in his life of our poet) which inform us, that Hesiod and Homer sung in Delos to the honour of Apollo.

> Εν Δηλω τοτε πρωτον εγω και Ομηρος, αοιδοι,
> Μελπομεν, εν νεαροις υμνοις ραψαντες αοιδην,
> Φοιβον Απολλωνα χρυσαορον ον τεκε Λητω,

> Homer, and I, in Delos sung our lays,
> There first we sung, and to Apollo's praise;
> New was the verse in which we then begun
> In honour to the god, Latona's son.

But these, together with the contention betwixt these two great poets, are regarded as no other than fables; and Barnes, who had certainly read as much on this head as any man, and who seems, by some expressions, willing to believe it if he could, is forced to decline the dispute, and leave it in the same uncertainty in which he found it. The story of the two Poets meeting in Delos, is a manifest forgery; because, as I observed before, Hesiod positively says he never took any voyage but that to Chalcis; and these verses make his meeting in Delos, which is contrary to his own assertion, precede his contention at Chalcis.

Thus have I collected, and compared together, all that is material of his life; in the latter part of which, we are told, he removed to Locris, a town near the same distance from mount Parnassus, as Ascra from Helicon. Lilius Gyraldus, and others, tell us he left a son, and a daughter; and that his son was Stesichorus the poet; but this wants better

confirmation than we have of it. It is agreed by all, that he lived to a very advanced age.

XIII. *His death.*

The story of his death, as told by Solon, in Plutarch's 'Banquet of the Seven Wise Men,' is very remarkable. The man, with whom Hesiod lived at Locris, ravished a maid in the same house. Hesiod, though entirely ignorant of the fact, was maliciously accused, as an accomplice, to her brothers; who barbarously murdered him with his companion, whose name was Troilus, and throwed their bodies into the sea. The body of Troilus was cast on a rock, which retains the name of Troilus from that accident. The body of Hesiod was received by a shoal of dolphins as soon as it was hurled into the water, and carried to the city Molicria, near the promontory Rhion: near which place the Locrians then held a solemn feast, the same which is at this time celebrated with so much pomp. When they saw a floating carcase, they ran with astonishment to the shore, and finding it to be the body of Hesiod, newly slain, they resolved (as they thought themselves obliged) to detect the murderers of a person they so much esteemed and honoured. When they had found out the wretches who committed the murder, they plunged them alive into the sea, and afterwards destroyed their houses. The remains of Hesiod were deposited in Nemea; and his tomb is unknown to most strangers; the reason of it being concealed, was because of the Orchomenians; who had a design, founded on the advice of an oracle, to steal his remains from thence, and to bury them

in their own country. This account of the oracle, here mentioned by Plutarch, is related by Pausanias, in his Bœotics. He tells us, the Orchomenians were advised by the oracle to bring the bones of Hesiod into their country, as the only means to drive away a pestilence which raged among them. They obeyed the oracle, found the bones, and brought them home. Pausanias, say they, erected a tomb over him, with an inscription to this purpose on it:

> Hesiod, thy birth is barren Ascra's boast,
> Thy dead remains now grace the Minyan coast;
> Thy honours to meridian glory rise,
> Grateful thy name to all the good and wise.

XIV. *Monuments, &c. of him.*

We have the knowledge of some few monuments which were raised in honour to this great and ancient poet. Pausanias, in his Bœotics, informs us, that his countrymen, the Bœotians, erected to his memory an image with a harp in his hand: the same author tells us, in another place, there was likewise a statue of Hesiod in the temple of Jupiter Olympicus. Fulvius Ursinus, and Boissard, in his Antiquities, have exhibited a breast with a head, a trunk without a head, and a gem, of him: and Ursinus says, there is a statue of him, of brass, in the public college of Constantinople. The only original monument of him besides, now remaining, or at least known, is a marble busto in the Pembroke collection at Wilton. [What Fulvius Ursinus has published resembles that; but is only a basso relievo. From the manner of the head being cracked off from the lower part, which has some

of the hair behind, it appears that both the parts are of the same work and date.]

XV. *His character.*

For his character we need go no further than his 'Works and Days.' With what a dutiful affection he speaks of his father, when he proposes him as a pattern to his brother. His behaviour, after the unjust treatment from Perses and the judges, proves him both a philosopher and a good man. His moral precepts, in the first book, seem to be as much the dictates of his heart as the fruits of his genius; there we behold a man of the chastest manners, and the best disposition.

He was undoubtedly a great lover of retirement and contemplation, and seems to have had no ambition but that of acting well. I shall conclude my character of him with that part of it which Paterculus so justly thought his due: Perelegantis ingenii, et molissimâ dulcedine carminum memorabilis; otii quietisque cupidissimus: 'of a truly elegant genius, and memorable for his most easy sweetness of verse; most fond of leisure and quietude.'

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

WRITINGS OF HESIOD.

SECTION I. *The Introduction.*

OF all the authors who have given any account of the writings of our poet, I find none so perfect as the learned Fabricius, in his 'Bibliotheca Græca.' He there seems to have left unread no work that might in the least contribute to the completing his design: him I shall follow in the succeeding discourse, so far as relates to the titles of the poems, and the authorities for them.

II. *The Theogony.*

I shall begin with the 'Theogony,' or Generation of the Gods, which Fabricius puts out of dispute to be of Hesiod: nor is it doubted, (says he) that Pythagoras took it for his, who feigned he saw the soul of our poet in hell chained to a brazen pillar; a punishment inflicted upon him for the stories which he invented of the gods. This doubtless is the poem that gave Herodotus occasion to say that Hesiod, with Homer, was the first who introduced a theogony among the Grecians; the first who gave names to the gods, ascribed to them honours and arts, giving particular descriptions of their persons.

The first hundred and fifteen lines of this poem have been disputed; but I am inclined to believe them genuine; because Pausanias takes notice of the sceptre of laurel, which the poet says, in those verses, was a present to him from the muses; and Ovid, in the beginning of his 'Art of Love,' alludes to that passage of the muses appearing to him; and Hesiod himself, in the second book of his 'Works and Days,' has an allusion to these verses.

III. *The Works and Days.*

The 'Works and Days' is the first poem of its kind, if we may rely on the testimony of Pliny; it being very uncertain, says Fabricius, whether the poems attributed to *Orpheus* were older than *Hesiod;* among which the critics and commentators mention one of the same title with this of our poet. Pausanias, in his 'Bœotics,' tells us he saw a copy of this wrote in plates of lead, but without the first ten verses with which it now begins. The only dispute about this piece has been concerning the title, and the division into books. Some make it two poems: the first they call Εργά, works, and the second Ημεραι, days; others call the first Εγρα και Ημεραὶ, works and days, and the second Ημεραι only, which part consists of but sixty-four lines. Where I mention the number of verses in this discourse, I speak of them as they stand in the original. We find, in some editions, the division beginning at the end of the moral and religious precepts; but Grævius denies such distinctions being in any of the old manuscripts. Whether these divisions were in the first copies signifies little; for as we find them in several late editions, they are

very natural, and contribute something to the ease of the reader, without the least detriment to the original text. I am ready to imagine we have not this work delivered down to us so perfect as it came from the hands of the poet, which I shall endeavour to show in the next section. This poem, as Plutarch in his Symposiacs assures us, was sung to the harp.

IV. *The Theogony, and Works and Days, the only undoubted poems of Hesiod now extant.*

The 'Theogony,' and 'Works and Days,' are the only undoubted pieces of our poet now extant; the Ασπις Ηρακλεους, the 'Shield of Hercules,' is always printed with these two, but has not one convincing argument in its favour by which we may positively declare it a genuine work of Hesiod. We have great reason to believe those two poems only were remaining in the reign of Augustus. Manilius (who was an author of the Augustan age), in the second book of his Astronomy, takes notice, in his commendation of our poet and his writings, of no other than the 'Theogony,' and 'Works and Days.' The verses of Manilius are these:

Hesiodus memorat divos, div'umque parentes,
Et chaos enixum terras, orbemque sub illo
Infantem, primum[1] *titubantia sidera, corpus,*
Titanasque senes, Jovis et cunabula magni,

[1] Dr. Bentley, whose Manilius was published ten years after the first edition of this discourse, gives *primos titubantia sidera partus:* the old copies, he says, have *primos*, and *partus* is supplied by his own judgment; but *primos partus* for *titubantia sidera* is not consistent with the genealogy of these

Et sub fratre viri nomen, sine fratre parentis,
Atque iterùm patrio nascentem corpore Bacchum,
Omniaque immenso volitantia numina mundo:
Quinetiam rubis cultas, legesque[2] *rogavit,*
Militiamque Soli, quos colles Bacchus amaret,
Quos fœcunda Ceres campos, quod Bacchus[3] *utrium-que,*
Atque arbusta vagis essent quod adultera pomis,
Sylvarumque deos, sacrataque numina nymphas;
Pacis opus, magnos naturæ condit in usus.

Thus translated by Mr. Creech:

——Hesiod sings the gods' immortal race;
He sings how chaos bore the earthy mass;
How light from darkness struck did beams display,
And infant-stars first stagger'd in their way;
How name of brother veil'd an husband's love,
And Juno bore unaided by her Jove,
How twice-born Bacchus burst the thunderer's thigh,
And all the gods that wander through the sky:

natural bodies in the Theogony of Hesiod: an exact genealogical table to which I have given at the end of my notes to that poem. I must (with great deference to the superior knowledge of that learned critic) prefer the common reading *primum corpus.* Dr. Bentley's chief objection to this reading is founded on making *primum* to be understood *first* in point of time; therefore, says he, *quomodo vero sidera primum erant corpus, cum ante ille extiterint chaos, terræ, orbis?* Very true; but *primum* must be taken as I have used it in my explanation of it.

[2] For *legesque rogavit* Dr. Bentley gives *legesque novandi,* on the authority of no copy, but from a dislike to the expression of *rogavit cultus* and *rogavit militiam;* but, as the old reading *rogavit* is agreeable to my construction of it, I am for keeping it in.

[3] For *Bacchus utrumque* Dr. Bentley gives *Pallas utrumque;* and in that sense Mr. Creech has translated it: which would be the more eligible reading, if Hesiod had treated of Olives. *Bacchus utrumque* is a foolish repetition, as Dr. Bentley observes.

Hence he to fields descends, manures the soil,
Instructs the ploughman, and rewards his toil;
He sings how corn in plains, how vine in hills,
Delight, how both with vast increase the olive fills,
How foreign grafts the' adulterous stock receives,
Bears stranger fruit, and wonders at her leaves:
An useful work when peace and plenty reign,
And art joins nature to improve the plain.

The observation which Mr. Kennet makes on these lines is, 'that those fine things which the Latin poet recounts about the birth of the gods, and the making the world, are not so nearly allied to any passage in the present Theogony as to justify the allusion.' An author, who was giving an account of an ancient poet, ought to have been more careful than this biographer was in his judgment of these verses; because such as read him, and are at the same time unlearned in the language of the poet, are to form their notions from his sentiments. Mr. Kennet is so very wrong in his remark here, that in all the seven lines which contain the encomium on the Theogony, I cannot see one expression that has not an allusion, and a strong one, to some particular passage in that poem. I am afraid this gentleman's modesty made him distrust himself, and too servilely follow this translation, which he quotes in his life of Hesiod; where he seems to lay great stress on the judgment of the translator. Mr. Creech has in these few lines so unhappily mistook his author, that in some places he adds what the poet never thought of, leaves whole verses untranslated, and in other places gives a sense quite different to what the poet designed. I shall now proceed to point out these passages to which Manilius particularly alludes. His first line relates to

the poem in general, the Generation of the Gods; though we must take notice that he had that part of Hesiod's system in view where he makes matter precede all things, and even the gods themselves; for by *div'um parentes* the Latin poet means chaos, heaven, earth, &c. which the Greek poet makes the parents of the gods. Hesiod tells us, verse 116, chaos brought forth the earth her first offspring; to which the second line here quoted has a plain reference; and *orbemque sub illo infantem*, (which Mr. Creech has omitted) may either mean the world in general, or, by *sub illo* being annexed, hell; which, according to our poet, was made a subterranean world. *Primum titubantia sidera, corpus*, which is here rendered, 'and infant-stars first stagger'd in their way,' are the sun and moon; our poet calls them Ηελιον τε μεγαν, λαμπραν τε σεληνην, 'the great sun, and the bright moon;' the Roman calls them the wandering planets, the chief bodies in the firmament, not the first works of heaven; as is interpreted in the Dauphine's edition of Manilius. The fourth verse, which refers to the birth of Jove, and the wars of the giants and the gods, one of the greatest subjects of the Theogony, the English translator has left untouched. I am not ignorant of a various reading of this passage, viz.

'*Titanasque juvisse senis cunabula magni,*'

which has a stronger allusion to the battle of the gods than the other reading, *senis cunabula magni*, meaning the second childhood or old age of Saturn. The next verse, which is beautifully expressed in these two lines,

How name of brother veil'd an husband's love,
And Juno bore unaided by her Jove,

plainly directs to Jupiter taking his sister Juno to wife, and Juno bearing Vulcan ἐ φιλοτητι, μιγεισα, by which Hesiod means without the mutual joys of love. The succeeding line has a reference to the birth of Bacchus, and the seventh to the whole poem; so that he may be said to begin and end his panegyric on the Theogony, with a general allusion to the whole. The Latin poet, in his six verses on the Works and Days, begins, as on the Theogony, with a general observation on the whole poem: 'Hesiod (says he) inquired into the tillage and management of the country, and into the laws or rules of agriculture.' I do not question but Manilius, in *legesque rogavit*, had his eye on these words of our poet Ουτος τοι πεδιων πελεται νομος, 'this is the law of the fields.' What the Roman there says of Bacchus loving hills, and of grafting, has no allusion to any part of the present Works and Days; but we are not to infer from thence that this is not the poem alluded to, but that those passages are lost; of which I have not the least doubt, when I consider of some parts of the Works and Days which are not so well connected as I wish they were. I think it is indisputable that Hesiod writ more of the vintage than we have now extant, and that he likewise laid down rules for the care of trees: this will appear more clearly, if we observe in what manner Virgil introduces this line

'*Ascræumque cano, Romana per oppida, carmen.*

This is in the second book of the Georgics; the chief subjects of which book are the different me-

thods of producing trees, of transplanting, grafting, of the various kinds of trees, the proper soil for each kind, and of the care of vines and olives; and he has in that book the very expression Manilius applies to Hesiod. *Bacchus amat colles* (says Virgil); *rogavit quos colles Bacchus amaret*, says the other of our poet, 'he inquired after what hills Bacchus loved.'

I should not have used Mr. Creech and Mr. Kennet with so much freedom as I have, had not the translation of the one, and the remark of the other, so nearly concerned our poet; but I hope the clearing a difficult and remarkable passage in a classic, will, in some measure, atone for the liberties I have took with these gentlemen.

v. *The Shield of Hercules.*

We have now ascribed to Hesiod a poem under the title of Ασπις Ηρακλεους, 'the Shield of Hercules;' which Aristophanes the grammarian supposes to be spurious, and that it is an imitation of the Shield of Achilles in Homer. Lilius Gyraldus, and Fabricius, bring all the testimonies they can for it being writ by Hesiod; but none of them amount to a proof. Fabricius gives us the opinion of Tanaquil Faber, in these words: 'I am much surprised that this should formerly have been, and is now, a matter of dispute; those who suppose the Shield not to be of Hesiod, have a very slender knowledge of the Greek poetry.' This is only the judgment of one man against a number, and that founded on no authority. I know not what could induce Tanaquil Faber so confidently to assert this, which looks (if I may use the expression) like a

sort of bullying a person into his opinion, by forcing him into the dreadful apprehension of being thought no judge of Greek poetry, if he will not come in: I say, I know not what could induce him to assert this; for there is no manner of similitude to the other works of our poet. And here I must call in question the judgment of Aristophanes, and of such as have followed him, for supposing it to be an imitation of the Shield of Achilles. The whole poem consists of four hundred and fourscore verses; of which the description of the Shield is but one hundred and fourscore; in this description are some similar passages to that of Achilles, but not sufficient to justify that opinion. There are likewise a few lines the same in both; but after a strict examination, they may possibly appear as much to the disadvantage of Homer, as to the author of this poem. The other parts have no affinity to any book in the two poems of Homer. The poet begins with a beautiful description of the person of Alcmena, her love to Amphitryon, and her amour with Jupiter; from thence he proceeds to the characters of Hercules and Iphiclus, and goes on regularly to the death of Cygnus, which concludes the poem; with many other particulars, which, as I said before, have no relation to any part of Homer. Among the writings of our poet which were lost, we have the titles of Γυναικων, or Ηρωιδων, Καταλογος, and of Γυναικων Καταλογος, or Ηοιαι Μεγαλαι: both these titles are likely to belong but to one poem, and to that which Suidas mentions, the 'Catalogue of Heroic Women,' in five books; that he composed such a work, is probable, from the two last verses of the Theogony, and it being often mentioned by ancient writers.

We have an account of another poem, under the title of Ηρωγονια, the Generation of Heroes. The favourers of the Shield of Hercules would have that poem received as a fragment of one of these; and all that Le Clerc says in defence of it is, 'since Hercules was the most famous of heroes, it is not absurd to imagine the Shield to be a part of the Ηρωγονια, though it is handed down to us as a distinct work; and yet it is but a fragment of it.' Thus we see all their arguments, both for it being genuine, and a fragment of another poem, are but conjectures. I think they ought not to suspect it a part of another work, unless they could tell when, where, or by whom, the title was changed. It is certainly a very ancient piece, and well worth the notice of men of genius.

VI. *Poems which are lost.*

Besides the pieces just mentioned, we find the following catalogue in Fabricius attributed to Hesiod, but now lost.

Παραινεσις, or Υποθηκαι χειρωνος. This was concerning the education of Achilles under Chiron; which Aristophanes, in one of his comedies, banters as the work of Hesiod.

Μελαμποδια, or εις τον Μαντιν Μελαμποδα: a poem on divination. The title is supposed to be took from Melampus, an ancient physician, said to be skilled in divination by birds. Part of this work is commended by Athenæus, book 13.

Αστρονομια μεγαλη, or Αστρικη βιβλος: 'a treatise of astronomy.' Pliny says: 'according to Hesiod, in whose name we have a book of astrology extant, the early setting of the Pleïades is about the end of the autumn-equinox.' Notwithstanding

this quotation, Fabricius tells us, that Athenæus and Pliny, in some other place, have given us reason to believe they thought the poem of astronomy supposititious.

Επικηδειος εις Βατραχυν. This is mentioned by Suidas, with the addition of τινα ερωμενον αυτου, 'a funeral song on Batrachus, whom he loved.'

Περι Ιδαιων Δακτυλων. This was of the Idæi Dactyli, 'who (says Pliny, in his seventh book) are recorded by Hesiod as discoverers of iron in Crete.' This is likewise in the catalogue of Suidas.

Επιθαλαμιος Πελεως και Θετιδος: 'an epithalamium on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis;' two verses of which are in the Prolegomena of Isaac Tzetzes to Lycophron.

Γης περιοδος. This book of geography is mentioned by Strabo.

Αιγιμιος: a poem on one Ægimius. 'This (Athenæus tells us) was writ by Hesiod, or Cecrops:' a wretch, whose name is now remembered only for being to Hesiod what Zoilus was to Homer.

Θησεως εις τον αιδην καταβασις: 'the descent of Theseus into hell.' This is attributed to Hesiod, by Pausanias, in his Bœotics.

Επη μαντικα και εξηγησεις επι τερασιν: 'on prophecies, or divination, with an exposition of prodigies, or portents.' This is likewise mentioned by Pausanias.

Θειοι λογοι; 'divine speeches;' which Maximus Tyrius takes notice of in his sixteenth dissertation.

Μεγαλα εργα: 'great or remarkable actions.' We find the title of this work in the eighth book of Athenæus.

Κηυκος γαμος: 'the marriage of Ceyx.' We

have an account of this poem, both by Athenæus, and Plutarch in his Symposiacs.

Of all these labours of this great poet, we see nothing but the titles remaining, excepting some fragments preserved by Pausanias, Plutarch, Polybius, &c. We are told that our poet composed some other works, of which we have not even the titles. We are assured, from diverse passages in Pliny, that he wrote of the virtues of herbs; but here Fabricius judiciously observes, that he might, in other poems, occasionally treat of various herbs; as in the beginning of his 'Works and Days,' he speaks of the wholesomeness of mallows, and the daffodil, or asphodelos. Quintilian, in his fifth book, denies the fables of Æsop to have been written originally by him, but says the first author of them was Hesiod; and Plutarch informs us that Æsop was his disciple: but this opinion, though countenanced by some, is exploded by others.

When we reflect on the number of titles, the poems to which are irreparably lost, we should consider them as so many monuments to raise our concern for the loss of so much treasure never to be retrieved. Let us turn our thoughts from that melancholy theme, and view the poet in his living writings; let us read him ourselves, and incite our countrymen to a taste of the politeness of Greece. Scaliger, in an epistle to Salmasius, divides the state of poetry in Greece into four periods of time: in the first arose Homer and Hesiod; on which he has the just observation that concludes my discourse: 'this (says he) you may not improperly call the spring of poesy; but it is rather the bloom than infancy.'

GENERAL ARGUMENT

TO THE

WORKS AND DAYS.

FROM THE GREEK OF DANIEL HEINSIUS.

The poet begins with the difference of the two contentions; and rejecting that which is attended with disgrace, he advises his brother Perses to prefer the other. One is the lover of strife, and the occasion of troubles: the other prompts us on to procure the necessaries of life in a fair and honest way. After Prometheus had by subtlety stole the fire clandestinely from Jove (the fire is by the divine Plato, in his allusion to this passage, called the necessaries, or abundance of life;' and those are called 'subtle,' who were solicitous after the abundance of life), the god created a great evil, which was Pandora, that is Fortune, who was endowed with all the gifts of the gods, meaning all the benefits of nature: so Fortune may from thence be said to have the disposal of the comforts of life; and from that time care and prudence are required in the management of human affairs. Before Prometheus had purloined the fire, all the common necessaries of life were near at hand, and easily attained; for Saturn had first made a golden age of men, to which the earth yielded all her fruits spontaneously; the mortals of the golden age sub-

mitted to a soft and pleasant death, and were afterwards made demons; and honour attended their names. To this succeeded the second, the silver age; worse in all things than the first, and better than the following; which Jupiter, or Fate, took from the earth, and made happy in their death. Hence the poet passes to the third, the brazen age; the men of which, he says, were fierce and terrible, who ignobly fell by their own folly and civil discord: nor was their future fate like to the other, for they descended to hell. This generation is followed by a race of heroes, Eteocles and Polynices, and the rest who were in the first and oldest Theban war, and Agamemnon and Menelaus; and such as are recorded by the poet[1] to be in the Trojan war; of whom some perished entirely by death, and some now inhabit the isles of the blessed. Next he describes the iron age, and the injustice which prevailed in it. He greatly reproves the judges, and taxes them with corruption, in a short and beautiful fable. In the other part of the book, he sets before our eyes the consequences of justice and injustice; and then, in the most sagacious manner, lays down some of the wisest precepts to Perses. The part which contains the precepts, is chiefly writ in an irregular, free, and easy way; and his frequent repetitions (which custom modern writers have quite avoided) bear no small marks of his antiquity. He often digresses, that his brother might not be tired with his precepts, because of a too much sameness. Hence he passes to rules of economy, beginning with agriculture. He points out

[1] I suppose Hesiodus means Homer.

the proper season for the plough, the harvest, the vintage, and for felling wood; he shows the fruits of industry, and the ill consequences of negligence. He describes the different seasons, and tells us what works are proper to each. These are the subjects of the first part of his Enonomy. In process of time, and the thirst of gain increasing in men, every method was tried to the procuring riches; men begun to extend their commerce over the seas; for which reason the poet laid down precepts for navigation. He next proceeds to a recommendation of divine worship, the adoration due to the immortal gods, and the various ways of paying our homage to them. He concludes with a short observation on days; dividing them into the good, bed, and indifferent.

WORKS AND DAYS[1].

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS book contains the invocation to the whole, the general proposition, the story of Prometheus Epimetheus, and Pandora; a description of the golden age, silver age, brazen age, the age of heroes, and the iron age; a recommendation of virtue, from the temporal blessings with which good men are attended, and the condition of the wicked; and several moral precepts proper to be observed through the course of our lives.

SING, muses, sing, from the Pierian grove;
Begin the song, and let the theme be Jove;
From him ye sprung, and him ye first should praise;
From your immortal sire deduce your lays;

[1] The Scholiast Tzetzes tells us, this poem was first called the 'Works and Days of Hesiod;' to distinguish it from another on the same subject, and of the same title, wrote by Orpheus. How much this may be depended on I cannot say; but Fabricius assures us from Pliny, book 18, chap. 25. that Hesiod was the first who laid down rules for agriculture. It is certain, that of all the pieces of this nature which were before Virgil, and extant in his days, this was most esteemed by him; otherwise he would not have showed that respect to our author which he

To him alone, to his great will, we owe
That we exist, and what we are below.
Whether we blaze among the sons of fame,
Or live obscurely, and without a name;
Or noble, or ignoble, still we prove
Our lot determin'd by the will of Jove. 10
With ease he lifts the peasant to a crown,
With the same ease he casts the monarch down;
With ease he clouds the brightest name in night,
And calls the meanest to the fairest light;
At will he varies life through every state,
Unnerves the strong, and makes the crooked straight.

does quite through his Georgic. In one place he proposes him as a pattern in that great work, where, addressing to his country he says,

——— tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
Ascræumque cano, Romana per oppida, carmen.
Lib. 2.

For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.
Dryden.

He begins the Georgic with an explanation of the title of the 'Works and Days.'

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, &c.

What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitly soil, and when to sow the corn.
Dryden.

for by 'Works' is meant the art of agriculture, and by 'Days' the proper seasons for works. See further in a Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod prefixed.

Such Jove, who thunders terrible from high,
Who dwells in mansions far above the sky. [aid,
Look down, thou power supreme, vouchsafe thine
And let my judgment be by justice sway'd ; 20
O! hear my vows, and thine assistance bring,
While truths undoubted I to Perses sing.
As here on earth we tread the maze of life,
The mind's divided in a double strife ;
One by the wise is thought deserving fame,
And this attended by the greatest shame,
The dismal source whence spring pernicious jars,
The baneful fountain of destructive wars,
Which, by the laws of arbitrary fate,
We follow, though by nature taught to hate ; 30
From night's black realms this took its odious birth,
And one Jove planted in the womb of earth,
The better strife ; by this the soul is fir'd
To arduous toils, nor with those toils is tir'd ;
One sees his neighbour, with laborious hand,
Planting his orchard, or manuring land ;
He sees another with industrious care,
Materials for the building art prepare ;
Idle himself he sees them haste to rise,
Observes their growing wealth with envious eyes,
With emulation fir'd, beholds their store, 41
And toils with joy, who never toil'd before :
The artist envies what the artist gains,
The bard the rival bard's successful strains.
Perses attend, my just decrees observe,
Nor from thy honest labour idly swerve ;
The love of strife, that joys in evils, shun ;
Nor to the forum from thy duty run.

How vain the wranglings of the bar to mind,
While Ceres, yellow goddess, is unkind! 50
But when propitious she has heap'd your store,
For others you may plead, and not before;
But let with justice your contentions prove,
And be your counsels such as come from Jove;
Not as of late when we divided lands,
You grasp'd at all with avaricious hands;
When the corrupted bench, for bribes well known,
Unjustly granted more than was your own.
Fools, blind to truth! nor knows their erring soul
How much the half is better than the whole, 60
How great the pleasure wholesome herbs afford,
How bless'd the frugal, and an honest board!
Would the immortal gods on men bestow
A mind, how few the wants of life to know;
They all the year from labour free might live
On what the bounty of a day would give;
They soon the rudder o'er the smoke would lay,
And let the mule and ox at leisure stray:
This sense to man the king of gods denies,
In wrath to him who daring robb'd the skies; 70
Dread ills the god prepar'd, unknown before,
And the stol'n fire back to his heaven he bore:
But from Prometheus 'twas conceal'd in vain,
Which for the use of man he stole again,
And, artful in his fraud, brought from above
Clos'd in a hollow cane, deceiving Jove.
Again defrauded of celestial fire,
Thus spoke the cloud-compelling god in ire:
'Son of Iäpetus, o'er-subtle, go,
And glory in thy artful theft below; 80
Now of the fire you boast by stealth retriev'd,
And triumph in almighty Jove deceiv'd;

But thou too late shalt find the triumph vain,
And read thy folly in succeeding pain;
Posterity the sad effect shall know,
When, in pursuit of joy, they grasp their woe.'
He spoke, and told to Mulciber his will,
And, smiling, bade him his commands fulfil,
To use his greatest art, his nicest care,
To frame a creature exquisitely fair, 90
To temper well the clay with water, then
To add the vigour and the voice of men,
To let her first in virgin lustre shine,
In form a goddess, with a bloom divine.
And next, the sire demands Minerva's aid,
In all her various skill to train the maid,
Bids her the secrets of the loom impart,
To cast a curious thread with happy art:
And golden Venus was to teach the fair,
The wiles of love, and to improve her air, 100
And then, in awful majesty, to shed
A thousand graceful charms around her head:
Next Hermes, artful god, must form her mind,
One day to torture and the next be kind,
With manners all deceitful, and her tongue
Fraught with abuse, and with detraction hung.
Jove gave the mandate; and the gods obey'd.
First Vulcan form'd of earth the blushing maid;
Minerva next perform'd the task assign'd,
With every female art adorn'd her mind. 110
To dress her Suada, and the Graces join;
Around her person, lo! the diamonds shine.
To deck her brows the fair-tress'd Seasons bring!
A garland breathing all the sweets of spring.
Each present Pallas gives its proper place,
And adds to every ornament a grace,

Next Hermes taught the fair the heart to move,
With all the false alluring arts of love;
Her manners all deceitful, and her tongue
With falsehoods fruitful, and detraction hung. 120
The finish'd maid the gods Pandora call,
Because a tribute she receiv'd from all:
And thus, 'twas Jove's command, the sex began,
A lovely mischief to the soul of man.
When the great sire of gods beheld the fair,
The fatal guile, the' inevitable snare,
Hermes he bids to Epimetheus bear.
Prometheus, mindful of his theft above,
Had warn'd his brother to beware of Jove;
To take no present that the god should send, 130
Lest the fair bribe should ill to man portend;
But he, forgetful, takes his evil fate,
Accepts the mischief, and repents too late.
Mortals at first a blissful earth enjoy'd,
With ills untainted, nor with cares annoy'd;
To them the world was no laborious stage,
Nor fear'd they then the miseries of age;
But soon the sad reversion they behold,
Alas! they grow in their afflictions old;
For in her hand the nymph a casket bears, 140
Full of diseases and corroding cares,
Which open'd, they to taint the world begin,
And hope alone remains entire within.
Such was the fatal present from above,
And such the will of cloud-compelling Jove:
And now unnumber'd woes o'er mortals reign,
Alike infected is the land and main;
O'er human race distempers silent stray,
And multiply their strength by night and day;

'Twas Jove's decree they should in silence rove:
For who is able to contend with Jove? 151
And now the subject of my verse I change;
To tales of profit and delight I range;
Whence you may pleasure and advantage gain,
If in your mind you lay the useful strain.

Soon as the deathless gods were born, and man,
A mortal race, with voice endow'd, began;
The heavenly powers from high their work behold,
And the first age they style an age of gold.
Men spent a life like gods in Saturn's reign, 160
Nor felt their mind a care, nor body pain;
From labour free, they every sense enjoy;
Nor could the ills of time their peace destroy;
In banquets they delight, remov'd from care;
Nor troublesome old age intruded there:
They die, or rather seem to die; they seem
From hence transported in a pleasing dream.
The fields, as yet untill'd, their fruits afford,
And fill a sumptuous, and unenvied board:
Thus, crown'd with happiness their every day, 170
Serene and joyful pass'd their lives away.

When in the grave this race of men was laid,
Soon was a world of holy demons made,
Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The' immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide:
They can reward with glory, or with gold; 180
A power they by divine permission hold.

Worse than the first, a second age appears,
Which the celestials call the silver years.

The golden age's virtues are no more;
Nature grows weaker than she was before;
In strength of body mortals much decay;
And human wisdom seems to fade away.
An hundred years the careful dames employ,
Before they form'd to man the' unpolish'd boy;
Who when he reach'd his bloom, his age's prime,
Found, measur'd by his joys, but short his time. 191
Men, prone to ill, denied the gods their due,
And by their follies, made their days but few.
The altars of the bless'd neglected stand,
Without the offerings which the laws demand;
But angry Jove in dust this people laid,
Because no honours to the gods they paid.
This second race, when clos'd their life's short span,
Was happy deem'd beyond the state of man; 199
Their names were grateful to their children made;
Each paid a reverence to his father's shade.
And now a third, a brazen people rise,
Unlike the former, men of monstrous size:
Strong arms extensive from their shoulders grow,
Their limbs of equal magnitude below;
Potent in arms, and dreadful at the spear,
They live injurious, and devoid of fear:
On the crude flesh of beasts they feed alone,
Savage their nature, and their hearts of stone;
Their houses brass, of brass the warlike blade, 210
Iron was yet unknown, in brass they trade:
Furious, robust, impatient for the fight,
War is their only care, and sole delight;
To the dark shades of death this race descend,
By civil discords, an ignoble end! [ed might,
Strong though they were, death quell'd their boast-
And forc'd their stubborn souls to leave the light.

To these a fourth, a better race succeeds,
Of godlike heroes, fam'd for martial deeds;
Them demigods, at first, their matchless worth 220
Proclaim aloud all through the boundless earth,
These, horrid wars, their love of arms destroy,
Some at the gates of Thebes, and some at Troy.
These, for the brothers fell, detested strife!
For beauty those, the lovely Grecian wife!
To these does Jove a second life ordain,
Some happy soil far in the distant main,
Where live the hero-shades in rich repast,
Remote from mortals of a vulgar cast:
There in the island of the bless'd they find, 230
Where Saturn reigns, an endless calm of mind;
And there the choicest fruits adorn the fields,
And thrice the fertile year a harvest yields.
O! would I had my hours of life began
Before this fifth, this sinful race of man;
Or had I not been call'd to breathe the day,
Till the rough iron age had pass'd away:
For now, the times are such, the gods ordain
That every moment shall be wing'd with pain;
Condemn'd to sorrows, and to toil, we live; 240
Rest to our labour death alone can give;
And yet, amid the cares our lives annoy,
The gods will grant some intervals of joy:
But how degenerate is the human state!
Virtue no more distinguishes the great;
No safe reception shall the stranger find;
Nor shall the ties of blood or friendship bind;
Nor shall the parent, when his sons are nigh,
Look with the fondness of a parent's eye;
Nor to the sire the son obedience pay, 250
Nor look with reverence on the locks of gray,

But, O! regardless of the powers divine,
With bitter taunts shall load his life's decline:
Revenge and rapine shall respect command,
The pious, just, and good, neglected stand:
The wicked shall the better man distress,
The righteous suffer, and without redress;
Strict honesty, and naked truth, shall fail,
The perjur'd villain in his arts prevail:
Hoarse envy shall, unseen, exert her voice, 260
Attend the wretched, and in ill rejoice.
At last fair modesty and justice fly,
Rob'd their pure limbs in white, and gain the sky,
From the wide earth they reach the bless'd abodes,
And join the grand assembly of the gods;
While mortal men, abandon'd to their grief,
Sink in their sorrows, hopeless of relief.
While now my fable from the birds I bring,
To the great rulers of the earth I sing.
High in the clouds a mighty bird of prey 270
Bore a melodious nightingale away:
And to the captive, shivering in despair,
Thus, cruel, spoke the tyrant of the air.
'Why mourns the wretch in my superior power?
Thy voice avails not in the ravish'd hour;
Vain are thy cries; at my despotic will,
Or I can set thee free, or I can kill.
Unwisely who provokes his abler foe,
Conquest still flies him, and he strives for woe.'
Thus spoke the' enslaver with insulting pride. 280
O! Perses, justice ever be thy guide:
May malice never gain upon thy will,
Malice that makes the wretch more wretched still.
The good man, injur'd, to revenge is slow,
To him the vengeance is the greater woe.

Ever will all injurious courses fail,
And justice ever over wrongs prevail;
Right will take place at last, by fit degrees;
This truth the fool by sad experience sees.
When suits commence, dishonest strife the cause,
Faith violated and the breach of laws 291
Ensue; the cries of justice haunt the judge,
Of bribes the glutton, and of sin the drudge.
Through cities then the holy demon runs,
Unseen, and mourns the manners of their sons;
Dispersing evils, to reward the crimes
Of those who banish justice from the times.
Is there a man whom incorrupt we call,
Who sits alike unprejudic'd to all;
By him the city flourishes in peace, 300
Her borders lengthen, and her sons increase;
From him far-seeing Jove will drive afar
All civil discord, and the rage of war.
No days of famine to the righteous fall,
But all is plenty, and delightful all;
Nature indulgent o'er their land is seen,
With oaks high towering are their mountains green,
With heavy mast their arms diffusive bow,
While from their trunks rich streams of honey flow;
Of flocks untainted are their pastures full, 310
Which slowly strut beneath their weight of wool;
And sons are born the likeness of their sire,
The fruits of virtue, and a chaste desire:
O'er the wide seas for wealth they need not roam,
Many and lasting are their joys at home.
Not thus the wicked, who in ill delight,
Whose daily acts pervert the rules of right;
To these the wise disposer, Jove, ordains
Repeated losses, and a world of pains:

Famines and plagues are, unexpected, nigh; 320
Their wives are barren, and their kindred die;
Numbers of these at once are sweep'd away;
And ships of wealth become the ocean's prey.
One sinner oft provokes the' avenger's hand;
And often one man's crimes destroy a land.
Exactly mark, ye rulers of mankind,
The ways of truth, nor be to justice blind;
Consider all ye do, and all ye say,
The holy demons to their god convey,
Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd, 330
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The' immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide.
Justice, unspotted maid, deriv'd from Jove,
Renown'd, and reverenc'd by the gods above,
When mortals violate her sacred laws,
When judges hear the bribe, and not the cause,
Close by her parent-god behold her stand, 340
And urge the punishment their sins demand.
Look in your breasts, and there survey your crimes,
Think, O ye judges! and reform betimes;
Forget the past, nor more false judgments give,
Turn from your ways betimes, O turn and live!
Who, full of wiles, his neighbour's harm contrives,
False to himself, against himself he strives;
For he that harbours evil in his mind,
Will from his evil thoughts but evil find; 349
And lo! the eye of Jove, that all things knows,
Can, when he will, the heart of man disclose;
Open the guilty bosom all within,
And trace the infant thoughts of future sin.

O! when I hear the upright man complain,
And, by his injuries, the judge arraign,
'If to be wicked is to find success,'
I cry, 'and to be just to meet distress,
May I nor mine the righteous path pursue,
But interest only ever keep in view.'
But by reflection better taught, I find 360
We see the present, to the future blind.
Trust to the will of Jove, and wait the end,
And good shall always your good acts attend.
These doctrines, Perses, treasure in thy heart,
And never from the paths of justice part:
Never by brutal violence be sway'd;
But be the will of Jove in these obey'd.
In these the brute creation men exceed,
They, void of reason, by each other bleed,
While man by justice should be keep'd in awe
Justice of nature, well ordain'd, the law. 371
Who right espouses through a righteous love,
Shall meet the bounty of the hands of Jove;
But he that will not be by laws confin'd,
Whom not the sacrament of oaths can bind,
Who, with a willing soul, can justice leave,
A wound immortal shall that man receive;
His house's honour daily shall decline:
Fair flourish shall the just from line to line.
O! Perses, foolish Perses, bow thine ear 380
To the good counsels of a soul sincere.
To wickedness the road is quickly found,
Short is the way, and on an easy ground:
The paths of virtue must be reach'd by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil,
Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the prospect plain.

Far does the man all other men excel,
Who, from his wisdom, thinks in all things well,
Wisely considering, to himself a friend, 390
All for the present best, and for the end.
Nor is the man without his share of praise,
Who well the dictates of the wise obeys:
But he that is not wise himself, nor can
Hearken to wisdom, is a useless man.
Ever observe, Perses, of birth divine,
My precepts, and the profit shall be thine;
Then famine always shall avoid thy door,
And Ceres, fair-wreath'd goddess, bless thy store.
The slothful wretch, who lives from labour free,
Like drones, the robbers of the painful bee, 401
Has always men, and gods, alike his foes;
Him famine follows with her train of woes.
With cheerful zeal your moderate toils pursue,
That your full barns you may in season view.
The man industrious stranger is to need,
A thousand flocks his fertile pastures feed;
As with the drone, with him it would not prove,
Him men and gods behold with eyes of love.
To care and labour think it no disgrace, 410
False pride! the portion of the sluggard race:
The slothful man, who never work'd before,
Shall gaze with envy on thy growing store,
Like thee to flourish, he will spare no pains;
For lo! the rich, virtue and glory gains.
Strictly observe the wholesome rules I give,
And, bless'd in all, thou like a god shalt live.
Ne'er to thy neighbour's goods extend thy cares,
Nor be neglectful of thine own affairs.
Let no degenerate shame debase thy mind, 420
Shame that is never to the needy kind;

The man that has it will continue poor;
He must be bold that would enlarge his store.
But ravish not, depending on thy might,
Injurious to thyself, another's right:
Who, or by open force or secret stealth,
Or perjur'd wiles, amasses heaps of wealth,
(Such many are, whom thirst of gain betrays)
The gods, all seeing, shall o'ercloud his days;
His wife, his children, and his friends, shall die, 430
And, like a dream, his ill-got riches fly:
Nor less, or to insult the suppliant's cries,
The guilt, or break through hospitable ties.
Is there who, by incestuous passion led,
Pollutes with joys unclean his brother's bed;
Or who, regardless of his tender trust,
To the poor helpless orphan proves unjust;
Or, when the father's fatal day appears,
His body bending through the weight of years,
A son who views him with unduteous eyes, 440
And words of comfort to his age denies,
Great Jove vindictive sees the impious train,
And, equal to their crimes, inflicts a pain.
These precepts be thy guide through life to steer:
Next learn the gods immortal to revere:
With unpolluted hands, and heart sincere,
Let from your herd, or flock, an offering rise;
Of the pure victim burn the white fat thighs;
And to your wealth confine the sacrifice.
Let the rich fumes of odorous incense fly, 450
A grateful savour, to the powers on high;
The due libation nor neglect to pay,
When evening closes, or when dawns the day:
Then shall thy work, the gods thy friends, succeed;
Then may you purchase farms, nor sell through need.

Enjoy thy riches with a liberal soul,
Plenteous the feast, and smiling be the bowl;
No friend forget, nor entertain thy foe,
Nor let thy neighbour uninvited go.
Happy the man, with peace his days are crown'd, 460
Whose house an honest neighbourhood surround;
Of foreign harms he never sleeps afraid,
They, always ready, bring their willing aid;
Cheerful, should he some busy pressure feel,
They lend an aid beyond a kindred zeal;
They never will conspire to blast his fame;
Secure he walks, unsullied his good name.
Unhappy man, whom neighbours ill surround,
His oxen die oft by a treacherous wound.
Whate'er you borrow of your neighbour's store,
Return the same in weight; if able, more; 471
So to yourself will you secure a friend;
He never after will refuse to lend.
Whatever by dishonest means you gain,
You purchase an equivalent of pain.
To all a love for love return: contend
In virtuous acts to emulate your friend.
Be to the good thy favours unconfin'd;
Neglect a sordid, and ungrateful mind.
From all the generous a respect command, 480
While none regard the base ungiving hand.
The man who gives from an unbounded breast,
Though large the bounty, in himself is bless'd:
Who ravishes another's right shall find,
Though small the prey, a deadly sting behind.
Content, and honestly enjoy your lot,
And often add to that already got:
From little oft repeated, much will rise,
And of thy toil the fruits salute thine eyes.

How sweet at home to have what life demands, 490
The just reward of our industrious hands;
To view our neighbour's bliss without desire,
To dread not famine, with her aspect dire:
Be these thy thoughts, to these thy heart incline,
And lo! these blessings shall be surely thine.
When at your board your faithful friend you greet,
Without reserve, and liberal be the treat:
To stint the wine a frugal husband shows,
When from the middle of the cask it flows.
Do not, by mirth betray'd, your brother trust;
Without a witness, he may prove unjust: 501
Alike it is unsafe for men to be
With some too diffident, with some too free.
Let not a woman steal your heart away
By tender looks, and her apparel gay:
When your abode she languishing inquires,
Command your heart, and quench the kindling fires;
If love she vows, 'tis madness to believe,
Turn from the thief, she charms but to deceive.
Who does too rashly in a woman trust, 510
Too late will find the wanton proves unjust.
Take a chaste matron, partner of your breast,
Contented live, of her alone possess'd;
Then shall you number many days in peace,
And with your children see your wealth increase;
Then shall a duteous careful heir survive,
To keep the honour of the house alive.
If large possessions are in life thy view,
These precepts with assiduous care pursue.

NOTES

ON THE

FIRST BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. ARISTARCHUS, and some others, are for having this exordium left out, as not a part of the poem. Praxiphanes, a scholar of Theophrastus, says, he had a copy which begun from this verse.

As here on earth we tread the maze of life.

The reason which Proclus assigns for it not being writ by Hesiod, is, that he who begun his Theogony with an invocation to the muses from Helicon, and who was himself brought up at the foot of that mountain, would never call on the Pierian muses. A weak objection, and unworthy a critic. The distinction is as follows: the muses are said to be the daughters of Jove; that is, of that power by which we are enabled to perform. Pieria is said to be the birthplace of the muses, and the seat of Jove; that is, the mind, whence all our conceptions arise. Helicon is a place of residence to the muses, where they celebrate the praises of their father, and search into the knowledge of antiquity. In this work Hesiod instructs

his brother in the art of tillage and morality, all which doctrines proceed from his own experience, his own natural sentiments, and therefore he invokes the muses from Pieria; his account of the Generation of the Gods, being received, partly from books, and partly from oral tradition, he invokes them from Helicon. *Tzetzes.* Here the Scholiast talks as if he did not doubt these lines being genuine.

Ver. 12. This exordium was certainly admired by Horace, who, in one of his odes, has elegantly translated this part of it.

> Valet ima summis
> Mutare, et insignem attenuat, deus,
> Obscura promens.

I must acknowledge, after all, what Pausanias says, in his Bœotics, that this beginning was not in the copy which he saw in lead, is a great argument against those who think it of Hesiod: and Plutarch likewise, in his Symposiacs, begins this poem according to Pausanias.

Ver. 23. The words of Hesiod are these: 'there is not one kind of contention only on earth, but there are two, which divide the mind.' In the Theogony he makes but one contention, and that sprung from Night, soon after the birth of the fates, and other evil deities, which are of the same parent. From contention sprung all that is hurtful to gods and men; as plagues, wars, secret bloodshed, slander, &c. The second contention, emulation, which was planted in the womb of earth by Jove, must be after the invention of arts; for before was no room for emulation. The

contention first mentioned, was before the wars of the giants. Of that see further in the notes to the Theogony.

Ver. 29. The truth of this will plainly appear, when we consider the necessity of many of our actions, which, though involuntary, are rendered necessary by the cause. By involuntary I do not mean without the consent of the will, because it is certain that must precede the action, but what we had rather we had no occasion to do.

Ver. 43. Hear Plato on this passage; his words are these: 'And so it is necessary,' says Hesiod, or according to Hesiod, 'it should be among all of the same profession, that they may be filled with envy, and contention.' Plato certainly mistakes the poet in this, when he imagines that Hesiod thinks it absolutely necessary for the better government of the world. All that he means is, he finds it so in nature; and, from our appetites natural to us, we cannot avoid it. The rest of the note by Mr. Theobald. Aristotle, in his second book of Rhetoric, in the chapter on envy, quotes this passage of Hesiod, though he does not name the author, with this introduction, 'because men contend, for honour's sake, with their rivals; and with all who have passions and desires like themselves, there is a necessity that they must envy such;' hence it has been said, και κεραμευς κεραμει κοτεη.

Ver. 55. The sin of Perses was reckoned by the ancients one of the most heinous. Seneca begs he may know to divide with his brother; as if he esteemed it one of the most necessary duties of man. This custom of dividing the father's patri-

mony by lot among all the children, is likewise alluded to in the Odysses of Homer, Book 14.

Ver. 59. What a noble triumph is this over the avarice and injustice of his brother, and the partiality of the judges! how much like a philosopher is this greatness of soul, in his contempt of ill-got riches! what a conquest has he gained, though he lost the cause, and suffered by the wickedness of his adversary! he not only shows himself a happy man, but teaches him, by whom he is most injured, to be so too. I have taken the liberty to add this line, which is not in the original, as an explanation of this famous passage of our poet, which, and no other, I am certain must be his meaning:

How bless'd the frugal, and an honest board.

The μαλαχη and ασφοδελος, the first of which we generally render in English 'the mallows,' and the latter 'the daffodil,' (the names of which I have not translated, being of no consequence to the beauty of this passage,) Plutarch, in his Banquet of the Seven Wise Men, commends as the wholesomest of herbs: he mentions the ανθεριχος, which Le Clerc tells us is a part of the ασφοδελος: the same critic also observes, from Scaliger, that it appears from this verse that the ancients did eat the daffodil, or ασφοδελος.

Ver. 67. What the poet means by this, and the preceding lines, is, 'if we knew how few things are necessary for the support of life, we should not be so solicitous about it as we are; we should not spend so much time in agriculture and navigation as we do.' This expression of laying the

rudder over the smoke, alludes to the custom of laying it to harden over the smoke, at those times in which they did not use it. Says Grævius on this verse, it was customary to hang the rudders in the smoke, when the season for sailing was passed; by which they believed they were preserved from rotting, and kept solid till the next season. This we find likewise among the precepts in the second book of this poem.

> And o'er the smoke the well-made rudder lay.
> Ver. 307.

Which rule also Virgil has laid down in his Georgic, in his direction for tools of husbandry:

> Et suspensa focis exploret robora fumus. Lib. 1.

Ver. 69. Hear the Scholiast on this passage, on the invention of arts: 'men,' says he, 'were at first simple and unexperienced; the art of agriculture, and all other, were entirely unknown; they knew not diseases, nor the pangs of death; when they died they expired on the ground, as if they knew not what they suffered. They enjoyed the fruit of the earth in common among them. Then were no rulers: for all were lords of themselves: but when men grew προμηθεστεροι, (which is the signification of Prometheus,) more cunning, more apt to contrive, they departed from their primitive temperance, and consequently their serenity. Then the use of fire was discovered, which was the source of all mechanical arts.' *Tzetzes.*

Ver. 71. It is beyond dispute, that with the invention and improvement of arts, the luxury of

men increased, and that diseases were the effects of luxury.

And the stol'n fire back to the skies he bore.

This passage of the fable, most of the commentators have left untouched, as not knowing what to make of it. I think it must allude to the decay of arts and sciences; which the succeeding verse will further explain.

Ver. 73. By Prometheus is surely meant, as before, προμηθεστεροι, 'wiser men,' who were as forward to recover or revive lost arts, as to invent new.

Ver. 76. The original is εν κοιλω ναρθηκι; which expression is used again in the Theogony, verse 567 of the original, and 847 of my translation. There is a curious comment on this passage in Tournefort's account of the island of Skinosa, in his voyage into the Levant; which I shall here give as near a translation of as I can. 'This island abounds with the *ferula* of the ancients; the old name of which is preserved by the modern Greeks, who call it *Nartheca*, from Ναρθηξ: it has a stalk five feet in height, and three inches thick: every ten inches it has a knot that is branchy, and covered with a hard bark: the hollow of the stalk is full of white marrow, which, when dry, takes fire like a match; which fire continues a long while, and consumes the marrow by slow degrees, without doing any damage to the bark; for which reason this plant is used for carrying fire from one place to another: our sailors laid in a large store of it: this use of it is derived from early antiquity; and may contribute to the expla-

nation of a passage in Hesiod, who, speaking of the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven, says, that he brought it in ναρθηκι, *i. e.* in Latin *ferula.* This fable doubtless arises from Prometheus discovering the use of steel in striking fire from the flint: and Prometheus most probably made use of the marrow of the *ferula*, and instructed men how to preserve fire in the stalk of this plant.'

Ver. 112. [The original is ορμους χρυσεους εθεσαν χροϊ. 'They placed about her body ornaments of gold.' A strict regard ought always to be paid to the original meaning of the ancient author; if a liberty is took by the translator for the better embellishing the poem, it is proper to have a remark on that occasion. The danger arising from such an omission, is, that the reader who depends on the translation may be misled in facts; as from this passage he would take it for granted, diamonds were in the days of Hesiod, which does not appear from ορμους χρυσεους. This observation will be good in greater points.] How far I may be indulged in the liberty I have taken with this passage I know not; but I am sure this part of her dress contributes more towards the beauty of the whole, than a golden necklace, which Valla has given her in his following translation:

Aurea candenti posuere monilia collo.

Ver. 121. To pass over the poetical beauty of this allegory, let us come to the explication of it. To punish the crime of Prometheus, Jupiter sends a woman on earth. How agreeable in the whole is the story conducted! Vulcan first moulds her to form; that is, after the use of fire was found

out, of which Vulcan is called the god; by art men begun to embellish the works of nature: then all the inferior arts, which are meant by the other deities, conspire to render the beauties of nature still more charming. By these means the desires of men grew stronger and impetuous, and plunged them on to such excessive indulgence of their senses, as brought on them the miseries which the poet afterwards mentions.

Ver. 125. How admirably is the fable continued! Here is a virgin made of all the charms of art and nature, to captivate the eyes; and endowed with all the cunning of the sex, to gain on the heart; for that is the meaning of her being sent by Hermes. Thus formed, παν δωρον, 'having received a tribute from all the gods' to complete her, well may the poet call her δυλον αμηχανον, 'a temptation that no art can withstand.' Here Prometheus, (that is, the wise man, who foresees the event of things) warns his brother Epimetheus, (that is, the man who is wise too late) to avoid the sight of such an assemblage of graces. Of Iäpetus, Prometheus, &c. and the deities here mentioned, see further in the Theogony.

Ver. 140. Pandora's box may properly be took in the same mystical sense, with the apple in the book of Genesis; and in that light the moral will appear without any difficulty.

Ver. 146. With what a sorrowful solemnity these lines run, answerable to the sense contained in them:

Αλλα δε μυρια λυγρα κατ' ανθρωπους αλαλησι,
Πλεη μεν γαρ γαια κακων, πλεη δε θαλασσα.

Some think the story of Pandora, and the account we have from Moses of the fall of man, were took from the same tradition. The curse, indeed, pronounced against Adam, in the third chapter of Genesis, is the same with this in the effect; but what weight this imagination may carry with it, I shall not undertake to determine. This story is imitated, and in several lines translated by Quillet, in his Callipædia, and by the late Dr. Parnell, in his poem, called, The Rise of Women.

Ver. 160. It is certain, from this passage, that, according to the system of our author in this poem, the golden age preceded the creation of woman; she being sent by Jupiter, who had then the government of heaven. And agreeable to this, is the description of the felicity of human state, before Epimetheus had knowledge of Pandora. We must observe, that this does not coincide with his account in the Theogony, where, after Saturn's revenge on his father, the Furies, Contention, and all the consequences of it, immediately appear.

Ver. 173. The notion of guardian angels has prevailed among many in almost all ages, and all countries. Passages of the like nature are frequent in both the Old and New Testament, and in Homer also; and, as Mr. Addison observes, Milton doubtless had an eye on this part of Hesiod, where he says,

> Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
>
> *Paradise Lost.*

I cannot help taking particular notice of the beauty and use of our author's doctrine of guardian angels; he makes them παντη φοιτωντες επ' αιαν,

'wandering all over the earth;' φυλασσουσι τε δικας, και σχετλια εργα, 'they keep an account of actions, both just and unjust.' These sentiments grafted in the minds of the people, and received as a point of faith by them, would make them always on their guard; and their being πλουοδοται, 'the disposers of riches,' would be sufficient to induce them to good actions. The making them the instruments of Providence, to reward men according to their merits to each other in this life, is a doctrine so amiable, that if the truth of it cannot be proved, it ought never to be publicly argued against. Here the poet endeavours to deter his brother from any future injustice, by telling him all his actions are recorded; and that according to their merits, he shall be rewarded.

Ver. 185. Men of the former age were made of the earth and the first elements, therefore more strong of body than these of a mixed seed. The word φυη, here made use of for nature, is a metaphor taken from trees and plants. The verb is φυω, to plant, &c. *Tzetzes.* Not much unlike this is the account we have from Moses of the different generations of man in earlier times.

Ver. 206. All the commentators which I ever saw seem to have entirely mistook the sense of this line; nor have Valla and Frisius entered into the meaning of the poet in their translations: the first translates εκ μελιων.

——— *Dryadumque creata*
Sanguine———

sprung from the blood of the dryads, or wood-nymphs: and Frisius has it 'quercubus ex duris,' from hard oaks. I shall use the comment which

Mr. Theobald has furnished me with on this occasion, and in the same words in which he gave it to me.

> Ζευς δε πατηρ τριτον αλλο γενος μεροπων ανθρωπων
> Καλκειον ποιησ', ουκ αργυρω ουδεν ομοιον,
> Εκ μελιων, δεινον τε καὶ ομβριμον οισιν αρηος
> Εργ' εμελε υβριες τε καὶ υβριες.

I think I may venture to affirm, from the comments they have given it, that none of all the Greek commentators rightly understood this passage. I believe I may say the same of the Latin critics: Grævius, Le Clerc, and Heinsius, have passed the difficulty over in silence. Schrevelius falls into the interpretation of the Greek scholiasts; and Guietus, it is plain, saw nothing of what I apprehend to be the meaning of the poet; because he makes an alteration of the text itself, changing εκ μελιων into εκ τε μελες, *absonum, inordinatum:* this, too, he borrows from one of the conjectures of Tzetzes; who first, together with Moscopylus and Proclus, tells us, that by εκμελιαν, (for they all make but one word of it) the poet intends to inform us, that this race was made out of ash-en-trees; that is to say, of a firm and unperishable make: but was the same generation brazen and wooden too? It might much more reasonably have been called the wooden age, if Jupiter had formed the people out of trees. Hesiod, I am persuaded, had no thought of obtruding such a generation on us: besides, as neither in the description of the golden or silver age, the poet has given us any account of what materials the men were formed, why should he do it here? In short, let us rectify the

pointing of the whole passage, and take the context along with us, and a very little sagacity, I hope, will restore us the author's true meaning. I have a great suspicion the verses ought to be pointed thus:

> Ζευς δε πατηρ τριτον αλλο γενος μεροπων ανθρωπων
> Καλκειον ποιησ', ουκ αργυρω ουδεν ομοιον,
> Εκ μελιαων δεινον τε καὶ ομβριμον, οισιν αρηος
> Εργ' εμελε ςονοεντα καὶ υβριες.

So εκ μελιαῶν δεινον τε και ομβριμον, will be 'potent and dreadful at the spear.' Εκ μελιαῶν, is the Doric genitive, instead of εκμελιων. Μελια is not only the ash-tree, but is metaphorically used by Homer, and other poets, for the spear: so Iliad ii. in the description of the Abantes:

> Τω δ' αμ' Αβαντες εποντο θοοι οπιθεν κομοωντες,
> Αιχμηται, μεμαωτες ορεκτησι μελιησι
> Θωρηκας ρηξειν δηϊων αμφι ςηθεσσι.

> 'Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair,
> Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air,
> But with protended spears, in fighting fields,
> Pierce the tough corslets, and the brazen shields.'
>
> POPE.

The Scholiast on the place, explains μηλιησι by the words δορασιν απο μελιας ξυλογενομενοις, 'spears made out of the ash-tree:' so in our poet, εκ μελιαῶν δεινον, I take to be no more than δια των μελιων, or ταις μελιαις δεινον, 'terrible with spears.' Both the prepositions are indifferently used, in the same manner, by the best prose writers, as well as the poets: so in Thucydides we have εκ των οπλων, for δια των οπλων 'by *force* of arms.' It may not be unworthy a remark, and to strengthen this con-

jecture, that Ovid, who had an eye on Hesiod, in the description of the four ages, soon as he names the brazen age, likewise distinguishes it by this propensity to arms.

Tertia post illas successit aënea proles,
Sævior ingeniis, et ad horrida promptior arma.

Ver. 208. Here the poet, speaking of the giant race, says, οὐδὲ τι σιτου ησθιον, of which Schrevelius, Tzetzes, and other commentators, say they feed not on bread, or meat dressed, but tore and eat the limbs of beasts.

Ver. 210. That there was a time when brazen arms were used, we may learn from Plutarch; who tells us, when Cimon, the son of Miltiades, carried the bones of Theseus from the isle of Scyros to Athens, he found interred with him a sword, and the head of a spear, made of brass.

Pausanias, who mentions this fact, tells us, that iron was then begun to be used in war; but for brazen arms in heroical times, he gives the instances of Pysander's ax, and the dart of Merionès, both from Homer. He likewise alleges the authority of the spear of Achilles, preserved in the temple of Minerva at Phaselis, and the sword of Memnon, all of brass, in the temple of Æsculapius in Nicomedia. Lucretius is a voucher, almost in the words of our author, for the antiquity and use of brass before that of iron.

Posteriùs ferri vis est ærisque reperta,
Sed priùs æris erat, quam ferri, cognitus usus.

The remarks from Pausanias and Lucretius are by Mr. Theobald. See further in the observation on line 253d of the Theogony.

Ver. 218. Exactly the same is the distinction Moses makes in Genesis: says he, 'There were giants in the earth in those days;' and also after that, 'when the sons of God came unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.' Chap. vi. ver. 4.

Here are plainly the age of giants, and the age of heroes.

Ver. 230. The fortunate islands, by the Greeks thought to be the seats of good men, Homer, Lycophron, Plutarch, Philostratus, and Dion, as well as Hesiod, have mentioned, and unanimously agree, that they are fragrant fruitful fields and meadows, as lovely to the eye as the mind of man can imagine. Tzetzes. Agreeable to this, is that beautiful description of Elysium in the Æneis of Virgil.

Devenere locus latos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Lib. vi.

——————— 'They took their way,
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay,
The blissful seats of happy souls below.'
DRYDEN.

Pindar, in his second Olympic, comes nearer to our poet, in his description of those seats of the happy:

———ενθα μακαρων
Νασον ωκεανιδες
Αυραι περιπνεουσιν.

'Where the gales from the ocean breathe through the island of the blessed.' I must here observe that Homer, in his account of Elysium, judged very wrong, when he made Achilles say to Ulysses,

'he would rather serve the poorest on earth, than rule over the departed.' Od. B. 11. Speaking thus dreadfully of a future state, and of the happiest condition of it, is no encouragement to the living.

Ver. 231. The original of this is omitted in many editions, but Grævius is for restoring it from a manuscript which he had seen.

Ver. 234. Here he cannot mention the vices of his age without showing the utmost detestation to them. We see the same purity of manners, the same air of piety, running through all his works. See the Life.

Ver. 246. This passage Ovid has beautifully translated in his Metamorphoses; and indeed several parts of Hesiod are well improved by that fine poet. In the division of the ages he differs from our author, and of five makes but four. [It is the opinion of some, that it would have been better, if Ovid had paid as great regard to the historical relations, as to the beauties of those whom he imitates.]

Ver. 268. Here the poet likens himself to the nightingale, and the judges to the birds of prey. Tzetzes. This transition, from the five ages to the fable of the hawk and the nightingale, is a little abrupt. The remaining part of this book contains a beautiful though small body of moral philosophy.

Ver. 316. By this antithesis how lively is the state of the righteous represented! This it is gives such a beauty to the first and thirty-seventh Psalms, where the natural state of the just and unjust is truly described, and in many circumstances like this of our poet.

Ver. 325. Examples of this may be found in history. When a vengeance of this kind happens, the execution of it depends on the degree of the person guilty, and the nature of the crime committed, and against whom, as that of Paris, who was the son of a powerful prince, and who, in breaking the laws of hospitality, offended a powerful people, by which he involved his country in ruin.

Ver. 326. He now turns the discourse from his brother to the judges, by whom likewise he had been injured. He exhorts them to the pursuit of justice, on these two considerations: first, Because the wicked man, who plots the destruction of another, at the same time works his own unhappiness; and, secondly, Because the gods are not only conscious of all our actions, but our very thoughts.

Ver. 330. This repetition of the circumspection of the guardian-angels, and the punishment of the unrighteous, is to keep the crime of which they were guilty fresh in the memory of his brother and the judges. Repetitions of this nature are frequent in the Greek poets, and more particularly in Homer than any other.

Ver. 341. The original has it, that Justice reminds Jove of human wickedness, and solicits him 'that the people may be punished for the offences of their rulers.'

———οφρ' αποτισῃ
Δημος αταθαλιας βασιληων———

The Greek commentators are all satisfied with this sense. Monsieur Le Clerc indeed reasonably objects, that if the goddess, who presides over justice, obtains, that the public should suffer for the

crimes of their rulers, which they dislike and condemn, where is the justice of it? And he quotes the well-known axiom of Horace, *Delirant reges, plectuntur achivi,* and refers us to a foregoing passage of our own author; in which he says, 'a whole city is often destroyed for the guilt of a single person:' but it is not obvious to me that this is the poet's meaning. Let us examine the sentiment with the context, and that will best determine us in the meaning here. 'Justice (says he) sitting by her father Jove, when any one wrongs her, complains of the iniquity of man, that the people may suffer for the offences of their governors; therefore, ye governors, take heed of pronouncing unjust judgments, for every man's evil machinations fall on his own head.' If a man's own ill devices fall on himself, it is most absurd for Justice to solicit that the vulgar should be punished for the crimes of their rulers. In short, though all the copies agree to support this argument, the alteration of a single letter will give it a turn of plain reason, and make all the parts consonant to each other. I propose this change only as a private suspicion; because, as it stands at present, I am at a loss how to satisfy myself in the sense. I would suppose that the author might have wrote it,

Και ρ' οποτ' αν τις μιν βλαπ^η, σκολιων ονοταζων,
Αυτικα, παρ δι ϊ πατρι καθεζομενη κρονιωνι,
Γηρυετ' ανθρωπων αδικον νοον, οφρ' αποτισηι
Τημος ατασθαλιας βασιληων.

The only change that is made in the text is, of δημος into τημος; but the change from thence in the sense, is very strong and signal: 'When Justice

is injured, she, sitting by Jove, immediately exclaims against human iniquity; that he might then, or at that instant, punish the enormities of the judges: therefore, ye judges, take heed to be more righteous: for the iniquity of every one falls upon his own head.' The words, so altered, certainly bear such a sense; and the Greek, I think, without any strain of the language, admits it. Τημος, 'then,' is an adverb of time, which answers to ημος, 'when;' the want of which is supplied by οποτε, which is the same sense with ημος, and by οφρα and αυτικα, by which the connection is entirely grammatical: and then αποτιω does not only signify *luo, pœnas do,* but likewise *punio, ulciscor,* and governs an accusative case; as Stephens, and other lexicon writers, take notice, and prove by authorities: but, as I said before, I only submit it to judgment. I will conclude this remark with an observation that will not a little strengthen it; which is, that the sense I would give this passage is exactly conformable to what our poet says but few verses before, which are, in your translation, these:

> 'When suits commence, dishonest strife the cause,
> Faith violated, and the breach of laws,
> Ensue; the cries of justice haunt the judge.'

[This whole note by Mr. Theobald.]

Ver. 354. Plutarch would have these lines left out as blasphemy, and unworthy Hesiod. I must beg leave to dissent from him. The poet here says, with the greatest solemnity, 'may I nor mine be just, if to be so is to be unfortunate, and if to be wicked is to be successful,' as we see in

life it often happens. I think he takes a bold scope, and well solves the objection of Plutarch in this line:

Αλλα ταγ' ὀπω εολπα τελειν δια τερπικεραυνον.

But this is my comfort, 'I hope it is not by the consent of Jove.' *Tzetz.*

Ver. 372. Here the poet has a regard to real merit, wisely considering that a good act is sometimes done, and the author of it ignorant of the good he does; therefore, consequently, void of the merit of it; as, on the contrary, a man may commit a crime without the consent of his will, and is therefore guiltless.

Ver. 382. The beauty of this passage is admirable; and it will appear the more so, when we consider the truth of the doctrine in this poetical dress. The road to what he here calls 'wickedness' is soon found; that is, our appetites are no sooner capable of enjoying their proper objects, but such objects are every day presenting themselves to us; the way to what he calls virtue, and which is really so, is truly rugged, because we must resist the dictates of nature, if we consider ourselves as mere sensual beings, and reject those things which would give us immediate pleasure.

Ver. 306. After the poet has endeavoured to excite his brother to acts of justice, by moral precepts, he reminds him of his birth, intimating that by acts of virtue the honour of a family is supported. *Tzetz.* See further in the Life.

Ver. 424. How proper is this, after he had recommended boldness to his brother, lest he should

mistake that which he designed as an honest resolution boldly pursued, and convert the best advice to the prejudice of others!

Ver. 448. The thighs were offered to the gods, because of the honour due to them; those parts being of greatest service to animals in walking and generating; and thereby, says Tzetzes, they commended themselves, and their undertakings, to divine protection.

We find the same offerings ordained by the Levitical laws, though perhaps not just on the same occasion. How near the ceremonies agreed is uncertain, for here our author is deficient. We find the same strict command in Leviticus, that the victim should be pure. 'And if his offering, for a sacrifice of peace-offering, unto the Lord, be of the flock, male or female, he shall offer it without blemish.' Chap. iii. ver. 6. There likewise the fat, and those parts which contribute most to generation, are more particularly appropriated to that use. 'And he shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord: the fat thereof, and the whole rump, it shall he take off hard by the back bone; and the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is on the inwards. And the two kidneys, and the fat that is on them, which is by the flanks, and the caul above the liver, with the kidneys, it shall he take away. And the priest shall burn them on the altar; it is the food of the offering made by fire, for a sweet savour. All the fat is the Lord's.' ver. 9, 15, 16. And in the same book are the offerings of frankincense, and drink offerings, instituted. In the Iliad of Homer, book i.

the thighs are offered to Apollo, as likewise in the Odysses, book xxi. and in several other parts of these two poems.

Ver. 470. Our author in his rules of morality does not recommend an observation of the laws only, but all that may conduce to the true enjoyment of life, to ourselves, our friends, and our neighbours; as liberality, a particular regard to good men, in our payments to return more than we borrow; none of which we are obliged to by any laws: all this, therefore, must proceed from a generous soul, from a knowledge of the world, and a just and prudent way of thinking. He likewise shows, that to be honest, to be liberal, is not only to indulge a noble passion, but to be friends to ourselves; and the rule he lays down in one line is enforced by the reason in the next. What an elegant praise is that Tully gives our poet, when, to recommend this passage, he uses the same words, as near as he can, which he so much admires.

Illud Hesiodeum laudatur a doctis quod eâdem mensurâ reddere jubet, quâ acciperis, aut etiam cumulatiore, si possis.

'That passage of Hesiod is commended by men of learning, because he commands you never to return less than you borrow, but more, if you are able.'

Ver. 498. The reason Tzetzes, and some other commentators, give for this advice, is, that wine, when the cask is first pierced, is small, being next the air, and when low, troubled with dregs; at both which times, they say, Hesiod advises not to be sparing, the wine not being of much value: but when it is about half out, it draws more pure;

then is the time to be frugal. A poor compliment this to his guests! If so, all his former rules of liberality are destroyed: but these gentlemen must certainly mistake his meaning. All that he would recommend is, not to let our liberality run to profuseness; and, when the wine is strong, not to drink to excess, by which we become enemies to ourselves and friends.

WORKS AND DAYS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN this book, the poet instructs his countrymen in the arts of agriculture and navigation, and in the management of the vintage: he illustrates the work with rural descriptions, and concludes with several religious precepts, founded on the custom and manners of his age.

WHEN the Pleïades, of Atlas born,
Before the sun's arise illume the morn,
Apply the sickle to the ripen'd corn;
And when, attendant on the sun's decline,
They in the evening-ether only shine,
Then is the season to begin to plough,
To yoke the oxen, and prepare to sow:
There is a time when forty days they lie,
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye;
But in the course of the revolving year, 10
When the swain sharps the scythe, again appear.
This is the rule to the laborious swain,
Who dwells or near, or distant from, the main;

Whether the shady vale receives his toil,
And he manures the fat, the inland soil.
Would you the fruits of all your labours see,
Or plough, or sow, or reap, still naked be;
Then shall thy barns, by Ceres bless'd, appear
Full of the various produce of the year;
Nor shall the seasons then behold thee poor, 20
A mean dependant on another's store.
Though, foolish Perses, bending to thy pray'rs,
I lately heard thy plaints, and eas'd thy cares,
On me no longer for supplies depend,
For I no more shall give, no more shall lend.
Labour industrious, if you would succeed;
That men should labour, have the gods decreed,
That with our wives and children we may live,
Without the' assistance that our neighbours give,
That we may never know the pain of mind 30
To ask for succour, and no succour find:
Twice, thrice, perhaps, they may your wants supply;
But constant beggars teach them to deny;
Then wretched may you beg, and beg again,
And use the moving force of words in vain.
Such ills to shun, my counsels lay to heart;
Nor dread the debtor's chain, nor hunger's smart.
A house, and yoke of oxen, first provide,
A maid to guard your herds, and then a bride;
The house be furnish'd as thy need demands, 40
Nor want to borrow from a neighbour's hands.
While to support your wants abroad you roam,
Time glides away, and work stands still at home.
Your business ne'er defer from day to day,
Sorrows and poverty attend delay;
But lo! the careful man shall always find
Increase of wealth according to his mind

When the hot season of the year is o'er
That draws the toilsome sweat from every pore,
When o'er our heads the' abated planet rolls 50
A shorter course, and visits distant poles;
When Jove descends in showers upon the plains,
And the parch'd earth is cheer'd with plenteous rains;
When human bodies feel the grateful change,
And less a burden to themselves they range;
When the tall forest sheds her foliage round,
And with autumnal verdure strews the ground,
The bole is incorrupt, the timber good;
Then whet the sounding axe to fell the wood.
Provide a mortar three feet deep, and strong;
And let the pestle be three cubits long. 61
One foot in length next let the mallet be,
Ten spans the wain, seven feet her axletree;
Of wood four crooked bits the wheel compose,
And give the length three spans to each of those.
From hill or field the hardest holm prepare,
To cut the part in which you place the share;
Thence your advantage will be largely found,
With that your oxen may long tear the ground:
And next, the skilful husbandman to show, 70
Fast pin the handle to the beam below:
Let the draught-beam of sturdy oak be made,
And for the handle rob the laurel shade;
Or, if the laurel you refuse to fell,
Seek out the elm, the elm will serve as well.
Two ploughs are needful; one let art bestow,
And one let nature to the service bow;
If use or accident the first destroy,
Its fellow in the furrow'd field employ.
Yoke from the herd two sturdy males, whose age
Mature secures them from each other's rage; 81

For if too young they will unruly grow,
Unfinish'd leave the work, and break the plough:
These, and your labour shall the better thrive,
Let a good ploughman, year'd to forty, drive;
And see the careful husbandman be fed
With plenteous morsels, and of wholesome bread:
The slave, who numbers fewer days, you'll find
Careless of work, and of a rambling mind;
Perhaps, neglectful to direct the plough, 90
He in one furrow twice the seed will sow.
Observe the crane's departing flight in time,
Who yearly soars to seek a southern clime,
Conscious of cold; when the shrill voice you hear,
Know the fit season for the plough is near;
Then he, for whom no oxen graze the plains,
With aching heart, beholds the winter rains;
Be mindful then the sturdy ox to feed,
And careful keep within the useful breed.
You say, perhaps, you will entreat a friend, 100
A yoke of oxen and a plough to lend:
He your request, if wise, will thus refuse,
I have but two, and those I want to use;
To make a plough great is the' expense and care;
All these you should, in proper time, prepare.
Reproofs like these avoid; and to behold
Your fields bright waving with their ears of gold,
Let unimprov'd no hour, in season, fly,
But with your servants plough, or wet, or dry;
And in the spring again to turn the soil 110
Observe; the summer shall reward your toil,
While light and fresh the glebe insert the grain;
Then shall your children smile, nor you complain.
Prefer with zeal, when you begin to plough,
To Jove terrene, and Ceres chaste, the vow:

Then will the rural deities regard
Your welfare, and your piety reward.
Forget not, when you sow the grain, to mind
That a boy follows with a rake behind;
And strictly charge him, as you drive, with care
The seed to cover, and the birds to scare. 121
Through every task with diligence employ
Your strength; and in that duty be your joy;
And, to avoid of life the greatest ill,
Never may sloth prevail upon thy will:
(Bless'd who with order their affairs dispose!
But rude confusion is the source of woes.)
Then shall you see, Olympian Jove your friend,
With pondrous grain the yellow harvest bend;
Then of Arachne's web the vessels clear, 130
To hoard the produce of the fertile year.
Think then, O think! how pleasant will it be,
At home an annual support to see,
To view with friendly eyes your neighbour's store,
And to be able to relieve the poor.

Learn now what seasons for the plough to shun:
Beneath the tropic of the winter's sun
Be well observant not to turn the ground,
For small advantage will from thence be found:
How will you sigh when thin your crop appears,
And the short stalks support the dusty ears. 141
Your scanty harvest then, in baskets press'd,
Will, by your folly, be your neighbour's jest.
Sometimes, indeed, it otherwise may be;
But who the' effect of a bad cause can see?
If late you to the ploughman's task accede,
The symptoms these the later plough must speed.
When first the cuckoo from the oak you hear,
In welcome sounds, foretel the spring-time near,

If Jove, the ploughman's friend, upon the plains,
Three days and nights, descends in constant rains, 151
Till on the surface of the glebe the tide
Rise to that height the ox's hoof may hide:
Then may you hope your store of golden grain
Shall equal his who earlier turn'd the plain.
Observe, with care, the precepts I impart,
And may they never wander from thy heart;
Then shall you know the showers what seasons bring,
And what the business of the painted spring.
In that bleak and dead season of the year, 160
When naked all the woods and fields appear,
When nature lazy for a while remains,
And the blood almost freezes in the veins,
Avoid the public forge where wretches fly
The' inclement rigour of the winter sky:
Thither behold the slothful vermin stray,
And there in idle talk consume the day;
Half-starv'd they sit, in evil consult join'd,
And, indolent, with hope buoy up their mind;
Hope that is never to the hungry kind!
Labour in season to increase thy store, 171
And never let the winter find thee poor:
Thy servants all employ till summer's past,
For tell them summer will not always last.
The month all hurtful to the labouring kine,
In part devoted to the god of wine,
Demands your utmost care; when raging forth,
O'er the wide seas the tyrant of the north,
Bellowing through Thrace, tears up the lofty woods,
Hardens the earth, and binds the rapid floods. 180
The mountain-oak, high towering to the skies,
Torn from his root across the valley lies;

Wide spreading ruin threatens all the shore,
Loud groans the earth, and all the forests roar:
And now the beast amaz'd, from him that reigns
Lord of the woods to those which graze the plains,
Shivering the piercing blast, affrighted, flies
And guards his tender tail betwixt his thighs.
Now nought avails the roughness of the bear,
The ox's hide, nor the goat's length of hair, 190
Rich in their fleece, alone the well-clothed fold,
Dread not the blustering wind, nor fear the cold.
The man who could erect support his age,
Now bends reluctant to the north wind's rage:
From accidents like these the tender maid,
Free and secure, of storms nor winds afraid,
Lives, nurtur'd chaste, beneath her mother's eye,
Unhurt, unsullied, by the winter's sky;
Or now to bathe her lovely limbs she goes, 199
Now round the fair the fragrant ointment flows;
Beneath the virtuous roof she spends the nights,
Stranger to golden Venus, and her rites.
Now does the boneless polypus, in rage,
Feed on his feet, his hunger to assuage;
The sun no more, bright shining in the day,
Directs him in the flood to find his prey;
O'er swarthy nations while he fiercely gleams,
Greece feels the power but of his fainter beams.
Now all things have a different face below;
The beasts now shiver at the falling snow; 210
Through woods, and through the shady vale, they run
To various haunts, the pinching cold to shun:
Some to the thicket of the forest flock,
And some, for shelter, seek the hollow rock.
A winter garment now demands your care,
To guard the body from the' inclement air;

Soft be the inward vest, the outward strong,
And large to wrap you warm, down reaching long:
Thin lay your warp, when you the loom prepare,
And close to weave the woof no labour spare. 220
The rigour of the day a man defies,
Thus clothed; nor sees his hairs like bristles rise.
Next for your feet the well-hair'd shoes provide,
Hairy within, of a sound ox's hide:
A kid's soft skin over your shoulders throw,
Unhurt to keep you from the rain or snow;
And for your head a well made covering get,
To keep your ears safe from the cold and wet.
When o'er the plains the north exerts his sway,
From his sharp blasts piercing begins the day; 230
Then from the sky the morning dews descend,
And fruitful o'er the happy lands extend,
The waters by the winds convey'd on high,
From living streams, in early dew-drops lie
Bright on the grass; but if the north wind swells
With rage, and thick and sable clouds compels,
They fall in evening storms upon the plain:
And now from every part the labouring swain
Foresees the danger of the coming rain;
Leaving his work, panting behold him scour 240
Homeward, incessant to outrun the shower.
This month commands your care of all the year,
Alike to man and beast the most severe:
The ox's provender be stinted now;
But plenteous meals the husbandman allow;
For the long nights but tedious pass away.—
These rules observe while night succeeds the day.
Long as our common parent, earth shall bring
Her various offspring forth to grace the spring.

When from the tropic, or the winter's sun, 250
Thrice twenty days and nights their course have run,
And when Arcturus leaves the main to rise
A star, bright shining in the evening skies,
Then prune the vine; 'tis dangerous to delay
Till with complaints the swallow breaks the day.
When with their domes the slow-pac'd snails retreat,
Beneath some foliage, from the burning heat
Of the Pleïades, your tools prepare;
The ripen'd harvest then demands your care.
Now fly the jocund shades, your morning sleep,
And constant to their work your servants keep;
All other pleasures to your duty yield; 262
The harvest calls, haste early to the field.
The morning workman always best succeeds;
The morn the reaper and the traveller speeds:
But when the thistle wide begins to spread,
And rears in triumph his offensive head,
When in the shady boughs, with quivering wings,
The grasshopper all day continual sings,
The season when the Dog resumes his reign, 270
Weakens the nerves of man and burns the brain,
Then the fat flesh of goats is wholesome food,
And to the heart the generous wine is good;
Then nature through the softer sex does move,
And stimulates the fair to acts of love:
Then in the shade avoid the mid-day sun,
Where zephyrs breathe, and living fountains run;
There pass the sultry hours with friends away,
And frolic out in harmless mirth the day;
With country cates your homely table spread, 280
The goat's new milk, and cakes of milk your bread;

The flesh of beeves, which browse the trees, your
Nor spare the tender flesh of kids to eat; [meat;
With Byblian wine the rural feast be crown'd;
Three parts of water, let the bowl go round.
  Forget not, when Orion first appears,
To make your servants thresh the sacred ears;
Upon the level floor the harvest lay,
Where a soft gale may blow the chaff away;
Then, of your labour to compute the gain, 290
Before you fill the vessels, mete the grain.
Sweep up the chaff, to make your work complete,
The chaff and straw the ox and mule will eat.
When in the year's provision you have laid,
Take home a single man and servant maid;
Among your workmen let this care be shown
To one who has no mansion of his own.
Be sure a sharp-tooth'd cur well fed to keep,
Your house's guard, while you in safety sleep.
The harvest pass'd, and thus by Ceres bless'd, 300
Unyoke the beast, and give your servants rest.
  Orion and the Dog, each other nigh,
Together mounted to the midnight sky,
When in the rosy morn Arcturus shines,
Then pluck the clusters from the parent vines;
Forget not next the ripen'd grapes to lay
Ten nights in air, nor take them in by day;
Five more remember, ere the wine is made,
To let them lie to mellow in the shade!
And in the sixth briskly yourself employ, 310
To cask the gift of Bacchus, sire of joy.
Next, in the round do not to plough forget,
When the Seven Virgins and Orion set:
Thus an advantage always shall appear,
In every labour of the various year.

If o'er your mind prevails the love of gain,
And tempts you to the dangers of the main,
Yet in her harbour safe the vessel keep,
When strong Orion chases to the deep
The Virgin stars; then the winds war aloud, 320
And veil the ocean with a sable cloud:
Then round the bark, already haul'd on shore,
Lay stones, to fix her when the tempests roar;
But first forget not well the keel to drain;
And draw the pin to save her from the rain:
Furl the ship's wings, her tackling home convey,
And o'er the smoke the well-made rudder lay.
With patience wait for a propitious gale,
And a calm season to unfurl the sail;
Then launch the swift-wing'd vessel on the main,
With a fit burden to return with gain. 331
So our poor father toil'd his hours away,
Careful to live in the unhappy day;
He, foolish Perses, spent no time in vain,
But fled misfortunes through the watery plain;
He, from Æolian Cuma, the' ocean pass'd,
Here in his sable bark arriv'd at last:
Not far from Helicon he fix'd his race,
In Ascra's village, miserable place!
How comfortless the winter season there! 340
And cheerless Ascra is thy summer air.
O Perses, may'st thou ne'er forget thy sire,
But let thy breast his good example fire:
The proper business of each season mind;
And, O! be cautious when you trust the wind.
If large the vessel, and her lading large,
And if the seas prove faithful to their charge,
Great are your gains; but, by one evil blast,
Away your hopes are with your venture cast.

If, diligent to live from debtors free, 350
You rashly are resolv'd to trade by sea,
To my instructions an attention pay,
And learn the courses of the liquid way:
Though nor to build, nor guide a ship I know,
I'll teach you when the sounding main to plough.
Once I have cross'd the deep, and not before
Nor since, from Aulis to Eubœa's shore,
From Aulis, where the' assembled Greeks lay bound,
All arm'd for Troy, for beauteous dames renown'd:
At Chalcis, there the youth of noble mind, 360
For so their great forefather had enjoin'd,
The games decreed, all sacred to the grave
Of king Amphidamas, the wise and brave;
A victor there in song the prize I bore,
A well-ear'd tripod, to my native shore;
Which to the sacred Heliconian Nine
I offer'd grateful for their gift divine,
Where with the love of verse I first was fir'd,
Where by the heavenly maids I was inspir'd;
To them I owe, to them alone I owe, 370
What of the seas or of the stars I know;
Mine is the power to tell, by them reveal'd,
The will of Jove, tremendous with his shield;
To them who taught me first, to them belong
The blooming honours of the' immortal song.
When, from the tropic of the summer's sun,
Full fifty days and nights their course have run,
Fearless of danger, for the voy'ge prepare,
Smooth is the ocean, and serene the air:
Then you the bark, safe with her freight, may view,
And gladsome as the day the joyful crew; 381
Unless great Jove, the king of gods, or he,
Neptune, that shakes the earth, and rules the sea,

The two immortal powers on whom the end
Of mortals, good and bad, alike depend,
Should jointly or alone their force employ,
And in a luckless hour the ship destroy.
If, free from such mischance, the vessel flies
O'er a calm sea, beneath indulgent skies,
Let nothing long thee from thy home detain, 390
But measure, quickly measure back the main.
Haste your return before the vintage past
Prevent the' autumnal showers and southern blast;
Or you, too late a penitent, will find
A ruffled ocean, and unfriendly wind.
Others there are who choose to hoist the sail,
And plough the sea, before a spring-tide gale,
When first the footsteps of the crow are seen
Clearly as on the trees the budding green:
But then, may my advice prevail, you'll keep 400
Your vessel safe at land, nor trust the deep;
Many (surprising weakness of the mind!)
Tempt all the perils of the sea and wind,
Face death in all the terrors of the main,
Seeking, the soul of wretched mortals, gain!
Would'st thou be safe, my cautions be thy guide;
'Tis sad to perish in the boistrous tide.
When for the voy'ge your vessel leaves the shore,
Trust in her hollow sides not half your store!
The less your loss should she return no more:
With all your stock, how dismal would it be 411
To have the cargo perish in the sea!
A load you know, too pondrous for the wain,
Will crush the axletree, and spoil the grain.
Let every action prove a mean confess'd;
A moderation is in all the best.

Next to my counsels an attention pay,
To form your judgment for the nuptial day.
When you have number'd thrice ten years in time,
The age mature when manhood dates his prime,
With caution choose the partner of your bed: 421
Whom fifteen springs have crown'd, a virgin wed.
Let prudence now direct your choice; a wife
Is or a blessing or a curse in life;
Her father, mother, know: relations, friends;
For on her education much depends:
If all are good, accept the maiden bride;
Then form her manners, and her actions guide:
A life of bliss succeeds the happy choice;
Nor shall your friends lament, nor foes rejoice. 430
Wretched the man condemn'd to drag the chain
(What restless evening his, what days of pain!)
Of a luxurious mate, a wanton dame,
That ever burns with an insatiate flame;
A wife who seeks to revel out the nights
In sumptuous banquets, and in stol'n delights:
Ah! wretched mortal: though in body strong,
Thy constitution cannot serve thee long;
Old age vexatious shall o'ertake thee soon;
Thine is the even of life before the noon. 440
Observe in all you do, and all you say,
Regard to the immortal gods to pay!
First in your friendship let your brother stand,
So nearly join'd in blood, the strictest band;
Or should another be your heart's ally,
Let not a fault of thine dissolve the tie;
Nor e'er debase the friendship with a lie.
Should he offensive, or in deed or speech,
First in the sacred union make the breach,

To punish him may your resentments tend; 450
For who more guilty than a faithless friend!
But if, repentant of his breach of trust,
The self-accuser thinks your vengeance just,
And humbly begs you would no more complain,
Sink your resentments, and be friends again;
Or the poor wretch, all sorrowful to part,
Sighs for another friend to ease his heart.
Whatever rage your boiling heart sustains,
Let not the face disclose your inward pains.
Be your companions o'er the social bowl 460
The few selected, each a virtuous soul.
Never a friend among the wicked go,
Nor ever join to be the good man's foe.
When you behold a man by fortune poor,
Let him not leave with sharp rebukes the door:
The treasure of the tongue in every cause,
With moderation us'd, obtains applause:
What of another you severely say,
May amply be return'd another day.
When you are summon'd to the public feast, 470
Go with a willing mind a ready guest;
Grudge not the charge, the burden is but small;
Good is the custom, and it pleases all.
When the libation of black wine you bring,
A morning offering to the heavenly king,
With hands unclean, if you prefer the pray'r,
Jove is incens'd, your vows are lost in air;
So all the' immortal powers on whom we call,
If with polluted hands, are deaf to all.
When you would have your urine pass away,
Stand not upright before the eye of day; 481
And scatter not your water as you go;
Nor let it, when you're naked, from you flow;

In either case 'tis an unseemly sight:
The gods observe alike by day and night:
The man whom we devout and wise may call
Sits in that act, or streams against a wall.
  Whate'er you do in amorous delight,
Be all transacted in the veil of night;
And when, transported, to your wife's embrace
You haste, pollute no consecrated place; 491
Nor seek to taste her beauties when you part
From a sad funeral, with a heavy heart:
When from the joyous feast you come all gay,
In her fair arms revel the night away.
  When to the rivulet to bathe you go,
Whose lucid currents never ceasing flow,
Ere to deface the stream you leave the land,
With the pure limpid waters cleanse each hand;
Then on the lovely surface fix your look, 500
And supplicate the guardians of the brook.
Who in the river thinks himself secure,
With malice at his heart, and hands impure,
Too late a penitent, shall find, ere long,
By what the gods inflict, his rashness wrong.
  When to the gods your solemn vows you pay,
Strictly attend while at the feast you stay;
Nor the black iron to your hands apply,
From the fresh parts to pare the useless dry.
  The bowl, from which you the libation pour
To heaven, profane not in the social hour: 511
Who things devote to vulgar use employ,
Those men some dreadful vengeance shall destroy.
  Never begin to build a mansion seat,
Unless you're sure to make the work complete;
Lest on the' unfinish'd roof, high perch'd, the crow
Croak horrid, and foretel approaching woe.

'Tis hurtful in the footed jar to eat,
Till purified: nor in it bathe your feet.
Who in a slothful way his children rears, 520
Will see them feeble in their riper years.
Never by acts effeminate disgrace
Yourself, nor bathe your body in the place
Where women bathe; for time and custom can
Soften your heart to acts beneath a man.
When on the sacred rites you fix your eyes,
Deride not in your breast the sacrifice;
For know, the god, to whom the flames aspire,
May punish you severely in his ire.
Sacred the fountains and the seas esteem,
Nor by indecent acts pollute their stream. 531
These precepts keep, fond of a virtuous name,
And shun the loud reports of evil fame.
Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
And sad oppression to be borne with pain;
And when you would the noisy clamours drown,
You'll find it hard to lay your burden down:
Fame, of whatever kind, not wholly dies;
A goddess she, and strengthens as she flies.

NOTES

TO THE

SECOND BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. I SHALL first observe that the poet very judiciously begins his instructions with a general direction when to sow and to reap; which rule is contained in the two first lines, but lengthened in the translation into seven. This first main precept is 'to reap when the Pleïades rise, and to 'plough when they set.'

After this he informs his countrymen in their several duties at home and in the fields. For the poetical and allegorical meaning of the Pleïades, I shall use the words of the scholiast on this passage.

Pleïone bore to Atlas seven daughters; the names of which we find in the Phœnomena of Aratus. Alcyone, Merope, Celœno, Electre, Sterope, Taygete, and Maia; but six of which, says he, are seen. These being pursued by Orion, who was in love with them, were changed into doves, and afterwards placed by Jupiter in the Zodiac. Thus much for the fabulous. By Atlas, who is said to support the heavens on his shoulders, is meant the pole, which divides and determinates

the hemispheres; of whom the Pleïades, or seven stars, and all other stars, are said to be born; because, after the separation of the hemispheres, they appeared. The rising of the Pleïades is from the 9th of May to the 23d of June; the setting of them from the 8th of October to the 9th of December. *Tzetz.* What our author means by their rising and setting, I have endeavoured to explain in my translation.

Ver. 8. This is (says Tzetzes) partly in April and partly in May; which is occasioned by the vicinity of the sun to the Pleïades at that time. In April he passes through Aries, and in May through Taurus; in the middle of which sign these stars are placed. Some, contrary to Tzetzes, date the rising of these from the beginning of June; to which month quite through May, say they, the sun passes through Taurus and Gemini.

Ver. 22. It is evident from these and other lines, that though Perses had defrauded his brother of his right, he was soon reduced to want his assistance. It may not be impertinent here to observe, that Hesiod, in several of his moral precepts, had his eye on the present circumstances of his brother; as in the first book, ver. 451, speaking of the wicked,

——— like a dream his ill-got riches fly.

Ver. 59. The wood that is felled at this time of the year may be preserved imputrid; the moisture having been dried away by the heat of the weather, which renders it firm and durable; but if felled with the moisture in the trunk or bole, it rots. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 60. Some think this was for the same use of a mill: if so, an argument may be brought, from the invention of mills, for the antiquity of Hesiod, who does not mention one in any of his writings.

Ver. 76. On the ploughs here mentioned, αυλογυον και πηκλον, Grævius has a learned note, from the scholiast of Apollonius Rhodius; the first he and other commentators interpret a plough made of a wood that inclines, by nature, to a plough-tail: says one, *aratrum quod habet dentale solidum et adnatum, non affixum.* Tzetzes takes no notice of this passage. See the View.

Ver. 94. The crane is a very fearful and tender bird, and soon sensible of cold and heat, and, through the weight of its body, easily feels the quality of the upper air, while flying; which occasions her screaming in cold weather, lest she should fall. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 114. Hesiod keeps up an air of piety quite through his poem, which, as Mr. Addison observes in his Essay on the Georgic, should be always maintained. Tzetzes tells us, Ζευς χθονιος is Bacchus; and the reason for his being joined with Ceres, is because they were in Egypt together, where they instructed men in the art of tillage and planting. It is not unreasonable to imagine the poet should invoke Bacchus and Ceres, who are the two deities which preside over the harvest and the vintage, two great subjects of this book: but the learned Grævius has put it out of dispute that it is Pluto. Ζευς χθονιος, says he, is the 'infernal Jupiter,' by χθονια the Greeks meaned καταχθονια, 'what is under ground.' This he il-

lustrates by many authorities, and proves Χθονιοι θεοι to be 'infernal gods.' We find many inscriptions, continues he, ΧΘΟΝΙΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ, in other places θεοις καταχθονιοις. We see in ancient monuments χθονιος Ερμης 'infernal Mercury;' because he drives the souls of the departed to the shades below. Æschylus calls Pluto Ζευς κεκμηκοτων, 'the Jupiter of the dead;' and Hesiod, likewise, in his Theogony, styles him θεος χθονιος; and the Furies are called by Euripides, χθονιαι θεαι 'infernal goddesses.' Now let us examine why Pluto is invoked by the husbandmen; he was believed to be author of all the riches which come out of the earth. This we have in a hymn to Pluto ascribed to Orpheus:

Πλουτοδοτων γενεην βροτεην καρποις ενιαυτων.

'The giver of riches to human race in annual fruits.'

and Cicero, *de Natura Deorum*, thus accounts for it, *quod recidant omnia in terras, et oriuntur è terris*, 'because all things must be reduced to, and arise from, the earth.' Thus far Grævius; and Valla, in his translation, has took it in the same sense: *Plutonem, in primis, venerare.*

Ver. 128. Ει τελος αυτος οπιθεν Ολυμπιος εθλον οπαζοι, is one line in the original; the construction of which is, 'if heaven shall afterwards grant 'you a good end.' The natural interpretation of which is, that proper pains may be taken for the tillage; but if an unlucky season should happen, the labour of the husbandman is frustrated.

Ver. 137. After the poet has taught his countrymen what seasons to plough and sow in, he

teaches them what to avoid; which are all the days in the winter tropic, or what the Latins call solstice. From the setting of Sagitta, and the rising of Equus, to the rising of the Pleïades, which is from the eighth degree of Aries to the seventh of Cancer, the vernal equinox begins and ends. From the rising of the Pleïades, which is from the eighth degree of Cancer, to the rising of Arcturus and Capricorn, is the summer solstice, of one hundred and twenty-four days. From the rising of Arcturus and Capricorn, to the setting of the Pleïades and Orion, is the autumn equinox, of fifty-six days. From the setting of the Pleïades and Orion, to the setting of Sagitta, and the rising of Equus, is the winter-solstice of an hundred days. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 164. Grævius changes the common Latin translation of this passage, *Æneam sedem*, into *officinam ærariam*, or *ferrariam;* which is apparently right to all who understand the author. These forges, with the λεχαι, were places always open to poor people, where they used to sleep. Proclus, in his remarks on this verse, says, 'at one time in Athens were three hundred and sixty of these public places.' Θωκος is the same with δομος; in this sense our poet uses it in another place: Φευγειν δε σκιερους θωκους, 'fly the open houses,' or 'shady places:' hence θωκειν signifies 'to loiter, or gossip, in any place;' and hence θωκη, καθηται, and ομιλη, become synonymous. Dicæarchus gives this character of the Athenians: 'A people,' says he, 'much inclined to vain prating; a lurking, sycophantic crew, very inquisitive after the affairs of other people.' Thus much

from Grævius. These places, in one sense, are not unlike the *tonstrinæ*, or 'barbers' shops' of the Romans, where all the idle people assembled; which were once remarkable, and are now, in several places among us, for being the rendezvous of idle folks. In this sense, Frisius seems to take this passage: *fabrorum vitato focos, nugasque calentes*, &c. This same custom of loitering and gossiping, at a barber's shop, was notorious too at Athens, as we may learn from the Plutus of Aristophanes.

Ου πειθομαι
Και τοι λογος γ' ην, νη τ' Ηρακλεα, πολυς
Επι τοισι κουρειοισι των καθημενων.

'By Hercules, I would not believe it, if it was the common talk among the idle fellows in the barbers' shops.'

[The last part of this note, from Aristophanes, by Mr. Theobald.]

Ver. 175. Here begins a lively and poetical description. The coming of the north wind, the effect it has on the land, water, woods, man, and beast, is naturally and beautifully painted. The incidents of the sheep, and the virgin, are ridiculed, by Mr. Addison, in his 'Essay on the Georgic,' as mean. I must beg leave to dissent from that great writer. The representation of their comfortable condition serves to enliven the picture of the distress of the other creatures, who are more exposed to the inclemency of the weather. All this is carried on with great judgment: the poet goes not out of the country for images; he tells us not of the havoc that is made in towns by storms. That of the polypus is a very proper

circumstance, and not foreign to a rural description. Valla and Frisus differ in their names of this month; one will have it to be December, and the other January: be it either of which, it is plain from hence it was the month in which the Greeks celebrated the feast of Bacchus. Hesiod calls it Ληναιων, from one of the names of that deity.

Ver. 203. The original, which I have translated 'Polypus,' from the example of every Latin version and commentator, is ανος-εος, which signifies any thing that is 'boneless.' The scholiast tells us, from Pliny, book ix. the polypus in the severe winter seasons keeps in his cave, and gnaws his feet through hunger; and Tzetzes says, many of them have been found with maimed feet. From these accounts, we may reasonably conclude what Hesiod calls ανος-εος, to be the same fish.

Ver. 215. Here is a description of the old Grecian habit for men in winter. The soft tunic is an under garment, the other a sort of a loose coat to wrap round the body, which he informs you how to make. The warp is that part of the loom, when set, which the shuttle goes through; the woof is the thread which comes from the shuttle in weaving. To keep the neck warm, he advises to throw the skin of some beast across the shoulders: the covering for the head was a thick cap, which came quite over the ears. From his mentioning nothing else in particular, we may imagine the shoes completed the dress. Le Clerc, on this place, merrily observes, that the earnest directions for making the winter-dress, savour very much of old age in the poet: but I must beg

leave to remark, that some allowance is to be made for the bad clime of his country, of which we find himself giving a wretched character.

Ver. 233 Hence we may learn the opinion of the ancients concerning the dew. Says Tzetzes, a cloud contracted from humid vapours extenuates into wind: if the vapours are thin, they descend into dew; but if thick, they condense and fall into rain. I shall recommend to those who would inform themselves better in the nature of these bodies, and how they act on each other, Dr. Woodward's 'Natural History of the Earth;' in the third part of which these subjects are judiciously treated of.

Ver. 244. The reason the scholiast gives for stinting the provender of the oxen at this time, is, because the days are at the shortest; therefore they are not kept so much to labour as in some other parts of the year, but they sleep most of their time away, and therefore are recruited by rest. The case is not the same with the husbandmen; their labour is not lessened, and they require the more food, the more rigorous the weather.

Ver. 250. The setting of the Pleïades is from the 8th of October to the 9th of December. The winter-solstice continues an hundred days after; and, according to the poet, Arcturus rises sixty days after the winter-solstice. The use of pruning the vines at this time must be to cut off the leaves which shade the grapes from the sun.

Ver. 255. The poet calls it πανδιονος χελιδων, alluding to the story of Progne and Philomela, the daughters of Pandion, king of Atheus; the latter of which was married to Tereus, king of

Thrace, who was in love with her sister Progne, whom he debauched, and afterwards cut out her tongue. The story is told at large by Ovid, in his 'Metamorphoses,' book vi.

Ver. 256. The Greek word, which I have translated snails, is φερεοικος, which literally signifies any animal that carries its house about with it. The poet here says, 'it is time to begin the harvest when the ground is so excessive hot, that the snail, or φερεοικος, cannot bear it.'

Ver. 269. It is remarkable, that Virgil, and other Latin poets, generally use the epithet *rauca* to *cicada;* whereas the Greeks describe the τετιξ as a musical creature,—Τετιγος επει τογε φερτερον αδεις. Theoc. Idyl. 1. 'You sing sweeter than a grasshopper.'

Μακαριζομεν σε. τετιξ,
Οτι δενδρεων επ' ακρον,
Ολιγην δροσον πεπωκως,
Βασιλευς οπως, αειδεις.

Anacreon.

'Grasshopper, we hail thee bless'd,
In thy lofty shady nest,
Happy, merry, as a king,
Sipping dew, you sip and sing.'

We have a fuller description of this creature in the shield of Hercules:

The season when the grasshopper begun
To welcome with his song the summer sun;
With his black wings he flies the melting day
Beneath the shade, his seat a verdant spray;
He early with the morn exerts his voice,
Him mortals hear, and as they hear rejoice;
All day they hear him from his cool retreat;
The tender dew his drink, the dew his meat.

I must here take notice, that the grasshopper, in the original, is ηχετα τετιξ.

The Greek poets, agreeing thus in their description of this creature, give me reason to believe the common translation of this word into *cicada* is false. Henry Stephens, and others, give us an account of the *cicada*, and *acheta*, the latter of which, say they, is the singer.

The following collection, concerning this creature, by Mr. Theobald. The ηχετα τετιξ, or 'male singing grasshopper,' has such properties ascribed to it, by the ancients, as ought to leave us greatly in doubt, whether it could be the same animal which we now call by that name. I will subjoin what I have met with in authors concerning it, and think the contents of such extracts may stand for reasons. Hesiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Aristophanes, &c. all concur to celebrate the sweetness of its note: and the old scholiast upon Aristophanes particularly acquaints us, that the Athenians, of the most early times, wore golden grasshoppers in their hair; because, being a musical animal, it was sacred to Apollo, who was one of their tutelar deities. I can remember but a single passage that contains any thing spoken in derogation of the melody of the τετιξ, and that is from Simonides, as quoted by Atheneus. Ταν αμελοι τετιγες, Lib. xv. cap. 8. Casaubon renders it, *Quam cicadæ modorum nesciæ;* and tells us, that the τετιγες here stand for bad poets, or bad singers. The utmost talent, I think, of our grasshoppers now known, is an acute, but not over-grateful, chirping.

Ælian, in particular, *de Animal.* instances, among the preferences that nature gives to the male sex

in animals, the singing of the male grasshoppers: and, in another place, he seems to rank them with birds; for all the other birds that are vocal (says he) express their sound, like man, with the mouth; but the tone of the τετλιξ is by the verberation of a little membrane about the loins.

Aristotle does not give us much light upon the question: he says περι ζωων, lib. v. there are two sorts of τετλιγες, a larger and a smaller sort; that the large and vocal species were called αχεται, but the small τετλιγονια; and subjoins, that no τετλιγες are to be found, where no trees are; a point that will presently fall under consideration.

But we learn something further from Ælian, *de Animal.* lib. xii. that these τετλιγες were not only more vocal than what are now met with, but of a size big enough to be sold for food: that there was likewise a sea-grasshopper (if we are to call it so) of the bigness of a small crab or cray-fish, which made some noise whenever it was taken, lib. xiii. These, indeed, were seldom made use of for food, by reason of a singular superstition: for the Serephians paid them such uncommon homage, as to bury, and weep over, any of them which died, because they esteemed them sacred to Perseus, the son of Jupiter. There is another circumstance, asserted by a number of authors, in which the τετλιγες differed from our grasshoppers; and that is, of their sitting and singing in trees. It is evident, says Eustathius, *ad Iliad.* iii. that the τετλιγες sing aloft; for a great part of their songs come from the branches of trees, and not from the ground. This necessarily brings me to remember (says he) that symbolical threatening,

which a certain prince sent to his enemies, that he would make their τεττιγες sing on the ground; meaning, that he would cut down their trees, and lay their country waste. Aristotle περι ρητορικης, and Demetrius περι ερμηνειας, both record this expression, but ascribe it to different persons: and that may be the reason Eustathius names no particular person for it: nor did these τεττιγες sing only upon shrubs and bushes, but on the tops of the most lofty trees. Archias, in his epigram, *(vid. Anthol. Græc.)* mentions the τεττιξ sitting upon the green boughs of the flourishing pitch-tree; and Leonidas, in another which immediately follows, gives an epithet alluding to its nesting in the oak, δρυοκοιτᾳ τεττιγι.

Lastly, Another circumstance, in which the τεττιγες also differed from our grasshoppers, is, that ours only hop and skip lightly; the other seem to have had a power of flying like birds. Ælian *(de Animal.* lib. v.) gives us more than a suspicion of this; or tells us a very ridiculous story, if he did not believe it. He begins with informing us, that the τεττιγες, both of Rhegium and Locri, if they were removed out of their own confines into the other, became entirely mute; a change, that nature only could account for. He subjoins to this, that as Rhegium and Locri are separated by a small river, though the distance from bank to bank was not, at most, above an acre's breadth, these τεττιγες never fly over (ν διαπετονται) to the opposite bank. Pausanias, Ηλιακων ii. (who gives us the name of this river, 'Caecinus'), puts a different turn upon the story of these memorable τεττιγες, that those on the side of Locri were as shrill as any

whatever, but that none of those within the territories of Rhegium were ever vocal. So much for grasshoppers. I thought what is mentioned by our poet, concerning the sweetness of their voice, and their perching on trees, might make this note necessary.

Ver. 284. The scholiast tells us, this wine took its name from a country in Thrace abounding with fine wines. Armenidas is of the same opinion; and Epicharmus says it is so called from the Byblian hills. This is mentioned in the catalogue of wines which Philinus gives us; *viz.* the Lesbian, Chian, Thasian, Byblian, and Mendæan. Theocritus, in his fourteenth Idyllium, calls it the fine flavoured Byblian. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 285. The Greeks never accustomed themselves to drink their wine unmixed. When Ulysses parted from Calypso, Homer tells us, he took with him 'one vessel of wine, and another large one of water.' Meander says, τρεις υδατος, οινυ δ' ενα μονον, 'three of water, and but one of wine.' Barnes's Homer. In the fourth book of the Iliad we find Agamemnon complimenting Idomeneus in this manner:

> Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
> Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
>
> *Pope.*

Ver. 292. This at first seems absurd, to advise to sweep up the chaff after they had threshed it in a place where the wind blowed it away; but we are to take notice, that the time for threshing is when a soft gale blows, sufficient only to separate the chaff from the corn.

Ver. 302. As the business of agriculture is to be minded from the rising and setting of the Pleïades, that of the vintage is from the appearance of Arcturus; when it appears in the evening the vines are to be pruned, and when in the morning the grapes are to be gathered. This, according to the scholiast, is sometime after the ninth of August.

Ver. 312. Here the poet ends the labours of the year, so far as it relates to the harvest and the vintage; concluding with his first instruction founded on the setting of the Pleïades. For the story of Orion, who was changed into a constellation, and the Pleïades, look on the note to the first line of this book.

Ver. 316. The directions for the management of the vessels, to haul them on shore, to block them round with stones, to keep them steady, to drain the keel, &c. and the particular instructions for the voyage, show their ships not to have been very large, nor their commerce very extensive. The largest man of war, mentioned by Homer, in the Grecian fleet, carrying but one hundred and twenty men.

Ver. 336. The Æolian isles took their name from Æolus their king, who was a great mathematician for his time, and skilful in marine affairs, for which he was afterwards called 'God of the Winds.' *Tzetzes.* It is not unlikely that Hesiod used this epithet Æolian, to distinguish this city where his father lived, from Cuma in Italy, famous for the birth of the sybil of that name.

Ver. 339. Ascra is mountainous and windy;

where the snow that is on the mountains often melts, and overflows the country. *Tzetzes.*

Ver. 356. When we consider this positive declaration of his travels, which seems (as I observed before) as if he designed to prevent mistakes, and that Bœotia and Eubœa are both islands, we cannot in the least dispute his being a Bœotian born.

Ver. 365. The honour here paid to poetry, is very great; for we find the tripod the reward only of great and considerable actions. Agamemnon, in the eighth book of the Iliad, seeing the gallant and wonderful exploits of Teucer, promises, if they take Troy, to give him a tripod as the meed of his valour; and, among other things, the tripod is offered to Achilles, to regain his friendship, when he had left the field.

Pausanias, book v. gives us an account of the funeral games in honour of Pelias; *viz.* the chariot-race, the quoiting, the discus, the boxing with the cæstus, &c. where Jason, Peleus, and other heroes of the age, contended, and the victor in each had a tripod for his reward.

Tripods were for various uses; some were consecrated to the service of religion; some used as seats, some as tables, and some as ornaments; they were supported on three feet, with handles to their sides.

Ver. 383. Neptune is called 'Earthshaker,' because water, according to the opinion of the ancients, is the cause of earthquakes. *Tzetzes.* Here the names of Jupiter and Neptune can be used with no other but a physical meaning, that is, for the air and the sea; so that the ends of mariners

are justly said to be in the hands of Jupiter and Neptune.

Ver. 419. The reason the Spartan lawgiver gave for advising men not to marry till such an age, was, because the children should be strong and vigorous. Hesiod's advice, both for the age of the man and the woman, seems to be reasonably grounded. A man at thirty is certainly as strong in his understanding as ever he can be; so far at least as will serve him to conduct his family affairs. A maid of fifteen comes fresh from the care of her parents, without any tincture of the temper of another man; a prudent husband, therefore, may form her mind according to his own: for this reason he would have her a virgin; knowing likewise that the impression a woman receives from a first love is not easily erased.

Ver. 474. Hector uses almost the same words in which the precept is laid down:

> Χερσι δ' ανιπτοισι Διϊ λειβειν αιθοπα οινον
> Αζομαι. Il. H.

'I am afraid to pour libations of black wine to Jove with unwashed hands.'

I quote this, as I have other passages with the same view, only to show that the same custom was held sacred in the time of the Trojan wars, according to Homer, as in the days of Hesiod.

Ver. 480. Some of the commentators, and Tzetzes among the rest, would persuade us, that the poet had a secret meaning in each of these superstitious precepts, and that they are not to be took literally, but are so many allegories. In answer to them,

we may as well imagine all the Talmud and Levitical laws to be the same. They might as well have said, that the poet would not have us p--ss towards the sun, for fear we should hurt our eyes. I know not whether these and the following precepts savour most of the age of the poet, or of the poet's old age.

Ver. 492. This doubtless is a part of the superstition of the age, though the scholiast would give us a physical reason for abstinence at that time; which is, lest the melancholy of the mind should affect the fruit of the enjoyment. Indeed, the next lines seem to favour this conjecture; and perhaps the poet endeavoured, while he was laying down a religious precept, to strengthen it by philosophy.

Ver. 530. These verses are rejected by Plutarch, whose authority Proclus makes use of, as not of our poet. *Guietus.*

WORKS AND DAYS.

BOOK III[1].

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet here distinguishes holidays from others, and what are propitious, and what not, for different works; and concludes with a short recommendation of religion and morality.

YOUR servants to a just observance train
Of days, as heaven and human rites ordain;
Great Jove with wisdom o'er the year presides,
Directs the seasons, and the moments guides.
Of every month, the most propitious day,
The thirtieth, choose your labours to survey;
And the due wages to your servants pay.

[1] The precepts laid down in this book, concerning the difference of days, from the motion of the moon, seem to be founded partly on nature, and partly on the superstition of the times in which they were writ. The whole is but a sort of an almanack in verse, and affords little room for poetry. Our author, I think, has jumbled his days too negligently together; which confusion, Valla, in his translation, has prevented by ranging the days in proper succession; a liberty I was fearful to take, as a translator, because almost every line must have been transposed from the original disposition. I have, therefore, at the end of the notes, drawn a table of Days in their successive order.

The first of every moon, we sacred deem,
Alike the fourth throughout the year esteem;
And in the seventh Apollo we adore, 10
In which the golden god Latona bore;
Two days succeeding these extend your cares,
Uninterrupted in your own affairs;
Nor in the next two days, but one, delay
The work in hand, the business of the day,
Of which the' eleventh we propitious hold,
To reap the corn, the twelfth to sheer the fold;
And then behold, with her industrious train,
The ant, wise reptile, gather in the grain;
Then you may see suspended in the air, 20
The careful spider his domain prepare;
And while the artist spins the cobweb-dome,
The matron cheerful plies the loom at home.
Forget not in the thirteenth to refrain
From sowing, lest your work should prove in vain;
Though then the grain may find a barren soil,
The day is grateful to the planter's toil.
Not so the sixteenth to the planter's care;
A day unlucky to the new-born fair,
Alike unhappy to the married then; 30
A day propitious to the birth of men:
The sixth, the same both to the man and maid;
Then secret vows are made, and nymphs betray'd;
The fair by soothing words are captives led;
The gossip's tale is told, detraction spread;
The kid to castrate, and the ram, we hold
Propitious now; alike to pen the fold.
Geld in the eighth the goat, and lowing steer;
Nor in the twelfth to geld the mule-colt fear.
The offspring male born in the twentieth prize, 40
'Tis a great day, he shall be early wise.

Happy the man-child in the tenth day born;
Happy the virgin in the fourteenth morn;
Then train the mule obedient to your hand,
And teach the snarling cur his lord's command;
Then make the bleating flocks their master know,
And bend the horned oxen to the plough.
What in the twenty-fourth you do beware;
And the fourth day requires an equal care;
Then, then, be circumspect in all your ways, 50
Woes, complicated woes, attend the days.
When, resolute to change a single life,
You wed; on the fourth day lead home your wife;
But first observe the feather'd race that fly,
Remarking well the happy augury.
The fifth of every month your care require,
Days full of trouble, and afflictions dire:
For then the furies take their round, 'tis said,
And heap their vengeance on the perjur'd head.
In the seventeenth prepare the level floor; 60
And then of Ceres thresh the sacred store;
In the same day, and when the timber's good,
Fell, for the bed-post and the ship, the wood.
The vessel, suffering by the sea and air,
Survey all o'er, and in the fourth repair.
In the nineteenth 'tis better to delay,
Till afternoon, the business of the day.
Uninterrupted in the ninth pursue
The work in hand, a day propitious through;
Themselves the planters prosperous then employ;
To either sex, in birth, a day of joy: 71
The twenty-ninth is best, observe the rule,
Known but to few, to yoke the ox and mule;
'Tis proper then to yoke the flying steed;
But few, alas! these wholesome truths can read;

Then you may fill the cask, nor fill in vain;
Then draw the swift ship to the sable main.
To pierce the cask till the fourteenth delay,
Of all most sacred next the twentieth day;
After the twentieth day few of the rest 80
We sacred deem, of that the morn is best.

These are the days of which the' observance can
Bring great advantage to the race of man;
The rest unnam'd indifferent pass away,
And nought important marks the vulgar day:
Some one commend, and some another praise,
But most by guess, for few are wise in days;
One cruel as a stepmother we find,
And one as an indulgent mother kind.

O happy mortal! happy he, and bless'd, 90
Whose wisdom here is by his acts confess'd;
Who lives all blameless to immortal eyes,
Who prudently consults the auguries,
Nor by transgression works his neighbour pain,
Nor ever gives him reason to complain.

NOTES

ON THE

THIRD BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS.

Ver. 1. THAT is, teach them how to distinguish lucky days from other. It was customary among the Romans to hang up tables, wherein the fortunate and unfortunate days were marked, as appears from Petronius, chap. 30. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 3. Jove may be said to preside over the year, naturally, from the motion of the celestial bodies in the heavens, or, religiously, from his divine administration.

Ver. 10. Tzetzes endeavours to account for Apollo being born in the seventh day, by arguments from nature, making him the same with the sun; which error Valla has run into in his translation. The mistake is very plain, if we have recourse to the Theogony; where the poet makes Latona bring forth Apollo, and Artemis or Diana, to Jove; and in the same poem makes the sun and moon spring from Thia and Hyperion: Hesiod therefore meaned it no otherwise than the birthday of one of their imaginary gods. He tells us also the first, fourth, and twentieth, of every month are holidays; but he gives us no reason for their

being so. If a conjecture may be allowed, I think it not unlikely but the first may be the feast of the new moon; which day was always held sacred by the Jews: in which the people ceased from business. 'When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn;' Amos, chap. viii. ver. 5: but Le Clerc will not allow ἱερον ημαρ here to be a festival: yet the same critic tells us, from Dionysius Petavius, that the Orientals, as well as the most ancient Greeks, went by the lunar month, which they closed with the thirtieth day.

Ver. 18. The poet here makes the ant and the spider sensible of the days; and indeed Tzetzes is of opinion that the ant is a creature capable of distinction from a sense of the winds, and the influence of the moon. He likewise tells us, from Pliny, that the ants employ themselves all the time of the full of the moon, and cease at the change.

Ver. 24. Melancthon and Frisius tell us, it is wrong to sow at this time of the lunar month, because of the excessive moisture, which is hurtful to the corn-seed, and advantageous to plants just planted.

Ver. 54. I translate it, 'the feather'd race that fly,' to distinguish what kind of augury the poet means. Tzetzes tells us, two crows, the halcyon or king's-fisher, the dark-colour'd hern, a single turtle, and a swallow, &c. are inauspicious; the peacock, and such birds as do no mischief, auspicious. I suppose he does not place the turtle as one of the mischievous kind, but would have the misfortune be in seeing but one.

Ver. 60. He advises to thresh the corn at the time of the full moon, because the air is drier than

at other times; and the corn that is sacked, or put up in vessels, while dry, will keep the longer; but if the grain is moist, it will soon grow mouldy and useless.

In the preceding book, the poet tells us the proper month to fell wood in; and in this, the proper day of the month. *Melancthon and Frisius.*

Ver. 92. It is worth observing, that the poet begins and ends his poem with piety towards the gods; the only way to make ourselves acceptable to whom, says he, is by adhering to religion; and, to use the phrase of Scripture, by 'eschewing evil.'

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ANCIENT GREEK MONTH.

I BELIEVE it will be necessary, for the better understanding the following table, to set in a clear light the ancient Greek month, as we may reasonably coenlude it stood in the days of Hesiod; confining ourselves to the last book of his 'Works and Days.'

The poet makes the month contain thirty days, which thirty days he divides into three parts: the first he calls ιςαμενυ, or ιςαμενω μηνος, in the genitive case, because of some other word which is commonly joined requiring it to be of that case; the root of which, ςημι or ιςαω, signifies 'I erect, I set up, I settle,' &c. and Henry Stephens interprets the words ιςαμενυ μηνος, *ineunte mense*, the entrance of the month, in which sense the poet uses them; which entrance is the first decade, or first ten days. The second he calls μεσυντος, which is from μεσοω, 'I am in the midst,' meaning the middle decade of the month. The third part he calls φθονοντις, from φθινω, which is from φθιω, or φθεω, 'I waste away,' meaning the decline, or last de-

cade of the month. Sometimes these words are used in the nominative case.

Before I leave these remarks, I shall show the manner of expression of one day in each decade, from the last book of our poet, which will give a clear idea of all.

Εκτη δ' η μεοσση μαλ' ασυμφορος εςι φυτοισιν.
Ver. 18.

'The middle sixth is unprofitable to plants.'

That is, the sixth day of the middle decade.

πηφυλαξο δε θυμω
Τετραδ' αλευθαι φθινοντος θ' ιςαμενυ τε.
Ver. 33.

'Keep in your mind to shun the fourth of the entrance and end' of the month. That is, the fourth of the entrance or first decade, and the fourth of the end or last decade.

It is proper to observe, that those days which are blanks, are by our poet called indifferent days, days of no importance, either good or bad. It is likewise remarkable, that he makes some days both holidays and working days, as the fourth, fourteenth, and twentieth; but, to clear this, Le Clerc tells us, from our learned countryman, Selden, that ιερον ημαρ, though literally a 'holiday,' does not always signify a festival, but often a day propitious to us in our undertakings.

A TABLE

OF THE

ANCIENT GREEK MONTH.

AS IN THE LAST BOOK OF THE WORKS AND DAYS OF HESIOD.

DECADE I.

1. Day of Decade I. Holiday.
2.
3.
4. Holiday. Propitious for marriage, and for repairing ships. A day of troubles.
5. In which the furies take their round.
6. Unhappy for the birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, for gelding the kid and the ram, and for penning the sheep.
7. The birth-day of Apollo. A holiday.
8. Geld the goat and the steer.
9. Propitious quite through. Happy for the birth of both sexes. A day to plant in.
10. Propitious to the birth of men.

DECADE II.

1. Day of Decade II. or 11th of the month. To reap.

2. For women to ply the loom; for the men to sheer the sheep, and geld the mule.
3. A day to plant in, and not to sow.
4. Propitious for the birth of women. Break the mule and the ox. Teach your dog and your sheep to know you. Pierce the cask. A holiday.
5.
6. A day unlucky for the marriage and birth of women. Propitious for the birth of men, and to plant.
7. Thresh the corn, and fell the wood.
8.
9. Luckiest in the afternoon.
10. Happy for the birth of men. Most propitious in the morning. A holiday.

DECADE III.

1. Day of Decade III. or 21st of the month.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9. Yoke the ox, the mule, and the horse. Fill the vessels. Launch the ship.
10. Look over the business of the whole month; and pay the servants their wages.

Those days which are called holidays in the Table, are in the original, ειρον ημαρ.

A VIEW

OF THE

WORKS AND DAYS.

SECTION I. *The Introduction.*

Now we have gone through the 'Works and Days,' it may possibly contribute in some degree to the profit and delight of the reader, to take a view of the poem as we have it delivered down to us. I shall first consider it as an ancient piece, and, in that light, enter into the merit and esteem that it reasonably obtained among the ancients: the authors who have been lavish in their commendations of it are many; the greatest of the Roman writers in prose, Cicero, has more than once expressed his admiration for the system of morality contained in it; and the deference the greatest Latin poet has paid to it, I shall show in my comparison of the Works and Days with the Latin Georgic; nor is the encomium paid by Ovid to our poet to be passed over.

Vive et Ascræus, dum mustis uva tumebit,
Dum cadet incurvâ salce resecta Ceres.

While swelling clusters shall the vintage stain,
And Ceres with rich crops shall bless the plain,
The' Ascræan bard shall in his verse remain.

Eleg. xv. Book i.

And Justin Martyr[1], one of the most learned fathers in the Christian church, extols the Works and Days of our poet, while he expresses his dislike to the Theogony.

SECT. II. *Of the first Book.*

The reason why our poet addresses to Perses, I have showed in my notes: while he directs himself to his brother, he instructs his countrymen in all that is useful to know for the regulating their conduct, both in the business of agriculture, and in their behaviour to each other. He gives us an account of the first ages, according to the common received notion among the Gentiles. The story of Pandora has all the embellishments of poetry which we can find in Ovid, with a clearer moral than is generally in the fables of that poet. His system of morality is calculated so perfectly for the good of society, that there is scarcely any precept omitted that could be properly thought of on that occasion. There is not one of the ten commandments of Moses, which relates to our moral duty to each other, that is not strongly recommended by our poet; nor is it enough, he thinks, to be observant of what the civil government would oblige you to: but to prove yourself a good man, you must have such virtues as no human laws require of you, as those of temperance, generosity, &c. These rules are laid down in a most proper manner to captivate the reader; here the beauties of poetry and the force of reason combine to make him in love with morality. The

[1] In his second 'Discourse or cohortation to the Greeks.'

poet tells us what effect we are reasonably to expect from such virtues and vices as he mentions; which doctrines are not always to be taken in a positive sense. If we should say, a continuance of intemperance in drinking, and of our commerce with women, would carry us early to the grave, it is morally true, according to the natural course of things; but a man of a strong and uncommon constitution, may wanton through an age of pleasure, and so be an exception to this rule, yet not contradict the moral truth of it. Archbishop Tillotson has judiciously told us in what sense we are to take all doctrines of morality; 'Aristotle (says that great divine) observed long since, that moral and proverbial sayings are understood to be true generally, and for the most part; and that is all the truth that is to be expected in them; as when Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way wherein he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is not to be taken, as if no child that is piously educated, did ever miscarry afterwards; but that the good education of children is the best way to make good men.'

SECT. III. *Of the second Book, &c.*

The second book, which comes next under our view, will appear with more dignity when we consider in what esteem the art of agriculture was held in those days in which it was writ: the Georgic did not then concern the ordinary and middling sort of people only, but our poet writ for the instruction of princes likewise, who thought it no disgrace to till the ground which they perhaps had conquered. Homer makes Laertes not

only plant, but dung his own lands; the best employment he could find for his health, and consolation, in the absence of his son. The latter part of this book, together with all the third, though too mean for poetry, are not unjustifiable in our author. Had he made those religious and superstitious precepts one entire subject of verse, it would have been a ridiculous fancy; but as they are only a part, and the smallest part, of a regular poem, they are introduced with a laudable intent. After the poet had laid down proper rules for morality, husbandry, navigation, and the vintage, he knew that religion towards the gods, and a due observance of what was held sacred in his age, were yet wanted to complete the work. These were subjects, he was sensible, incapable of the embellishments of poetry; but as they were necessary to his purpose, he would not omit them. Poetry was not then designed as the empty amusement only of an idle hour, consisting of wanton thoughts, or long and tedious descriptions of nothing: but, by the force of harmony and good sense, to purge the mind of its dregs, to give it a great and virtuous turn of thinking: in short, verse was then but the lure to what was useful: which indeed has been, and ever will be, the end pursued by all good poets. With this view, Hesiod seems to have writ, and must be allowed, by all true judges, to have wonderfully succeeded in the age in which he rose.

This advantage more arises to us from the writings of so old an author: we are pleased with those monuments of antiquity, such parts of the ancient Grecian history, as we find in them.

IV. *A Comparison betwixt Hesiod and Virgil, &c.*

I shall now endeavour to show how far Virgil may properly be said to imitate our poet in his Georgic, and to point out some of those passages in which he has either paraphrased, or literally translated, from the 'Works and Days.' It is plain he was a sincere admirer of our poet, and of this poem in particular; of which he twice makes honourable mention, and where it could be only to express the veneration that he bore to the author. The first is in his third pastoral.

In medio duo signa, Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit, radio, totum qui gentibus orbem,
Tempora quæ messor, quæ curvus arator haberet?

Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear,
Conon, and what's his name who made the sphere,
And show'd the seasons of the sliding year?

Dryden.

Notwithstanding the commentators have all disputed whom this interrogation should mean, I am convinced that Virgil had none but Hesiod in his eye. In the next passage I propose to quote, the greatest honour that was ever paid by one poet to another is paid to ours. Virgil, in his sixth pastoral, makes Silenus, among other things, relate how Gallus was conducted by a Muse to Helicon, where Apollo and all the Muses arose to welcome him; and Linus, approaching him, addressed him in this manner:

——hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni; quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

Receive this present, by the Muses made,
The pipe on which the' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which, of old, he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.

Dryden.

The greatest compliment which Virgil thought he could pay his friend and patron, Gallus, was, after all that pompous introduction to the choir of Apollo, to make the muses present him, from the hands of Linus, with the pipe, or calamus, *Ascræo quos antè seni*, 'which they had formerly presented to Hesiod;' which part of the compliment to our poet, Dryden has omitted in his translation.

To return to the Georgic. Virgil can be said to imitate Hesiod in his first and second books only: in the first is scarcely any thing relative to the Georgic itself, the hint of which is not taken from the 'Works and Days;' nay, more; in some places, whole lines are paraphrased, and some literally translated. It must indeed be acknowledged, that the Latin poet has sometimes explained, in his translation, what was difficult in the Greek, as where our poet gives directions for two ploughs:

Δοια δε θεθαι αροτρα πονησαμενος κατα οικον
Αυτογυον και πηκτον.

by αυτογυον he means that which grows naturally into the shape of a plough, and by πηκτον that made by art. Virgil, in his advice to have two ploughs always at hand, has this explanation of αυτογυον:

Continuò in sylvis magnâ vi flexa domatur
In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.

Georg. I.

Young elms, with early force, in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.

Dryden.

Thus we find him imitating the Greek poet in the most minute precepts. Hesiod gives directions for making a plough; Virgil does the same. Even that which has been the subject of ridicule to many critics, viz. 'plough and sow naked,' is translated in the Georgic, *nudus ara, sere nudus.* Before I proceed any further, I shall endeavour to obviate the objection which has been frequently made against this precept. Hesiod means to insinuate, that ploughing and sowing are labours which require much industry and application; and he had doubtless this physical reason for his advice, that where such toil is required it is unhealthful, as well as impossible, to go through with the same quantity of clothes as in works of less fatigue. Virgil doubtless saw this reason, or one of equal force, in this rule, or he would not have translated it. In short, we may find him a strict follower of our poet in most of the precepts of husbandry in the 'Works and Days.' I shall give but one instance more, and that in his superstitious observance of days:

——quintum fuge; pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque satæ, &c.

——the fifths be sure to shun,
That gave the furies, and pale Pluto, birth.

Dryden.

If the judgment I have passed from the verses of Manilius, and the second book of the Georgic, in my 'Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod,' be allowed to have any force, Virgil has doubtless

been as much obliged to our poet in the second book of his Georgic, as in the first; nor has he imitated him in his precepts only, but in some of his finest descriptions, as in the first book describing the effects of a storm:

——— quo, maxima, motu,
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, &c.

and a little lower in the same description:

Nunc nemora, ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt:

which is almost literal from Hesiod, on the power of the north wind:

——— μεμυκε δε γαια και υλη, &c.

'Loud groans the earth, and all the forests roar.'

I cannot leave this head, without injustice to the Roman poet, before I take notice of the manner in which he uses that superstitious precept πεμπτας δ' εξαλεαθαι, &c. what in the Greek is languid, is by him made brilliant:

——— quintum fuge: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque sata: tum partu, terra, nefando,
Cœlumq; Japetumq; creat, savumq; Typhœum,
Et conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres:
Ter sunt conati, &c.

——— the fifths be sure to shun,
That gave the furies, and pale Pluto, birth,
And arm'd against the skies the sons of earth;
With mountains pil'd on mountains thrice they strove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove;
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin lay'd.

Dryden.

As I have showed where the Roman has followed the Greek, I may be thought partial to my author, if I do not show in what he has excelled him: and first he has contributed to the Georgic most of the subjects in his two last books; as, in the third, the management of horses, dogs, &c. and, in the fourth, the management of the bees. His style, through the whole, is more poetical, more abounding with epithets, which are often of themselves most beautiful metaphors. His invocation on the deities concerned in rural affairs, his address to Augustus, his account of the prodigies before the death of Julius Cæsar, in the first book, his praise of a country life, at the end of the second, and the force of love in beasts, in the third, are what were never excelled, and some parts of them never equalled, in any language.

Allowing all the beauties in the Georgic, these two poems interfere in the merit of each other so little, that the 'Works and Days' may be read with as much pleasure as if the Georgic had never been written. This leads me into an examination of part of Mr. Addison's Essay on the Georgic; in which that great writer, in some places, seems to speak so much at venture, that I am afraid he did not remember enough of the two poems to enter on such a task. 'Precepts (says he) of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry.' Had he that part of Hesiod in his eye, where he mentions the temporal blessings of the righteous, and the

punishment of the wicked, he would have seen that our poet took an opportunity, from his precepts of morality, to give us those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. How lovely is the flourishing state of the land of the just there described, the increase of his flocks, and his own progeny! the reason which Mr. Addison gives against rules of morality in verse, is to me a reason for them; for if our tempers are naturally so corrupt as to make us averse to them, we ought to try all the ways which we can to reconcile them, and verse among the rest; in which, as I have observed before, our poet has wonderfully succeeded.

The same author, speaking of Hesiod, says, 'the precepts he has given us are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much.' The poet, to prevent this, quite through his Works and Days, has stayed so short a while on every head, that it is impossible to grow tiresome in either: the division of the work I have given at the beginning of this view, therefore, shall not repeat it. Agriculture is but one subject, in many, of the work; and the reader is there relieved with several rural descriptions, as of the north wind, autumn, the country-repast in the shades, &c. The rules for navigation are dispatched with the utmost brevity, in which the digression, concerning his victory at the funeral games of Amphidamas, is natural, and gives a grace to the poem.

I shall mention but one oversight more which Mr. Addison has made, in his Essay, and conclude this head: when he condemned that circumstance of the virgin being at home in the winter-season,

free from the inclemency of the weather, I believe he had forgot that his own author had used almost the same image, and on almost the same occasion, though in other words:

Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
Nescivere hyemem, &c. Georg. I.

The difference of the manner in which the two poets use the image is this: Hesiod makes her with her mother at home, either bathing, or doing what most pleases her; and Virgil says, 'as the young women are plying their evening-tasks, they are sensible of the winter-season, from the oil sparkling in the lamp, and the snuff hardening.' How properly it is introduced by our poet I have showed in my note to the passage.

The only apology I can make for the liberty I have taken with the writings of so fine an author as Mr. Addison, is, that I thought it a part of my duty to our poet, to endeavour to free the reader from such errors as he might possibly imbibe, when delivered under the sanction of so great a name.

V. *Of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil.*

I must not end this View, without some observations on the fourth Eclogue of Virgil; since Probus, Grævius, Fabricius, and other men of great learning, have thought fit to apply what has there been generally said to allude to the Cumæan sybil to our poet:

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.

This line, say they, has an allusion to the golden

age of Hesiod; Virgil therefore is supposed to say 'the last age of the Cumœan poet now approaches.' By last, he means the most remote from his time; which Fabricius explains by *antiquissima*, and quotes an expression from *Cornelius Severus*, in which he uses the same word in the same sense, *ultima certamina* for *antiquissima certamina*. The only method by which we can add any weight to this reading, is by comparing the Eclogue of Virgil with some similar passages in Hesiod. To begin, let us therefore read the line before quoted with the two following:

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Which will bear this paraphrase: 'The remotest age mentioned in the verse of the Cumœan poet now approaches; the great order, or round, of ages, as described in the said poet, revolves; now returns the virgin Justice, which, in his iron age, he tells us, left the earth; and now the reign of Saturn, which is described in his golden age, is come again.' If we turn to the golden and iron ages, in the Works and Days, we shall find this allusion very natural

Let us proceed in our connection, and comparison, of the verses. Virgil goes on in his compliment to Pollio on his new-born son:

Ille deûm vitam accipiet.

'He shall receive, or lead, the life of gods;' as the same poet tells us they did in the reign of Saturn.

Ως τε θεοι δ' εζωον————
Νοσφιν ατερ τε πονων.————

'They lived like gods, and entirely without labour.'

————*feret omnia tellus;*
Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator.

'The earth shall bear all things; there shall be no occasion for instruments of husbandry, to rake the ground, or prune the vine; the sturdy ploughman shall unyoke his oxen, and live in ease; as they did in the reign of Saturn, as we are told by the same Cumœan poet.'

————καρπον δ' εφερε ζειδωρος αρουρα
Αυτομαΐη, πολλον τε και αφθονον,

'The fertile earth bore its fruit spontaneously, and in abundance.'

Here we see several natural allusions to our poet; whence it is not unreasonable, for such as mistake the country of Hesiod, to imagine, that all Virgil would say to compliment Pollio, on the birth of his son, is, 'that now such a son is born, the golden age, as described by Hesiod, shall return;' and granting the word *Cumæi* to carry this sense with it, there is nothing of a prophecy mentioned, or hinted at, in the whole eclogue, any more than Virgil's own, by poetical license.

A learned prelate of our own church asserts something so very extraordinary on this head, that I cannot avoid quoting it, and making some few remarks upon it: his words are these, 'Virgil could not have Hesiod in his eye in speaking of the

four ages of the world, because Hesiod makes five ages before the commencement of the golden.' And soon after, continues he, 'the predictions in the prophet (meaning Daniel) of four successive empires, that should arise in different ages of the world, gave occasion to the poets, who had the knowledge of these things only by report, to apply them to the state of the world in so many ages, and to describe the renovation of the golden age in the expressions of the prophet concerning the future age of the Messiah, which in Daniel is the fifth kingdom.' Bp. Chandler, towards the conclusion of his 'Vindication of his Defence of Christianity.' What this learned parade was introduced for, I am at a loss to conceive? First, In that beautiful eclogue, Virgil speaks not of the four ages of the world. Secondly, Hesiod, so far from making five ages before the commencement of the golden, makes the golden age the first. Thirdly, Hesiod could not be one of the poets who applied the predictions in the prophet Daniel to the state of the world in so many ages, because he happened to live some hundred years before the time of Daniel.

This great objection to their interpretation of *Cumæi* still remains, which cannot very easily be conquered, that Cuma was not the country of Hesiod (as I have proved in my Discourse on the life of our poet), but of his father; and, what will be a strong argument against it, all the ancient poets, who have used an epithet taken from his country, have chose that of Ascrœus. Ovid, who mentions him as often as any poet, never uses any other; and, what is the most remarkable, Virgil himself makes

use of it in every passage in which he names him; and those monuments of him, exhibited by Ursinus and Boissard, have this inscription:

ΙΣΙΟΔΟΣ
ΔΙΟΥ
ΑΣΚΡΑΙΟΣ.

'Ascræan Hesiod, the son of Dios.'

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THE BIRTH OF VENUS

Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows

Hesiod Theogony Verse 305.

THE

WORKS

OF

HESIOD,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

THOMAS COOKE.

VOL. II.

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PART II.

CONTAINING

HESIOD'S THEOGONY,

TRANSLATED BY COOKE:

AND

COLUTHUS'S RAPE OF HELEN,

TRANSLATED BY MEEN.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

MOST HONOURABLE

GEORGE, MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE[1].

MY LORD,

THE reverence I bear to the memory of your late grandfather, (with whom I had the honour to be particularly acquainted) and the obligations I have received from the incomparable lady your mother, would make it a duty in me to continue my regard to their heir; but stronger than those are the motives of this address; since I have had the happiness to know you, (which has been as long as you have been capable of distinguishing persons) I have often discovered something in you that surpasses your years, and which gives fair promises of an early great man; this has converted what would otherwise be but gratitude to them to a real esteem for yourself. Proceed, my Lord, to make glad the heart of an indulgent mother with your daily progress in learning, wisdom, and virtue. Your friends,

[1] Lord George Johnston, when this was first published in the year 1728.

in their different spheres, are all solicitous to form you; and among them, permit me to offer my tribute, which may be no small means to the bringing you more readily to an understanding of the classics: for on the theology of the most ancient Greeks, which is the subject of the following poem, much of succeeding authors depends. Few are the writers, either Greek or Roman, who have not made use of the fables of antiquity; historians have frequent allusions to them; and they are sometimes the very soul of poetry. For these reasons, let me admonish you to become soon familiar with Homer and Hesiod, by translations of them: you will perceive the advantage in your future studies; nor will you repent of it when you read the great originals. I have, in my notes, spared no pains to let you into the nature of the Theogony, and to explain the allegories to you; and, indeed, I have been more elaborate for your sake than I should otherwise have been. While I am paying my respect to your Lordship, I would not be thought forgetful of your brother; directing what I have here said, at the same time, to him. Go on, my Lord, to answer the great expectations which your friends have from you; and be your chief ambition to deserve the praise of all wise and good men.—I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect, and most sincere affection, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS COOKE.

THE THEOGONY;

OR,

THE GENERATION OF THE GODS.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the proposition and invocation, the poet begins the generation of the gods. This poem, besides the genealogy of the deities and heroes, contains the story of Heaven, and the conspiracy of his wife and sons against him, the story of Styx and her offsprings, of Saturn and his sons, and of Prometheus and Pandora: hence the poet proceeds to relate the war of the gods, which is the subject of above three hundred verses. The reader is often relieved, from the narrative part of the Theogony, with several beautiful descriptions, and other poetical embellishments.

BEGIN my song, with the melodious Nine
Of Helicon, the spacious and divine:
The Muses there, a lovely choir, advance
With tender feet to form the skilful dance,
Now round the sable font in order move,
Now round the altar of Saturnian Jove:
Or if the cooling streams to bathe invite,
In thee, Permessus, they awhile delight;

Or now to Hippocrene resort the fair,
Or Olmius to thy sacred spring repair. 10
Veil'd in thick air, they all the night prolong,
In praise of Ægis-bearing Jove, the song:
And thou, O Argive Juno! golden shod,
Art join'd in praises with thy consort-god:
Thee, goddess, with the azure eyes, they sing,
Minerva, daughter of the heavenly king;
The sisters to Apollo tune their voice,
And Artemis, to thee whom darts rejoice;
And Neptune in the pious hymn they sound,
Who girts the earth, and shakes the solid ground;
A tribute thee to Themis chaste allow, 21
And Venus charming with the bending brow;
Nor Hebe, crown'd with gold, forget to praise,
Nor fair Dione, in their holy lays;
Nor thou, Aurora, nor the day's great light,
Remain unsung, nor the fair lamp of night;
To thee, Latona, next the numbers range;
Iäpetus, and Saturn wont to change,
They chant; thee, Ocean, with an ample breast,
They sing, and Earth and Night in sable dress'd:
Nor cease the virgins here the strain divine; 31
They celebrate the whole immortal line.
Erewhile as they the shepherd-swain behold
Feeding, beneath the sacred mount his fold,
With love of charming song his breast they fir'd;
There me the heavenly Muses first inspir'd;
There, when the maids of Jove the silence broke,
To Hesiod thus, the shepherd swain, they spoke:
'Shepherds, attend, your happiness who place
In gluttony alone, the swain's disgrace; 40
Strict to your duty in the field you keep,
There vigilant by night to watch your sheep:

Attend, ye swains, on whom the Muses call,
Regard the honour not bestow'd on all;
'Tis ours to speak the truth in language plain,
Or give the face of truth to what we feign.'
So spoke the maids of Jove, the sacred Nine,
And pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine;
To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
The laurel ensign, never-fading green: 50
I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd;
Before my eyes appears the various scene
Of all that is to come, and what has been.
Me have the Muses chose, their bard to grace,
To celebrate the bless'd immortal race;
To them the honours of my verse belong:
To them I first and last devote the song:
But where, O where, enchanted do I rove,
Or o'er the rocks, or through the vocal grove! 60
Now with the harmonious Nine begin, whose voice
Makes their great sire, Olympian Jove, rejoice;
The present, future, and the past they sing,
Join'd in sweet concert to delight their king;
Melodious and untir'd their voices flow;
Olympus echoes, ever crown'd with snow.
The heavenly songsters fill the' ethereal round;
Jove's palace laughs, and all the courts resound:
Soft warbling endless with their voice divine,
They celebrate the whole immortal line; 70
From earth and heaven, great parents, first they trace
The progeny of gods, a bounteous race;
And then to Jove again returns the song,
Of all in empire, and command, most strong;
Whose praises first and last their bosom fire,
Of mortals, and immortal gods, the sire;

Nor to the sons of men deny their praise,
To such as merit of their heavenly lays;
They sing the giants of puissant arm,
And with the wondrous tale their father charm.
Mnemosyne, in the Pierian grove, 81
The scene of her intrigue with mighty Jove,
The empress of Eleuther, fertile earth,
Brought to Olympian Jove the Muses forth;
Bless'd offsprings, happy maids, whose powerful art
Can banish cares, and ease the painful heart.
Absent from heaven, to quench his amorous flame
Nine nights the god of gods compress'd the dame.
Now thrice three times the moon concludes her race,
And shows the produce of the god's embrace, 90
Fair daughters, pledges of immortal Jove,
In number equal to the nights of love;
Bless'd maids, by harmony of temper join'd;
And verse, their only care, employs their mind.
The virgin songsters first beheld the light
Near where Olympus rears his snowy height;
Where to the maids fair stately domes ascend,
Whose steps a constant beauteous choir attend.
Not far from hence the Graces keep their court,
And with the god of love in banquets sport, 100
Meanwhile the Nine their heavenly voices raise
To the immortal powers, the song of praise;
They tune their voices in a sacred cause,
Their theme the manners of the gods, and laws:
When to Olympus they pursue their way,
Sweet warbling, as they go, the deathless lay,
Measuring to Jove, with gentle steps, the ground,
The sable earth returns the joyful sound.
Great Jove, their sire, who rules the' ethereal plains,
Confirm'd in power, of gods the monarch reigns;

His father Saturn hurl'd from his command, 111
He grasps the thunder with his conquering hand,
He gives the bolts their vigour as they fly,
And bids the red-hot lightning pierce the sky:
His subject-deities obey his nod,
All honours flow from him, of gods the god;
From him the Muses sprung, no less their sire,
Whose attributes the heavenly maids inspire:
Clio begins the lovely tuneful race,
Melpomene which, and Euterpe, grace; 120
Terpsichore, all joyful in the choir,
And Erato, to love whose lays inspire;
To these Thalia and Polymnia join,
Urania and Calliope divine,
The first, in honour, of the tuneful Nine;
She the great acts of virtuous monarchs sings,
Companion only for the best of kings.
Happy of princes, foster sons of Jove,
Whom at his birth the Nine with eyes of love
Behold; to honours they his days design; 130
He first among the scepter'd hands shall shine;
Him they adorn with every grace of song,
And soft persuasion dwells upon his tongue;
To him, their judge, the people turn their eye,
On him for justice in their cause rely,
Reason alone his upright judgment guides,
He hears impartial, and for truth decides:
Thus he determines from a sense profound,
And of contention heals the poisonous wound.
Wise kings, when subjects grow in faction strong,
First calm their minds, and then redress their wrong; 141
By their good counsels bid the tumult cease,
And soothe contending parties into peace:

His aid with duteous reverence they implore,
And as a god their virtuous prince adore:
From whom the Muses' love such blessings flow,
To them a righteous prince the people owe.
From Jove, great origin, all monarchs spring,
From mighty Jove, of kings himself the king;
From the Pierian maids, the heavenly Nine, 150
And from Apollo, sire of verse divine,
Far shooting deity, whose beams inspire,
The poets spring, and all who strike the lyre.
Bless'd whom with eyes of love the Muses view,
Sweet flow his words, gentle as falling dew.
Is there a man, by rising woes oppress'd,
Who feels the pangs of a distracted breast,
Let but the bard, who serves the Nine, rehearse
The acts of heroes pass'd, the theme for verse;
Or if the praise of gods, who pass their days 160
In endless ease above, adorns the lays;
The powerful words administer relief,
And from the wounded mind expel the grief;
Such are the charms which to the bard belong,
A gift from gods deriv'd, the power of song.
Hail maids celestial, seed of heaven's great king,
Hear, nor unaided let the poet sing;
Inspire a lovely lay, harmonious Nine,
My theme the' immortal gods, a race divine,
Of Earth, of Heaven, which lamps of light adorn,
And of old sable Night, great parents! born, 171
And, after, nourish'd by the briny Main:
Hear goddesses, and aid the ventrous strain;
Say, whence the deathless gods receiv'd their birth,
And next relate the origin of earth,
Whence the wide sea that spreads from shore to shore,
Whose surges foam with rage, and billows roar,

Whence rivers which in various channels flow,
And whence the stars which light the world below,
And whence the wide expanse of heaven, and whence 180
The gods, to mortals who their good dispense;
Say how from them our honours we receive,
And whence the power that they our wants relieve;
How they arriv'd to the ethereal plains,
And took possession of the fair domains:
With these, Olympian maids, my breast inspire,
And to the end support the sacred fire;
In order all from the beginning trace,
From the first parents of the numerous race.
Chaos, of all the origin, gave birth 190
First to her offspring the wide-bosom'd Earth,
The seat secure of all the gods, who now
Possess Olympus, ever clothed with snow;
The' abodes of Hell from the same fountain rise,
A gloomy land that subterranean lies;
And hence does Love his ancient lineage trace,
Excelling fair of all the' immortal race;
At his approach all care is chas'd away,
Nor can the wisest power resist his sway;
Nor man, nor god, his mighty force restrains, 200
Alike in every breast the godhead reigns:
And Erebus, black son, from Chaos came,
Born with his sister Night, a sable dame.
Night bore (the produce of her amorous play
With Erebus) the Sky, and cheerful Day.
Earth first an equal to herself in fame
Brought forth, that covers all the starry frame,
The spacious Heaven, of gods the safe domain,
Who live in endless bliss, exempt from pain;

From her the lofty hills, and every grove, 210
Where nymphs inhabit, goddesses, and rove:
Without the mutual joys of love she bore
The barren Sea, whose whitening billows roar.
At length the Ocean, with his pools profound,
Whose whirling streams pursue their rapid round,
Of Heaven and Earth is born; Cœus his birth
From them derives, and Creus, sons of Earth:
Hyperion and Japhet, brothers, join:
Thea, and Rhea, of this ancient line
Descend; and Themis boasts the source divine:
And thou, Mnemosyne, and Phœbe crown'd 221
With gold, and Tethys for her charms renown'd;
To these successive wily Saturn came,
As sire and son in each a barbarous name.
Three sons are sprung from Heaven and Earth's embrace,
The Cyclops bold, in heart a haughty race,
Brontes, and Steropes, and Arges brave,
Who to the hands of Jove the thunder gave:
They for almighty power did lightning frame,
All equal to the gods themselves in fame; 230
One eye was plac'd (a large round orb, and bright)
Amidst their forehead to receive the light;
Hence were they Cyclops call'd; great was their skill,
Their strength, and vigour to perform their will.
The fruitful Earth by Heaven conceiv'd again,
And for three mighty sons the rending pain
She suffer'd; Cottus, terrible to name,
Gyges, and Briareus, of equal fame;
Conspicuous above the rest they shin'd,
Of body strong, magnanimous of mind; 240

Fifty large heads their lusty shoulders bore,
And, dangerous to approach, hands fifty more:
Of all from Heaven, their sire, who took their birth,
These were most dreadful of the sons of Earth;
Their cruel father, from their natal hour,
With hate pursued them, to his utmost pow'r;
He from the parent womb did all convey
Into some secret cave remote from day:
The tyrant father thus his sons oppress'd,
And evil meditations fill'd his breast. 250
Earth deeply groan'd for these her sons confin'd,
And vengeance for their wrongs employ'd her mind;
She yields black iron from her fruitful vein,
And of it forms an instrument of pain;
Then to her children thus, the silence broke,
Without reserve she deeply sighing spoke:—
'My sons, descended from a barbarous sire,
Whose evil acts our breasts to vengeance fire,
Attentive to my friendly voice incline:
The' aggressor he, and to revenge be thine.' 260
The bold proposal they astonish'd hear;
Her words possess them with a silent fear;
Saturn, at last, whom no deceit can blind,
To her responsive thus declar'd his mind:—
'Matron, for us the throeing pangs who bore,
Much have we suffer'd, but will bear no more;
If such as fathers ought our will not be,
The name of father is no tie to me;
Patient of wrongs if they the' attempt decline,
The' aggressor he, all to revenge be mine.' 270
Earth greatly joy'd at what his words reveal'd,
And in close ambush from him all conceal'd;
Arm'd with the crooked instrument she made,
She taught him to direct the sharp-tooth'd blade.

Great Heaven approach'd beneath the veil of Night,
Proposing from his consort, Earth, delight;
As in full length the god extended lay,
No fraud suspecting in his amorous play,
Out rush'd his son, complotter with his wife,
His right hand grasp'd the long, the fatal knife,
His left the channel of the seed of life, 281
Which from the roots the rough-tooth'd metal tore,
And bath'd his fingers with his father's gore;
He throw'd behind the source of Heaven's pain;
Nor fell the ruins of the god in vain;
The sanguine drops which from the members fall,
The fertile earth receives, and drinks them all.
Hence, at the end of the revolving year,
Sprung mighty giants, powerful with the spear,
Shining in arms; the Furies took their birth 290
Hence, and the Wood-nymphs of the spacious earth.
Saturn the parts divided from the wound,
Spoils of his parent-god, cast from the ground
Into the sea: long through the watery plain
They journey'd on the surface of the main.
Fruitful at length the' immortal substance grows,
Whitening it foams, and in a circle flows:
Behold a nymph arise divinely fair,
Whom to Cythera first the surges bear;
Hence is she borne, safe o'er the deeps profound, 300
To Cyprus, water'd by the waves around:
And here she walks endow'd with every grace
To charm, the goddess blooming in her face;
Her looks demand respect, and where she goes
Beneath her tender feet the herbage blows;
And Aphrodite, from the foam, her name,
Among the race of gods and men the same;
And Cytherea from Cythera came;

Whence, beauteous crown'd, she safely cross'd the sea,
And call'd, O Cyprus, Cypria from thee; 310
Nor less by Philomedea known on earth,
A name deriv'd immediate from her birth:
Her first attendants to the' immortal choir
Were Love (the oldest god) and fair Desire:
The virgin whisper, and the tempting smile,
The sweet allurements that can hearts beguile,
Soft blandishments which never fail to move,
Friendship, and all the fond deceits in love,
Constant her steps pursue, or will she go
Among the gods above, or men below. 320

Great Heaven was wroth, thus by his sons to bleed,
And call'd them Titans from the barbarous deed;
He told them all, from a prophetic mind,
The hours of his revenge were sure behind.

Now darksome Night fruitful begun to prove,
Without the knowledge of connubial love;
From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,
Death, Sleep, and numerous Dreams, derive their date:
With Momus the dark goddess teems again,
And Care, the mother of a doleful train; 330
The' Hesperides she bore, far in the seas,
Guards of the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
From the same parent sprung the rigorous three,
The goddesses of Fate and Destiny,
Clotho and Lachesis, whose boundless sway,
With Atropos, both men and gods obey;
To human race they, from their birth, ordain
A life of pleasure, or a life of pain;
To slavery or to empire, such their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour; 340

The crimes of men and gods the Fates pursue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due;
Nor can the greatest their resentment fly,
They punish ere they lay their anger by:
And Nemesis from the same fountain rose,
From hurtful Night, herself the source of woes:
Hence Fraud and loose Desire, the bane of life,
Old age vexatious, and corroding Strife.
From Strife pernicious painful labour rose,
Oblivion, famine, and tormenting woes; 350
Hence combats, murders, wars, and slaughters rise,
Deceits and quarrels, and injurious lies;
Unruly licence hence, that knows no bounds,
And losses spring, and sad domestic wounds;
Hence perjury, black perjury, began,
A crime destructive to the race of man.
Old Nereus to the Sea was born of Earth,
Nereus who claims the precedence in birth
To their descendants; him 'old god' they call,
Because sincere and affable to all; 360
In judgment moderation he preserves,
And never from the paths of justice swerves.
Thaumas the great from the same parents came,
Phorcys the strong, and Ceto beauteous dame:
To the same sire did Earth Euribia bear,
As iron hard her heart, a cruel fair.
Doris to Nereus bore a lovely train,
Fifty fair daughters, wanderers of the main;
A beauteous mother she, of Ocean born,
Whose graceful head the comeliest locks adorn: 370
Proto, Eucrate, nymphs begin the line,
Sao to whom, and Amphitrite, join;
Eudore, Thetis, and Galene, grace,
With Glauce, and Cymothoe, the race;

Swift-footed Spio hence derives her birth,
With thee, Thalia, ever prone to mirth;
And Melite, charming in mien to see,
Did the same mother bear Eulimene,
Agave too, Pasithea and thee;
From whom sprung Erato, Eunice you, 380
With arms appearing of a rosy hue;
Doto and Proto join the progeny,
With them Pherusa and Dunamene;
Nisea and Actea boast the same,
Protomedia from the fruitful dame,
And Doris honour'd with maternal name;
And hence does Panope her lineage trace,
And Galatea with a lovely face;
And hence Hippothoe who sweetly charms,
And thou Hipponoe with thy rosy arms: 390
And hence Cymodoce the floods who binds,
And with Cymatolege stills the winds;
With them the power does Amphitrite share,
Of all the main the loveliest footed fair;
Cumo, Heïone, and Halimed
With a sweet garland that adorns her head,
Boast the same rise, joyful Glauconome,
Pontoporea, and Liagore;
Evagore, Laomedia join,
And thou Polynome, the numerous line; 400
Autonoe, Lysianassa, name,
Sisters descended from the fertile dame;
In the bright list Evarne fair we find,
Spotless the nymph both in her form and mind,
And Psamathe of a majestic mien:
And thou divine Menippe there art seen;
To these we Neso add, Eupompe thee,
And thee Themisto next, and Pronoe;

Nemertes, virgin chaste, completes the race, 410
Not last in honour, though the last in place;
Her breast the virtues of her parent fire,
Her mind the copy of her deathless sire.
From blameless Nereus these, the fruits of joy,
And goodly offices the nymphs employ.
Of Ocean born, Electre plights her word
To Thaumas, and obeys her rightful lord;
Iris to whom, a goddess swift, she bears;
From them the Harpies, with their comely hairs,
Descend, Aëllo who pursues the wind,
And with her sister leaves the birds behind; 420
Ocypete the other; when they fly,
They seem with rapid wings to reach the sky.
Ceto to Phorcys bore the Graiæ, gray
From the first moment they beheld the day;
Hence gods and men these daughters Graiæ name;
Pephredo lovely veil'd from Ceto came,
And Enyo with her sacred veil: the same
To Phorcys bore the Gorgons, who remain
Far in the seat of night, the distant main, 429
Where, murmuring at their task, the' Hesperides
Watch o'er the golden fruit, and fertile trees:
The number of the Gorgons once were three,
Stheno, Medusa, and Euryale;
Of which two sisters draw immortal breath,
Free from the fears of age as free from death;
But thou, Medusa, felt a powerful foe,
A mortal thou, and born to mortal woe;
Nothing avail'd of love thy blissful hours,
In a soft meadow, on a bed of flow'rs,
Thy tender dalliance with the ocean's king, 440
And in the beauty of the year the spring;

You by the conquering hand of Perseus bled,
Perseus whose sword laid low in dust thy head;
Then started out, when you began to bleed,
The great Chrysaor, and the gallant steed
Call'd Pegasus, a name not giv'n in vain,
Born near the fountains of the spacious main.
His birth will great Chrysaor's name unfold,
When in his hand glitter'd the sword of gold;
Mounted on Pegasus he soar'd above, 450
And sought the palace of Almighty Jove;
Loaded with lightning through the skies he rode,
And bore it with the thunder to the god.
Chrysaor, love the guide, Calliroe led,
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed;
Whence Geryon sprung, fierce with his triple head;
Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,
In Erythea which the waves surround;
His oxen lowing round their master stand,
While he falls gasping from the conqueror's hand:
That fatal day beheld Eurytion fall, 461
And with him Orthus in a gloomy stall;
By his strong arm the dog and herdsmen slain,
The hero drove the oxen cross the main;
The wide-brow'd herds he to Tirynthus bore,
And safely landed on the sacred shore.
Calliroe in a cave conceiv'd again,
And for Ehidna bore maternal pain;
A monster she of an undaunted mind,
Unlike the gods, nor like the human-kind; 470
One half a nymph of a prodigious size,
Fair her complexion, and asquint her eyes;
The other half a serpent dire to view
Large and voracious, and of various hue;

Deep in a Syrian rock her horrid den,
From the immortal gods remote, and men;
There (so the council of the gods ordains)
Forlorn, and ever young, the nymph remains.
  In love Echidna with Typhaon join'd,
Outrageous he, and blustering as the wind; 480
Of these the offsprings prov'd a furious race;
Orthus, the produce of the first embrace,
Was vigilant to watch his master's herd,
The dog of Geryon and a trusty guard:
Next Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, came,
Devouring direful of a monstrous frame;
From fifty heads he barks with fifty tongues,
Fierce and undaunted with his brazen lungs:
The dreadful Hydra rose from the same bed,
In Lerna by the fair-arm'd Juno bred; 490
Juno, with hate implacable, who strove
Against the virtues of the son of Jove;
But Hercules, with Iolaus join'd,
Amphitryon's race, and of a martial mind,
Bless'd with the counsel of the warlike maid,
Dead at his feet the horrid monster laid:
From the same parents sprung Chimera dire,
From whose black nostrils issued flames of fire;
Strong and of size immense; a monster she,
Rapid in flight, astonishing to see: 500
A lion's head on her large shoulders grew,
The goat's and dragon's terrible to view;
A lion she before in mane and throat,
Behind a dragon, in the midst a goat;
Her Pegasus the swift subdued in flight,
Back'd by Bellerophon, a gallant knight.
  From Orthus and Chimera, foul embrace,
Is Sphinx deriv'd, a monster to the race

Of Cadmus fatal; from the same dire veins
Sprung the stern ranger of Nemean plains, 510
The lion nourish'd by the wife of Jove,
Permitted lord of Tretum's mount to rove;
Nemea he, and Apesas, commands,
Alarms the people, and destroys their lands;
In Hercules at last a foe he found,
And from his arm receiv'd a mortal wound.
Ceto and Phorcys both renew'd their flame;
From which amour a horrid serpent came;
Who keeps, while in a spacious cave he lies,
Watchful o'er all the golden fruit his eyes. 520
Tethys and Ocean, born of heaven, embrace,
Whence springs the Nile, and a long watery race,
Alpheus, and Eridamus the strong,
That rises deep, and stately rolls along,
Strymon, Mæander, and the Ister clear;
Nor, Phasis, are thy streams omitted here;
To the same rise Rhesus his current owes,
And Achelous that like silver flows;
Hence Nessus takes his course, and Rhodius,
With Haliacmon and Heptaporus; 530
To these the Granic and Æsapus join,
Hermus to these, and Simoïs divine,
Penëus, and the Caic flood that laves
The verdant margins with his beauteous waves;
The great Sangarius, and the Ladon, name,
Parthenius, and Evenus, streams of fame,
And you, Ardescus, boast the fruitful line,
And lastly you, Scamender the divine.
From the same parents, fertile pair, we trace
A progeny of nymphs, a sacred race; 540
Who, from their birth, o'er all mankind the care
With the great king Apollo jointly share;

In this is Jove, the god of gods, obey'd,
Who grants the rivers all to lend their aid.
The nymphs from Tethys, and old Ocean, these,
Pitho, Admete, daughters of the seas,
Ianthe and Electra, nymphs of fame.
Doris and Prymno, and the beauteous dame
Urania, as a goddess fair in face;
Hence Hippo, and hence Clymene we trace, 550
And thou, Rodia, of the numerous race;
Zeuxo to these succeeds Calliroe,
Clytie, Idya, and Pasithoe;
Plexaure here, and Galaxaure join,
And lovely Dion of a lovely Nine;
Molobosis and Thoe add to these,
And charming Polydora, form'd to please;
Cerces, whose beauties all from nature rise,
And Pluto with her large majestic eyes;
Perseïs, Xanthe, in the list we see, 560
And Ianira, and Acaste thee;
Menestho, nor Europa, hence remove,
Nor Metis, nor Petræa raising love;
Crisie and Asia boast one ancient sire,
With fair Calypso, object of desire;
Telestho, saffron-veil'd, Eurynome,
Eudore, Tyche, and Ocyroe;
And thou Amphiro of the source divine,
And Styx, exceeding all the lovely line:
These are the sons, first in the list of fame, 570
And daughters, which from ancient Ocean came,
And fruitful Tethys, venerable dame:
Thousands of streams which flow the spacious earth
From Tethys, and her sons, deduce their birth;
Numbers of tides she yielded to her lord,
Too many for a mortal to record;

But they who on or near their borders dwell,
Their virtues know, and can describe them well.
  The fruits of Thia and Hyperion rise,
And with refulgent lustre light the skies; 580
The great, the glorious sun transcending bright,
And the fair splendid moon the lamp of night;
With them Aurora, when whose dawn appears,
Who mortal men and gods immortal cheers.
  To Creus, her espous'd, a son of earth,
Eurybia gave the great Astræus birth;
Perses from them, of all most skilful came,
And Pallas, first of goddesses in fame.
  Aurora brought to great Astræus forth
The west, the south-wind, and the rapid north;
The morning-star fair Lucifer she bore, 591
And ornaments of heav'n ten thousand more.
  From Styx, the fairest of old Ocean's line,
And Pallas, sprung a progeny divine,
Zeal to perform, and Victory in her pace
Fair-footed, Valour, Might, a glorious race!
They hold a mansion in the realms above,
Their seat is always near the throne of Jove;
Where the dread thundering god pursues his way,
They march, and close behind his steps obey. 600
This honour they by Styx their mother gain'd;
Which by her prudence she from Jove obtain'd:
When the great power that ev'n the gods commands,
Who sends the bolts from his almighty hands,
Summon'd the' immortals, who obey'd his call,
He thus address'd them in the' Olympian hall:
  'Ye gods, like gods, with me who dauntless dare
To face the Titans in a dreadful war,
Above the rest in honour shall ye stand,
And ample recompense shall load your hand: 610

To Saturn's reign who bow'd, and unprefer'd,
Void of distinction, and without reward,
Great, and magnificently rich, shall shine,
As right requires, and suits a power divine.
First, as her father counsel'd, Styx ascends,
And her brave offsprings to the god commends;
Great Jove receiv'd her with peculiar grace,
Nor honour'd less the mother than her race;
Enrich'd with gifts she left the bright abodes,
By Jove ordain'd the solemn oath of gods; 620
Her children, as she wish'd, behind remain,
Constant attendants on the thunderer's train:
Alike the god with all maintain'd his word,
And rules in empire strong, of lords the lord.
Phœbe with fondness to her Cœus cleav'd,
And she a goddess by a god conceiv'd;
Latona, sable-veil'd, the produce proves,
Pleasing to all of their connubial loves,
Sweetly engaging from her natal hour, 629
The most delightful in the' Olympian bow'r:
From them Asterea sprung, a nymph renown'd,
And with the spousal love of Perses crown'd;
To whom she bore Hecate, lov'd by Jove,
And honour'd by the' inhabitants above,
Profusely gifted from the' almighty hand,
With power extensive o'er the sea and land;
And great the honour she, by Jove's high leave,
Does from the starry vault of heaven receive.
When to the gods the sacred flames aspire,
From human offerings, as the laws require, 640
To Hecate the vows are first prefer'd;
Happy of men whose prayers are kindly heard,
Success attends his every act below,
Honour, wealth, power, to him abundant flow.

The gods who all from earth and heaven descend,
On her decision for their lots depend;
Nor what the earliest gods the Titans claim,
By her ordain'd, of honour or of fame,
Has Jove revok'd by his supreme command,
For her decrees irrevocable stand: 650
Nor is her honour less, nor less her pow'r,
Because she only bless'd the nuptial hour;
Great is her power on earth, and great her fame,
Nor less in heaven, and o'er the main the same,
Because Saturnian Jove reveres the dame:
The man she loves she can to greatness raise,
And grant, to whom she favours, public praise;
This shines for words distinguish'd at the bar;
One proudly triumphs in the spoils of war;
And she alone can speedy victory give, 660
And rich in glory bid the conqueror live:
And where the venerable rulers meet
She sits supreme upon the judgment-seat:
In single trials, or of strength or skill,
Propitious she presides o'er whom she will:
To honour she extends the beauteous crown,
And glads the parent with the son's renown,
With rapid swiftness wings the gallant steeds,
And in the race the flying courser speeds,
Who, urg'd by want, and led by hopes of gain, 670
Pursue their journey cross the dangerous main,
To Hecate they all for safety bow,
And to their god and her prefer the bow.
With ease the goddess, venerable dame,
Gives to the sportsman's hand his wish'd-for game;
Or now the wearied creature faintly flies,
And for a while eludes the huntsman's eyes,

Who stretches sure to seize the panting prey,
And bear the glory of the chase away,
Till by the kind protectress of the plains, 680
Her strength recovers, and new life she gains;
She starts, surprising, and outstrips the wind,
And leaves the masters of the chase behind.
With Mercury the watchful goddess guards
Of goats the straggling flocks, the lowing herds,
And bleating folds rich with the pondrous fleece;
By her they lessen, and by her increase.
The only daughter of her mother born,
And her the gods with various gifts adorn:
O'er infants she, so Jove ordain'd, presides, 690
And the upgrowing youth to merit guides;
Great is the trust the future man to breed,
A trust to her by Saturn's son decreed.
Rhea to Saturn bore her brother-god,
Vesta and Ceres: Juno golden shod,
And Pluto hard of heart, whose wide command
Is o'er a dark and subterranean land,
A powerful monarch, hence derive their birth,
With Neptune, deity who shakes the earth;
Of these great Jove, the ruler of the skies, 700
Of gods and men the sire, in counsel wise,
Is born; and him the universe adores,
And the earth trembles when his thunder roars.
Saturn from earth, and heaven adorn'd with stars,
Had learn'd the rumour of approaching wars,
Great as he was, a greater should arise,
To rob him of the empire of the skies;
The mighty Jove, his son, in counsel wise:
With dread the fatal prophecy he heard,
And for his regal honours greatly fear'd, 710

And that the dire decree might fruitless prove,
Devours his pledges, at their birth, of love:
Now Rhea, who her slaughter'd children griev'd,
With Jove, the sire of gods and men, conceiv'd;
To earth and heaven she for assistance runs,
And begs their counsel to revenge her sons,
To guard her Jove from wily Saturn's ire,
Secret to keep him from a barbarous sire.
They to their daughter lend a willing ear,
And to her speak the hour of vengeance near, 720
Nor hide they from her what the Fates ordain
Of her great-minded son, and Saturn's reign.
Her safe to Crete the parent-gods convey,
In Lyctus there, a fertile soil, she lay.
At length the tedious months their course had run,
When mighty Jove she bore, her youngest son;
Wide-spreading earth receiv'd the child with joy,
And train'd the god up from a new-born boy.
Rhea to Lystus safely took her flight,
Protected by the sable veil of night; 730
Far in the sacred earth her son she laid,
On mount Ægæus ever crown'd with shade.
When the old king, who once could boast his reign
O'er all the gods, and the ethereal plain,
Came jealous of the infant's future pow'r,
A stone the mother gave him to devour;
Greedy he seiz'd the' imaginary child,
And swallow'd heedless, by the dress beguil'd;
Nor thought the wretched god of aught to fear,
Nor knew the day of his disgrace was near; 740
Invincible remains his Jove alive,
His throne to shake, and from his kingdom drive
The cruel parent; for to him 'tis giv'n
To rule the gods, and mount the throne of heav'n.

Well thriv'd the deity, nor was it long [strong.
Before his strength increas'd, and limbs grow'd
When the revolving year his course had run,
By earth thy art and Jove his powerful son,
The crafty Saturn, once by gods ador'd,
His injur'd offsprings to the light restor'd. 750
First from within he yielded to the day
The stone deceitful, and his latest prey;
This Jove, in memory of the wondrous tale,
Fix'd on Parnassus in a sacred vale,
In Pytho the divine, a mark to be,
That future ages may astonish'd see:
And now a greater task behind remains,
To free his kindred heaven-born race from chains,
In an ill hour by Saturn rashly bound, 759
Who from the hands of Jove their freedom found.
With zeal the gods perform'd a thankful part,
The debt of gratitude lay next their heart;
Jove owes to them the bolts which dreadful fly,
And the bright lightning which illumes the sky;
To him the' exchange for liberty they bore,
Gifts deep in earth conceal'd, unknown before;
Now arm'd with them, he reigns almighty Jove,
The lord of men below, and gods above.'

Clymene, ocean-born, with beauteous feet,
And Japhet, in the bands of wedlock meet; 770
From whose embrace a glorious offspring came,
Atlas magnanimous, and great in fame,
Menœtius, thou with lasting honours crown'd,
Prometheus, for his artifice renown'd,
And Epimetheus, of unsteadfast mind,
Lur'd to false joys, and to the future blind,
Who, rashly weak, by soft temptations mov'd,
The bane of arts and their inventors prov'd,

Who took the work of Jove, the virgin fair,
Nor saw beneath her charms the latent snare. 780
Blasted by lightning from the hands of Jove,
Menœtius fell in Erebus to rove;
His dauntless mind that could not brook command,
And, prone to ill, provok'd the' almighty hand.
Atlas, so hard necessity ordains,
Erect the pondrous vault of stars sustains;
Not far from the Hesperides he stands,
Nor from the load retracts his head or hands:
Here was he fix'd by Jove in counsel wise,
Who all disposes, and who rules the skies. 790
To the same god Prometheus ow'd his pains,
Fast bound with hard inexorable chains
To a large column, in the midmost part,
Who bore his sufferings with a dauntless heart;
From Jove an eagle flew, with wings wide spread,
And on his never-dying liver fed;
What with his ravenous beak by day he tore
The night supplied, and furnish'd him with more:
Great Hercules to his assistance came,
Born of Alcmena, lovely-footed dame; 800
And first he made the bird voracious bleed,
And from his chains the son of Japhet freed:
To this the god consents, th' Olympian sire
Who, for his son's renown, suppress'd his ire;
The wrath he bore against the wretch who strove
In counsel with himself, the powerful Jove;
Such was the mighty thunderer's will, to raise
To greatest height the Theban hero's praise.
When at Mecona a contention rose,
Men and immortals to each other foes, 810
The strife Prometheus offer'd to compose;

In the division of the sacrifice,
Intending to deceive great Jove the wise,
He stuff'd the flesh in the large ox's skin,
And bound the entrails with the fat within,
Next the white bones with artful care dispos'd,
And in the candid fat from sight enclos'd:
The sire of gods and men, who saw the cheat,
Thus spoke expressive of the dark deceit.
'In this division how unjust the parts, 820
O Japhet's son, of kings the first in arts!'
Reproachful spoke the god in council wise;
To whom Prometheus full of guile replies:
'O Jove, the greatest of the powers divine,
View the division, and the choice be thine.'
Wily he spoke from a deceitful mind,
Jove saw his thoughts, nor to his heart was blind;
And then the god, in wrath of soul, began
To plot misfortunes to his subject man.
The lots survey'd, he with his hands embrac'd 830
The parts which were in the white fat incas'd;
He saw the bones, and anger sat confess'd
Upon his brow, for anger seiz'd his breast:
Hence to the gods the odorous flames aspire,
From the white bones which feed the sacred fire.
The cloud-compelling Jove, by Japhet's son
Enrag'd, to him in words like these begun:
'O! who in mal-contrivance all transcend,
Thine arts thou wilt not yet, obdurate, end.'
So spoke the' eternal wisdom, full of ire, 840
And from that hour denied the use of fire
To wretched men, who pass on earth their time,
Mindful, Prometheus, of thy artful crime:
But Jove in vain conceal'd the splendid flame;
The son of Japhet, of immortal fame

Brought the bright sparks clandestine from above
Clos'd in a hollow cane; the thundering Jove
Soon, from the bitterness of soul, began
To plot destruction to the peace of man.
  Vulcan, a god renown'd, by Jove's command,
Form'd a fair virgin with a master-hand, 851
Earth her first principle, her native air
As modest seeming as her face was fair.
The nymph, by Pallas, blue-ey'd goddess, dress'd,
Bright shin'd improv'd beneath the candid vest;
The rich wrought veil behind, wondrous to see,
Fruitful with art, bespoke the deity;
Her brows to compass did Minerva bring,
A garland breathing all the sweets of spring:
And next the goddess, glorious to behold, 860
Plac'd on her head a glittering crown of gold,
The work of Vulcan by his master-hand,
The labour of the god by Jove's command;
There seem'd to scud along the finny breed;
And there the beasts of land appear'd to feed:
Nature and art were there so much at strife,
The miracle might well be took for life.
Vulcan the lovely bane, the finish'd maid,
To the immortal gods and men convey'd;
Graceful, by Pallas dress'd, the virgin trod, 870
And seem'd a blessing or for man or god.
Soon as they see the' inevitable snare,
They praise the artist, and admire the fair;
From her, the fatal guile, a sex derives
To men pernicious, and contracts their lives,
The softer kind, a false alluring train,
Tempting to joys which ever end with pain;
Never beheld with the penurious race,
But ever seen where luxury shows her face.

As drones oppressive habitants of hives, 880
Owe to the labour of the bees their lives,
Whose work is always with the day begun,
And never ends but with the setting sun,
From flower to flower they rove, and loaded home
Return to build the white, the waxen comb,
While lazy the luxurious race remain
Within, and of their toils enjoy the gain:
So woman, by the thunderer's hard decree,
And wretched man, are like the drone and bee:
If man the galling chain of wedlock shuns, 890
He from one evil to another runs;
He, when his hairs are winter'd o'er with gray,
Will want a helpmate in the' afflicting day;
And if possessions large have bless'd his life,
He dies, and proves perhaps the source of strife;
A distant kindred, far allay'd in blood,
Contend to make their doubtful titles good:
Or should he, these calamities to fly,
His honour plight, and join the mutual tie;
And should the partner of his bosom prove 900
A chaste and prudent matron, worthy love;
Yet he would find this chaste, this prudent wife,
The hapless author of a chequer'd life:
But should he, wretched man! a nymph embrace,
A stubborn consort of a stubborn race,
Poor hamper'd slave, how must he drag the chain!
His mind, his breast, his heart, o'ercharg'd with pain!
What congregated woes must he endure!
What ills on ills, which will admit no cure!
The' omnipotence of Jove in all we see, 910
Whom none eludes, and what he wills must be:
Not thou, to none injurious, Japhet's son,
With all thy wisdom, could his anger shun;

His rage you suffer'd, and confess'd his pow'r,
Chain'd in hard durance in the penal hour.
The brothers Briareus and Cottus lay,
With Gyges, bound in chains, remov'd from day;
By their hard-hearted sire, who with surprise
View'd their vast strength, their form, and monstrous size:
In the remotest parts of earth confin'd 920
They sat, and silent sorrows wreck'd their mind,
Till, by the' advice of Earth, and aid of Jove,
With other gods, the fruits of Saturn's love,
With Rhea beauteous dress'd, they broke the chain,
And from their dungeons burst to light again.
Earth told them all from a prophetic light,
How gods encountering gods should meet in fight,
To them foretold, who stood devoid of fear,
Their hour of victory and renown was near;
The Titans, and the bold Saturnian race, 930
Should wage a dreadful war, ten years the space.
The Titans brave on lofty Othrys stand,
And gloriously dare the thunderer's hand:
The gods from Saturn sprung, ally their pow'r;
(Gods, Rhea bore him in a fatal hour):
From high Olympus they like gods engage,
And dauntless face, like gods, Titanian rage;
In the dire conflict neither party gains,
In equal balance long the war remains;
At last, by truce, each soul immortal rests, 940
Each God on nectar and ambrosia feasts;
Their spirits nectar and ambrosia raise,
And fire their generous breasts to acts of praise;
To whom, the banquet o'er, in council join'd,
The sire of gods and men express'd his mind;

'Gods, who from earth and heaven, great rise, descend,
To what my heart commands to speak, attend:
For victory long, and empire, have we strove,
Long have ye battled in defence of Jove;
To war again, invincible your might, 950
And dare the Titans to the dreadful fight;
Of friendship strict observe the sacred charms,
Be that the cement of the gods in arms;
Grateful remember, when in chains ye lay,
From darkness Jove redeem'd ye to the day.'
He spoke, and Cottus to the god replies:
'O venerable sire! in council wise,
Who freed immortals from a state of woe,
Of what you utter well the truth we know:
Rescued from chains and darkness here we stand,
O son of Saturn! by thy powerful hand; 961
Nor will we, king, the rage of war decline,
Till power, indisputable power, is thine;
The right of conquest shall confirm thy sway,
And teach the Titans whom they must obey.'
He ends: the rest assent to what he says;
And the gods thank him with the voice of praise.
He more than ever feels himself inspir'd,
And his mind burns with love of glory fir'd.
All rush to battle with impetuous might, 970
And gods and goddesses provoke the fight.
The race that Rhea to her lord conceiv'd,
And the Titanic gods by Jove reliev'd
From Erebus, who there in bondage lay,
Ally their arms in this immortal day.
Each brother, fearless, the dire conflict stands,
Each rears his fifty heads, and hundred hands;
They mighty rocks from their foundations tore,
And fiercely brave against the Titans bore.

Furious and swift the Titan phalanx drove, 980
And both with mighty force for empire strove;
The ocean roar'd from every part profound,
And the earth bellow'd from her inmost ground:
Heaven groans, and to the gods conflicting bends,
And the loud tumult high Olympus rends.
So strong the darts from god to god were hurl'd,
The clamour reach'd the subterranean world:
And where, with haughty strides, each warrior trod,
Hell felt the weight, and sunk beneath the god:
All Tartarus could hear the blows from far: 990
Such was the big, the horrid voice of war!
And now the murmur of incitement flies,
All rang'd in martial order, through the skies;
Here Jove above the rest conspicuous shin'd,
In valour equal to his strength his mind;
Erect and dauntless see the thunderer stand,
The bolts red hissing from his vengeful hand;
He walks majestic round the starry frame;
And now the lightnings from Olympus flame:
The earth wide blazes with the fires of Jove, 1000
Nor the flash spares the verdure of the grove.
Fierce glows the air, the boiling ocean roars,
And the seas wash with burning waves their shores;
The dazzling vapours round the Titans glare,
A light too powerful for their eyes to bear!
One conflagration seems to seize on all,
And threatens Chaos with the general fall.
From what their eyes behold, and what they hear,
The universal wreck of worlds is near:
Should the large vault of stars, the heavens, descend,
And with the earth in loud confusion blend, 1010
Like this would seem the great tumultuous jar:
The gods engag'd, such the big voice of war!

And now the battling winds their havoc make;
Thick whirls the dust; earth, thy foundations shake;
The arms of Jove thick and terrific fly,
And blaze and bellow through the trembling sky;
Winds, thunder, lightning, through both armies drove
Their course impetuous, from the hands of Jove;
Loud and stupendous is the raging fight, 1020
And now each warrior god exerts his might.
Cottus, and Briareus, who scorns to yield,
And Gyges panting for the martial field,
Foremost the labours of the day increase,
Nor let the horrors of the battle cease:
From their strong hands three hundred rocks they throw,
And, oft repeated, overwhelm the foe;
They forc'd the Titans deep beneath the ground,
Cast from their pride, and in sad durance bound:
Far from the surface of the earth they lie 1030
In chains, as earth is distant from the sky;
From earth the distance to the starry frame,
From earth to gloomy Tartarus, the same.
From the high heaven a brazen anvil cast,
Nine nights and days in rapid whirls would last,
And reach the earth the tenth, whence, strongly hurl'd,
The same the passage to the' infernal world,
To Tartarus; which a brazen closure bounds,
And whose black entrance threefold night surrounds,
With earth, thy vast foundations cover'd o'er; 1040
And there the ocean's endless fountains roar:
By cloud-compelling Jove the Titans fell,
And there in thick, in horrid darkness dwell:

They lie confin'd, unable thence to pass,
The wall and gates by Neptune made of brass;
Jove's trusty guards, Gyges and Cottus, stand
There, and with Briareus the pass command.
The entrance there and the last limits lie
Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
And Tartarus, there of all the fountains rise, 1050
A sight detested by immortal eyes:
A mighty chasm, horror and darkness here;
And from the gates the journey of a year:
Here storms in hoarse, in frightful murmurs play,
The seat of Night, where mists exclude the day.
Before the gate the son of Japhet stands,
Nor from the skies retracts his head or hands;
Where night and day their course alternate lead;
Where both their entrance make and both recede:
Both wait the season to direct their way, 1060
And spread, successive, o'er the earth their sway:
This cheers the eyes of mortals with her light;
The harbinger of Sleep, pernicious Night:
And here the sons of Night their mansion keep,
Sad deities, Death and his brother Sleep;
Whom, from the dawn to the decline of day,
The sun beholds not with his piercing ray:
One o'er the land extends, and o'er the seas,
And lulls the wearied mind of man to ease;
That iron-hearted, and of cruel soul, 1070
Brazen his breast, nor can he brook control;
To whom (and ne'er return) all mortals go,
And even to immortal gods a foe.
Foremost the' infernal palaces are seen
Of Pluto, and Persephone his queen;
A horrid dog and grim, couch'd on the floor,
Guards, with malicious art, the sounding door;

On each, who in the entrance first appears,
He fawning wags his tail, and cocks his ears:
If any strive to measure back the way, 1080
Their steps he watches, and devours his prey.
Here Styx, a goddess whom immortals hate,
The first-born fair of Ocean, keeps her state;
From gods remote her silver columns rise,
Roof'd with large rocks her dome that fronts the skies:
Here, cross the main, swift-footed Iris brings
A message seldom from the king of kings:
But when among the gods contention spreads,
And in debate divides immortal heads,
From Jove the goddess wings her rapid flight 1090
To the fam'd river, and the seat of Night;
Thence in a golden vase the water bears,
By whose cool streams each power immortals swears.
Styx from a sacred fount her course derives,
And far beneath the earth her passage drives;
From a stupendous rock descend her waves,
And the black realms of Night her current laves.
Could any her capacious channels drain,
They'd prove a tenth of all the spacious main;
Nine parts in mazes clear as silver glide 1100
Along the earth, or join the ocean's tide;
The other from the rock in billows rolls,
Source of misfortune to immortal souls.
Who with false oaths disgrace the' Olympian bow'rs,
Incur the punishment of heavenly pow'rs:
The perjur'd god, as in the arms of death,
Lethargic lies, nor seems to draw his breath;
Nor him the nectar and ambrosia cheer,
While the sun goes his journey of a year;
Nor with the lethargy concludes his pain, 1110
But complicated woes behind remain:

Nine tedious years he must an exile rove,
Nor join the council, nor the feasts of Jove;
The banish'd god back in the tenth they call
To heavenly banquets and the' Olympian hall:
The honours such the gods on Styx bestow,
Whose living streams through rugged channels flow,
Where the beginning and last limits lie
Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
And Tartarus; where of all the fountains rise; 1120
A sight detested by immortal eyes.
The' inhabitants through brazen portals pass,
Over a threshold of e'erlasting brass,
The growth spontaneous, and foundations deep;
And here the' allies of Jove their captives keep,
The Titans, who to utter darkness fell,
And in the furthest parts of Chaos dwell.
Jove grateful gave to his auxiliar train,
Cottus and Gyges, mansions in the main;
To Briareus, for his superior might 1130
Exerted fiercely in the dreadful fight,
Neptune, who shakes the earth, his daughter gave,
Cymopolia, to reward the brave.

When the great victor-god, almighty Jove,
The Titans from celestial regions drove,
Wide Earth Typhœus bore, with Tart'rus join'd,
Her youngest born, and blustering as the wind;
Fit for most arduous works his brawny hands,
On feet as durable as gods he stands; 1139
From heads of serpents hiss an hundred tongues,
And lick his horrid jaws, untir'd his lungs;
From his dire hundred heads his eye-balls stare,
And fire-like, dreadful to beholders, glare;
Terrific from his hundred mouths to hear
Voices of every kind torment the ear;

His utterance sounds like gods in council full;
And now he bellows like the lordly bull:
And now he roars like the stern beast that reigns
King of the woods, and terror of the plains;
And now, surprising to be heard, he yelps, 1150
Like, from his every voice, the lion's whelps;
And now, so loud a noise the monster makes,
The loftiest mountain from its basis shakes:
And now Typhœus had perplex'd the day,
And over men and gods usurp'd the sway,
Had not the powerful monarch of the skies,
Of men and gods the sire, great Jove the wise,
Against the foe his hottest vengeance hurl'd,
Which blaz'd and thunder'd through the' ethereal world; 1159
Through land and main the bolts red hissing fell,
And through old Ocean reach'd the gates of Hell.
The' almighty rising made Olympus nod,
And the earth groan'd beneath the vengeful god.
Hoarse through the cerule main the thunder roll'd,
Through which the lightning flew, both uncontroll'd;
Fire caught the winds which on their wings they bore, [roar,
Fierce flame the earth and heav'n, the seas loud
And beat with burning waves the burning shore;
The tumult of the gods was heard afar:
How hard to lay this hurricane of war! 1170
The god who o'er the dead infernal reigns,
E'en Pluto, trembled in his dark domains:
Dire horror seiz'd the rebel Titan-band,
In Tartarus who round their Saturn stand:
But Jove at last collected all his might,
With lightning arm'd, and thunder for the fight.

With strides majestic from Olympus strode;
What power is able now to face the god!
The flash obedient executes his ire;
The giant blazes with vindictive fire; 1180
From every head a diff'rent flame ascends;
The monster bellows, and Olympus bends:
The god repeats his blows; beneath each wound
All maim'd the giant falls, and groans the ground;
Fierce flash the lightnings from the hands of Jove,
The mountains burn, and crackles every grove.
The melted earth floats from her inmost caves,
As from the furnace run metallic waves:
Under the caverns of the sacred ground, 1189
Where Vulcan works, and restless anvils sound,
Beneath the hand divine the iron grows
Ductile, and liquid from the furnace flows;
So the earth melted; and the giant fell,
Plung'd by the arms of mighty Jove to hell.
Typhœus bore the rapid winds which fly
With tempests wing'd, and darken all the sky;
But from the bounteous gods derive their birth
The gales which breathe frugiferous to earth,
The south, the north, and the swift western wind,
Which ever blow to profit human kind: 1200
Those from Typhœus sprung, an useless train,
To men pernicious, bluster o'er the main;
With thick and sable clouds they veil the deep,
And now destructive 'cross the ocean sweep;
The mariner with dread beholds from far
The gathering storms, and elemental war;
His bark the furious blast and billows rend;
The surges rise, and cataracts descend;
Above, beneath, he hears the tempest roar;
Now sinks the vessel, and he fears no more: 1210

And remedy to this they none can find,
Who are resolv'd to trade by sea and wind.
On land in whirlwinds, or unkindly show'rs,
They blast the lovely fruits and blooming flow'rs;
O'er sea and land the blustering tyrants reign,
And make of earth-born men the labours vain.
And now the gods, who fought for endless fame,
The god of gods almighty Jove proclaim,
As Earth advis'd: nor reigns Olympian Jove
Ingrate to them who with the Titans strove; 1220
On those who war'd beneath his wide command,
He honours heaps with an impartial hand.
And now the king of gods, Jove, Metis led,
The wisest fair-one, to the genial bed;
Who with the blue-ey'd virgin fruitful proves,
Minerva, pledge of their celestial loves:
The sire, from what kind earth and heaven reveal'd,
Artful the matron in himself conceal'd;
From her it was decreed a race should rise
That would usurp the kingdom of the skies: 1230
And first the virgin with her azure eyes,
Equal in strength, and as her father wise,
Is born, the offspring of the' almighty's brain:
And Metis by the god conceiv'd again;
A son decreed to reign o'er heaven and earth,
Had not the sire destroy'd the mighty birth:
He made the goddess in himself reside,
To be in every act the' eternal guide.
The Hours to Jove did lovely Themis bear,
Eunomie, Dice, and Irene fair; 1240
O'er human labours they the power possess,
With seasons kind the fruits of earth to bless:
She by the thundering god conceiv'd again,
And suffer'd for the fates the rending pain,

Clotho and Lachesis, to whom we owe,
With Atropos, our shares of joy or woe;
This honour they receiv'd from Jove the wise,
The mighty sire, the ruler of the skies.
  Eurynome, from Ocean sprung, to Jove
The beauteous Graces bore, inspiring love, 1250
Aglaia, and Euphrosyne the fair,
And thou, Thalia, of a graceful air;
From the bright eyes of these such charms proceed,
As make the hearts of all beholders bleed.
  He Ceres next, a bounteous goddess, led
To taste the pleasures of the genial bed;
To him fair-arm'd Persephone she bore,
Whom Pluto ravish'd from her native shore:
The mournful dame he of her child bereft,
But the wise sire assented to the theft. 1260
  Mnemosyne his breast with love inspires,
The fair-tress'd object of the god's desires;
Of whom the Muses, tuneful nine, are born,
Whose brows rich diadems of gold adorn;
To them uninterrupted joys belong,
Them the gay feast delights, and sacred song.
  Latona bore, the fruits of Jove's embrace,
The loveliest offsprings of the' ethereal race;
She for Apollo felt the child-bed throe;
And Artemis for thee who twang the bow. 1270
  Last Juno fills the' almighty monarch's arms,
A blooming consort, and replete with charms;
From her Lucina, Mars, and Hebe spring;
Their sire of gods the god, of kings the king.
  Minerva, goddess of the martial train,
Whom wars delight, sprung from the' almighty's brain;
The reverend dame, unconquerable maid,
The battle rouses, of no power afraid.

Juno, proud goddess, with her consort strove,
And soon conceiv'd, without the joys of love:
Thee she produc'd without the aid of Jove, 1281
Vulcan, who far in every art excel
The gods who in celestial mansions dwell.
To Neptune beauteous Amphitrite bore
Triton, dread god, who makes the surges roar;
Who dwells in seats of gold beneath the main,
Where Neptune and fair Amphitrite reign.
To Mars, who pierces with his spear the shield,
Terror and Fear did Cytherea yield;
Dire brothers, who in war disorder spread, 1290
Break the thick phalanx, and increase the dead;
They wait in every act their father's call,
By whose strong hand the proudest cities fall:
Harmonia, sprung from that immortal bed,
Was to the scene of love by Cadmus led.
Maia, of Atlas born, and mighty Jove,
Join in the sacred bands of mutual love:
From whom behold the glorious Hermes rise,
A god renown'd, the herald of the skies.
Cadmean Simile, a mortal dame, 1300
Gave to the' almighty's love a child of fame,
Bacchus, from whom our cheerful spirits flow,
Mother and son alike immortal now.
The mighty Hercules Alcmena bore
To the great god who makes the thunder roar.
Lame Vulcan made Aglaia fair his bride,
The youngest grace, and in her blooming pride.
Bacchus, conspicuous with his golden hair,
Thee Ariadne weds, a beauteous fair,
From Minos sprung, whom mighty Jove the sage
Allows to charm her lord exempt from age. 1311
Great Hercules, who with misfortunes strove
Long, is rewarded with a virtuous love,

Hebe, the daughter of the thund'ring god,
By his fair consort Juno golden shod:
Thrice happy he safe from his toils to rise,
And ever young a god to grace the skies!
From the bright son, and thee, Perseïs, spring
Fam'd offsprings, Circe, and Æetes king.
Æetes thee, beauteous Idya, led, 1320
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed;
And with th' applause of heav'n your loves were crown'd;
From whom Medea sprung, a fair renown'd.
All hail, Olympian maids, harmonious Nine,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove divine,
Forsake the land, forsake the brimy main,
The god and goddesses, celestial train,
Ye Muses, each immortal fair record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord,
In whose illustrious offsprings all might trace
The glorious likeness of a godlike race. 1331
Jason, an hero through the world renown'd,
Was with the joyous love of Ceres crown'd;
Their joys they acted in a fertile soil
Of Crete, which thrice had bore the ploughman's toil;
Of them was Plutus born, who spreads his hand,
Dispersing wealth o'er all the sea and land;
Happy the man who in his favour lives,
Riches to him, and all their joys, he gives. 1339
Cadmus Harmonia lov'd, the fair and young,
A fruitful dame, from golden Venus sprung;
Ino and Simile, Agave fair,
And thee, Autonoë, thy lover's care,
(Young Aristæus with his comely hair),
She bore; and Polydore completes the race,
Born in the walls of Thebes, a stately place.

The brave Chrysaor thee, Calliroe, led,
Daughter of Ocean, to the genial bed;
Whence Geryon sprung, fierce with his triple head;
Whom Hercules laid breathless on the ground,
In Erythia which the waves surround; 1351
By his strong arm the mighty giant slain,
The hero drove his oxen cross the main.
Two royal sons were to Tithonus born,
Of thee, Aurora, goddess of the morn;
Hemathion from whom and Memnon spring,
Known by his brazen helm was Ethiop's king.
Pregnant by Cephalus the goddess proves,
A son of high renown rewards their loves;
In form like the possessors of the skies, 1360
Great Phaëthon, whom with desiring eyes
Fair Aphrodite views: in blooming days
She to her sacred fane the youth conveys;
Inhabitant divine he there remain'd,
His task nocturnal by the fair ordain'd.
When Peleis, haughty prince of wide command,
Of much th' achiever with an impious hand,
Success attending his injurious mind,
Gave the swell'd sails to fly before the wind,
Æsonides, such, gods, were thy decrees! 1370
The daughter of Æetes cross the seas
Rap'd from her sire; the hero much endur'd
Ere in his vessel he the fair secur'd;
Her to Iolcus in her youthful pride
He bore, and there possess'd the charming bride;
To Jason, her espous'd, the lovely dame
Medeus yields, pledge of the monarch's flame;
Whom Chiron artful by his precepts sway'd:
Thus was the will of mighty Jove obey'd.

The Nereid Psamathe did Phocus bear 1380
To Æacus, herself excelling fair.
To Peleus Thetis, silver-footed dame,
Achilles bore, in war a mighty name.
Fair Cytherea, ever flush'd with charms,
Resign'd them to a mortal hero's arms:
To thee, Anchises, the celestial bride
Æneas bore high in the shades of Ide.
Circe, the daughter of the sun, inclin'd
To thee, Ulysses, of a patient mind;
Hence Agrius sprung, and hence Latinus came,
A valiant hero, and a spotless name. 1391
The sacred isles were by the brothers sway'd;
And them the Tyrrhenes, men renown'd, obey'd.
Calypso with the sage indulg'd her flame;
From them Nausithous and Nausinous came.
Thus each immortal fair the Nine record
Who deign'd to revel with a mortal lord;
In whose illustrious offsprings all might trace
The glorious likeness of a godlike race:
And now, Olympian maids, harmonious Nine,
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove divine,
In lasting song the immortal dames rehearse;
Let the bright belles of earth adorn the verse.

NOTES

ON

THE THEOGONY.

Ver. 1. I SHALL refer the reader to what I have said in the second and fourth sections of my 'Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod,' concerning the genuineness of the beginning of this poem, and the explanation of the Theogony. Our author here takes an occasion to celebrate the offices and power of the Muses, and to give a short repetition of the greater deities. To what end is this grand assembly of divine personages introduced? To inspire the poet with thoughts suitable to the dignity of their characters; and by raising his imagination to such a height, as to believe they preside over his labours, he becomes the amanuensis of the gods. 'The Muses, (says the Earl of Shaftesbury, in his letter concerning enthusiasm) were so many divine persons in the heathen creed.' The same noble writer has in that discourse elegantly showed the necessity and beauty of enthusiasm in poetry.

Ver. 2. A mountain in Bœotia, so called from the Phœnician word *hhalik*, or *hhalikon*, which signifies 'a high mountain.' Bochart, in his Chan.

book i. chap. 16, shows that Bœotia was full of Phœnician names and colonies. *Le Clerc.* Pausanias, in his Bœotics, says, 'Helicon excels all the mountains in Greece, in the abundance and virtues of the trees which grow on it. He likewise tells us it produces no letiferous herbs or roots.

Ver. 5. Grævius and Le Clerc both agree in this reading, and derive ιοειδης from ειδος ιος, having the dusky colour of iron; they likewise bring instances from Homer, and other poets, of the same word being used to the sea, rivers, and fountains; by which epithet, say they, they expressed the depth and plenty of the water.

Ver. 8. Pausanias, and Tzetzes after him, reads it *Termessus;* but this may proceed from their ignorance of the *radix*, which, says Le Clerc, is the Phœnician word *pheer-metso;* the interpretation of which is 'a pure fountain.' The river is at the foot of Helicon.

Ver. 9. The Phœnician word, says Bochart, is *happhigran*, which signifies the eruption of a fountain: the word being corrupted into *Hippocrene*, gave rise to the story of the fountain of the horse. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 10. The Phœnician word is *hhel-maio*, sweet water. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 12. The historical and physical interpretation of the deities here mentioned, I shall defer till I come to them in the course of the Theogony.

Ver. 22. Some translate this passage *nigris oculis*, and Le Clerc chooses *blandis*; I would correct them, and have it arched or bending. Tzetzes entirely favours my interpretation of ελικοβλεφαρον, eye-brows arched into a circle: a metaphor taken

says he, εκ των της αμπελου ελικον, from the curling of the vine.

Ver. 33. This extravagance in our poet has been the subject of satire to some; but Lucian has been the most severe in his dialogue betwixt himself and Hesiod. Ovid has an allusion to this passage in the beginning of his Art of Love; which Dryden has thus translated:

> Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen,
> As Hesiod saw them in the shady green.

This flight, however extravagant it may seem to some, certainly adds a grace to the poem; and whoever consults the nineteenth ode of the second book, and the fourth of the third book of Horace, will find this sort of enthusiasm carried to a great height.

Ver. 46. The poet here, from the mouth of the Muse, prepares the reader for what he is to expect. Though he proposes to give an historical and physical relation of the generation of the gods, according to the received opinion; yet supplies from invention are necessary to make the work agreeable as a poem.

Ver. 50. Le Clerc has a long note on this verse, from Claud. Salmasius, proving the rhapsodists to be so called απο του ραβδου, from singing with a bough in their hands, in imitation of the ancient poets: which bough was of laurel: but why of laurel before any other? The scholiast Tzetzes gave two very good reasons: 'first, (says he) the poet makes the sceptre, which he received from the Muses, of laurel; because Helicon, the place on which they presented it, abounds with that tree;

secondly, as the laurel is ever green, it is the most proper emblem of works of genius, which never fade.'

Ver. 59. Exactly the same is the flight in the fourth ode of the third book of Horace:

> *—— an me ludit amabilis*
> *Insania? Audire et videor pios*
> *Errare per lucos, amœnæ*
> *Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ!*

The sense of which, in short, is this: 'Am I agreeably deluded, while I seem to wander through poetic scenes!' And again,

> *Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui*
> *Plenum! Quæ in nemora, aut quos, agor in specus,*
> *Velox mente novâ!* Lib. 3. Od. 25.

It is worth observing, that the best poets are generally most poetical in their invocations, or in other parts, where a deity is introduced; for then they seem to be overpowered with the inspiration; but here the fine imagination, and exalted genius, are most required, that while fancy takes her full stretch in fiction, it may seem the real *numinis afflatus.*

Ver. 68. Le Clerc judiciously observes, that the poets frequently make inanimate beings affected, or with joy or grief, when there is reason for either; that it may be said, even inanimate beings are moved. This, I think, is a boldness seldom practised but by the best poets, and most frequently among the ancients. We find it with as much success as any where in the poetical parts of the Old Testament.

'The valleys shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.' Psalm lvi. ver. 14.

εγελασσε δε γαια πελωρη,
Γηθησην δε βαθυς ποντος. Theognis.

'The wide earth laugh'd, and the deep sea rejoic'd.'

Tibi rident æquora ponti. Lucret.

'To thee the waters of the ocean smile.'

I give these three quotations to show, as the Latin were followers of the Greek poets, it is not unlikely the Greek might imitate the style of the eastern writers in many places.

Ver. 81. Mnemosyne, the same with memory, is here made a person, and the mother of the Muses; which, with the etymology of the word *pieria*, which Le Clerc tells us is, in the Phœnician tongue, 'fruitfulness,' and the note to the first verse of the Works and Days, will let us clearly into the poetical meaning of the parents and birth-place of the Muses. The same critic derives the word Muse from the Phœnician word *motsa*, the feminine for 'inventor.' See further in the Discourse, &c.

It will now be proper to inquire into the reason of the poet making Mnemosyne empress of Eleuther. Eleuther is a part of Bœotia, so called from a prince of that name. Here, says Tzetzes, the poet endeavours to add a glory to his country; for though the Muses themselves were born on Pieria, he makes their mother a Bœotian. Pieria is the name of a mountain, and a country lying beneath it, bounded on the north with Thessaly, and on the south with Macedon. Le Clerc derives the word *Eleuther* from the Phœnician word *Halethir*, a high

place from which we see afar off, which word is a compound of *halah*, 'to ascend,' and *thour*, 'to see afar off.' The reader must here observe, that great part of the art of this poem depends on the etymology of the words, and on the prosopopœias. Plutarch, in his rules for the education of children, has observed, that the mythologists have judiciously made Mnemosyne the mother of the Muses; intimating that nothing so much cherishes learning as the memory.

Ver. 96. A mountain in Thessaly, which, for the extraordinary height, is often used for heaven.

Ver. 99. The god of Love and the Graces are proper companions for the Muses; for the gifts of the Muses are of little value without grace and love: and at banquets, love and good manners, which are implied by the Graces, compose the harmony. *Tzetz.*

Ver. 109. Le Clerc here raises a difficulty, and I think without reason; he says the poet so confounds the man Jupiter with the god, that he knows not how to account for it. The poet could here design no other but the Supreme Being; first for the honour of poetry, as appears from some following verses; and secondly, because God is the source of all wisdom, he is the father of the Muses, who preside over the principal arts.

Ver. 119. The names of the Muses, and their derivations. Clio, from κλειω, 'to celebrate, to render glorious.' Melpomene, from μελπομαι, 'to sing or warble.' Euterpe, from ευ and τερπω, 'to delight well.' Terpsichore, from τερπω, 'to delight,' and χορος, 'a choir.' Erato, from εραω, 'to love.' Thalia, from θαλιαι, 'banquets,' or θαλλω, 'to

flourish.' Polymnia, from πολυς, 'many,' and υμνος, 'a song or hymn.' Urania, from ουρανος, 'heaven.' Calliope, from καλος, 'beautiful,' and οψ, 'a voice.' Our poet attributes no particular art to each Muse; but, according to him, poetry is the province of all. Calliope, indeed, is distinguished from the rest, as presiding over the greater sort of poetry. See the Discourse on the Theology of the Ancients, &c.

Ver. 134. Le Clerc tells us, (from Dionysius Halicarnasseus) that, 'at first, all the cities in Greece looked on their kings as their judges to determine all controverted points; and he was esteemed the best king who was the best judge, and the strictest observer of the laws! For the certainty of this, we need no better authority than our own poet, and particularly in his Works and Days. It is worth observing how very careful he is to inspire his readers with sentiments of respect and dignity towards their rulers; and to increase our reverence for them, he derives them from the great Ruler of the universe; and from the same origin are the Muses; all which must be thus understood; the prince owes all his regal honours and power to the Supreme Being, and no less than Almighty aid is necessary to make a good poet. I can add nothing more proper to what I have said concerning princes, their office, and derivation of their power, than the first three verses of the sixth chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon. 'Hear, therefore, O ye kings, and understand; learn ye that be judges of the ends of the earth; give ear, you that rule the people, and glory in the multitude of nations; for power is given you of the Lord, and sovereignty

from the Highest, who shall try your works, and search out your counsels.'

Ver. 156. This, and the nine following verses, are by some attributed to Homer, among the fragments of that poet; where the mistake lies, I cannot tell; but I shall here take an occasion to account, in general, for several verses in the Iliad, Odysses, the Works and Days, and the Theogony, being alike; they are either such as where they mention the Pleïades, Hyades, and Orion; constellations which were most taken notice of by the old poets, and the names of which naturally run into an hexameter verse; or such as were common or proverbial sayings of the times: which circumstances render it very possible for divers to have wrote the same lines without one ever seeing the works of the other. I am persuaded that all or most of the similar passages in these two poets are of this nature. If, therefore, some of the old scholiasts and commentators had thoroughly considered this, they would not have had so many impertinencies in their remarks as they have.

Ver. 172. I know not how this is to be taken but physically; if we suppose all things to be the offsprings of Chaos, which are all natural beings, they may properly be said to be nourished by the main; that is, by prolific humour. In this sense Milton, in the seventh book of his Paradise Lost, judiciously uses the word, speaking of the creation.

——— Over all the face of the earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour, softening all her glebe,
Fermenting the great mother to conceive;

Ver. 190. In my interpretation of the generation of the deities, I shall chiefly have regard to the physical meanings; such passages as I leave unobserved are what any reader with little trouble may clear to himself, after he has seen my explanations of the most material.

'This fable (says Lord Bacon, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, speaking of Heaven) seems to contain an enigma of the origin of things, not much different from the truth of the divine word; which tells us of a deformed matter before the works of the six days.' To this eternity of confused matter Milton alludes in the seventh book of his Paradise Lost.

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn.

Ver. 191. Plato, in his Phædo, says, 'the earth was the seat and foundation of the gods;' αθανατων he calls them, to show that the gods were once preserved with pious men. *Tzetz.* This is strange philosophy; to imagine any beings to have a beginning, and yet immutable and immortal from their first rise; but it is apparent, that the poet makes matter precede all things, even the gods. Guietus judges the next verse to be supposititious.

Ver. 194. Tartarus, or hell, is said to be brought forth with the earth, because it is feigned to be in the inmost recesses of the earth. The word Tartarus is derived from the Phœnician *tarahhtarahh*, the radix of which is the Hebrew and Arabic *tarahh*, which signifies, he created trouble. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 196. This fable alludes to, and enters into the cradle of nature. Love seems to be the appetite, or stimulation, of the first matter; or, to speak

more intelligibly, the natural motion of the atom. *Lord Bacon.*

Ver. 202. It is rightly observed, that darkness was over all till the sky was illumined by the sun and the stars; Chaos therefore brought forth darkness and night. *Tzetz.* Before any thing appeared all was *hereb* or *erbo*, 'darkness or night;' the same is the account which Moses gives us. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 204. I believe the word αιθηρ does not mean the chief, or material, part of the air, but is the same with αιθρια 'serenity.' *Le Clerc.* So night and darkness are properly said to be the parents of day and serenity.

Ver. 206. All that the poet means is, that earth appeared before the firmament which surrounds it. Similar to this is the description Milton gives of the offsprings of earth.

> ——————God said,
> 'Be gather'd now ye waters under heaven,
> Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
>
> Immediately the mountains huge appear
> Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
> Into the clouds.
>
> *Book 6.*

Let us now consider the difference betwixt πελαγος or πονΤος and ωκεανος, (which I render 'the sea and the ocean,') and why the sea is said to be from earth only, and the ocean from earth and heaven. That part of the ocean is generally agreed to be called sea, which takes a name from any country or particular circumstance; the ocean, Diodorus Siculus tells us, in his first book, comprehends, according to the opinion of the ancients, all

moisture which nourishes the universe; and Henry Stephens quotes many authorities to show it was always used in that sense; I shall content myself with one from Homer, and another from Pliny.

> Εξ ουπερ παντες ποταμοι, και πασα θαλασσα,
> Και πασαι κρηναι, &c.

'From which are derived all rivers, every sea, and all fountains.'

'The ocean (says Pliny) is the receptacle of all waters, and from which all waters flow; it is that which feeds the clouds and the very stars.'

Ver. 214. Le Clerc is inclined to think that these names are some of real persons, and some only poetical; as Themis and Mnemosyne, which are Justice and Memory. The same critic might have quoted Plutarch to countenance this opinion, who names for real persons Cœus, Creus, Hyperion, and Japhet: nor is it unreasonable to believe that the poet designed some as persons; for without such to measure time, Saturn, or Κρονος, which signifies time, would be introduced with impropriety.

The etymology of the names of the Cyclops are literally expressive of their nature. The general name to all is from κυκλος, 'a circle,' and ωψ, 'an eye;' Brontes from βροντη, 'thunder;' Steropes from αστεροπη, 'brightness;' Arges from αργος, 'white, splendid, swift.' Apollodorus varies from our poet in one of the names of the Cyclops; instead of Αργη he calls him Αρπη. It has been often remarked, that Homer, Hesiod, Apollodorus, and other mythologists, frequently differ in names: I here give one instance, from many observations

which I have made, of their not differing in sense though in name; for as swift, or splendid, is a proper epithet for lightning; αρπη, 'a fork,' is as significant a name for one of the Cyclops as αργη.

Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus. Grævius will have these three to be men, and robbers; he says the ancients intended, by the terrible description of their many heads and hands, to express their violence, ferocity, and injustice. The scholiast Tzetzes says, 'they are turbulent winds;' which physical interpretation seems most agreeable to me; their heads and hands will express their rage; they being imprisoned by their father in the bowels of the earth, and relieved by their mother in process of time, (which is the meaning of Saturn releasing them) is all pertinent to the winds. I am not insensible of an objection that may be started in this explication, from the manner in which they are made part of the war with the gods; but we are to consider that the poet does not confine himself to direct physical truth; for which reason he prepared his readers for a mixture of fiction, from the mouth of the Muse, in the beginning of the poem.

Let us come to the explanation of the conspiracy of Earth and Saturn against Heaven. Tzetzes, Guietus, and Le Clerc, have this conjecture likewise of the children which were confined by Heaven in the recesses of the earth; they were the corn-fruits of the earth, which, in time, some person found to be of benefit to human kind: he discovered the metal of which he made a sickle: the posture of reaping is designed by his left hand applied to the members of his father, and his right

to the instrument. The giants and nymphs, which are said to spring from the blood of Heaven, are those who had the advantages of the invention. The warlike giants and furies are wars and tumults, which were the consequences of plenty and riches. Saturn throwing the members into the sea, denotes traffic with foreign countries.

'Venus (says Lord Bacon) is designed to express the concord of things.'

Heaven called his sons Titans, from τιταινω, 'to revenge:' his prophecy may allude to the disturbances in the world, which were the effects of plenty and luxury.

How monstrous does this story seem in the text! Certainly the author must have some physical meaning in view; and what more probable than the last which we have offered? This allegorical way of writing will cease to be a wonder, when we consider the custom of the times, and the love that the ancients bore to fables; and we must think ourselves happy that we can attain such light into them as we have, since we are divided by such length of time from the first inventors; and seeing the poetical embellishments since added to them, have rendered them more obscure; but of this I shall speak more largely in my Discourse at the end.

Ver. 325. The distinction which Tzetzes makes betwixt Μοιρα and Κηρα, which I translate 'Destiny and Fate,' is this; one confirms the decree concerning our death, and the other the punishment attending evil works. Le Clerc infers from the poet making even the gods subject to the Fates, that they must be mere men, which were

immortalized by human adoration; but the passage which Plutarch, in his inquiry after God, quotes from Plato, will better reconcile this. 'Fate (says he) is the eternal reason and law implanted in the nature of every being.'

Momus is called a deity, because he animadverts on the vices both of men and gods; but why is he called the son of Night? Because censure and backbitings are generally spread privately, and as in the dark. His name is from *Moum* or *Mom*, the Phœnician word for 'vice.' Lucian, in his Assembly of the Gods, makes Momus speak thus of himself: 'All know me to be free of my tongue, and that I conceal nothing ill done: I blab out every thing,' &c. *Le Clerc.*

The Hesperides are nymphs which are said to watch the golden fruit in the western parts of the world. Tzetzes thus interprets this story: The Hesperides are the nocturnal hours in which the stars are in their lustre; by Hercules, who is feigned to have plucked the golden fruit, is meant the sun, at whose appearance the stars cease to shine.

Nemesis is called the goddess of Revenge, and the etymology of her name speaks her office, which is from νεμεσαω, 'to resent.' Our poet, in his Works and Days, ranks her with Modesty.

Ver. 357. Nereus, which in the Phœnician tongue is *naharo*, 'a river,' is said to be the son of the Sea, because all rivers take their rise from thence, according to the opinion of the poet. The reason, perhaps, for which he has this extraordinary character in the Theogony, is because he was esteemed a prophetic deity. *Le Clerc.*

Thaumas is here made the son of the Sea and Earth, and the father of Iris: Le Clerc says he is

thus allied to the Sea and Iris; he is the deity that presides over clouds and vapours, which arise from the sea and the earth, and cause Iris, or the rainbow. He is called Thaumas, from θαυμαζω, 'to wonder at, or admire:' or from the Phœnician word of the same signification, *thamah*, because all meteors excite wonder or admiration.

Phorcys, says Le Clerc, seems to have been one who employed himself in navigation; but his derivation of the word is too far-fetched from the Syrian *phrak*, 'he departed, or travelled.' The same critic is surprised, and indeed, not without reason, that Ceto should be called *fair*, and have such horrid children; he derives her name from *kout*, 'to be contentious, to lothe.'

Eurybia is from ευρυς, 'wide,' and βια, 'force,' one of extensive power.

Ver. 367. Tzetzes thinks the poet, by the names of the Nereids, designed to express several parts and qualities of the sea; but Le Clerc believes them only the arbitrary invention of the poets. Spenser, in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of his Faery Queene, has introduced a beautiful assemblage of the Nereids, and other sea and river-deities, at the marriage of Thames and Medway: and he has imitated and paraphrased many verses together out of our poet, and translated many more; and most, in my judgment, superior to the Greek; whose manner of imitating the ancients will appear by a quotation of one stanza.

Stanza 48th.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damsels, deck'd with long green hair,
Whom of their sire Nereides men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,

The gray-ey'd Doris: all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had;
Swift Proto, mild Encrate, Thetis fair,
Soft Spio, sweet Eudore, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad.

Ver. 418. The Harpies are violent storms; the etymologies of their names are significant of their nature. The word Harpies is from αρπαζω, 'to tear, to destroy;' Aëllo from αελλα, 'a storm;' Ocypete from ωκυς, 'swift,' and πετομαι, 'to fly.'

Ver. 423. I shall give the story of the Gorgons and the Graiæ, as related by Lord Bacon, with reflections on the same.

Perseus is said to have been sent by Pallas to slay Medusa, who was very pernicious to many of the inhabitants of the western parts of Hiberia; for she was so dire und horrid a monster, that by her aspect only, she converted men into stones. Of the Gorgons Medusa only was mortal: Perseus, preparing himself to kill her, received arms and other gifts from three deities; from Mercury he had wings for his heels, from Pluto, a helmet, and from Pallas a shield and a looking-glass. He went not immediately towards Medusa, though he was so well instructed; but first to the Graiæ, who were gray and like old women from their birth. They had all but one eye and one tooth, which she who went abroad used, and laid down when she returned. This eye and tooth they lent to Perseus; who finding himself thus completely furnished for his design, flew without delay to Medusa, whom he found sleeping: if she should awake he dared not look in her face; therefore, turning his head aside, he beheld her in the glass of Pallas, and in

that manner taking his aim he cut off her head: from her blood instantly sprung Pegasus with wings. Perseus fixed her head in the shield of Pallas: which retained this power, that all who beheld it became stupid as if thunderstruck.

This fable seems invented to show the prudence required in waging war: in which three weighty precepts are to be considered as from the counsel of Pallas. First, in the enlarging dominions, the occasion, facility, and profits of a war, are to be thought of before vicinity of territories; therefore Perseus, though an oriental, did not decline an expedition to the extremest parts of the west. Secondly, Regard ought to be had to the motives of a war, which should be just and honourable; for a war on such terms adds alacrity both to the soldiers and those who bear the expense of the war; it obtains and secures aids, and has many other advantages. No cause of a war is more pious than the quelling tyranny, which so subdues the people as to deprive them of all soul and vigour; which is signified by the aspect of Medusa. Thirdly, The Gorgons were three, by which wars are represented, and Perseus is judiciously made to encounter her only who was mortal; that is, he would not pursue vast and endless hopes, but undertook a war that might be brought to a period. The instruction which Perseus received, is that which conduces to the success or fortune of the war: he received swiftness from Mercury, secresy of counsels from Orcus, and providence from Pallas. Though Perseus wanted not age nor courage, that he should consult the Graiæ was necessary. The Graiæ are treasons, and elegantly said

to be gray and like old women, from their birth, because of the perpetual fears and tremblings with which traitors are attended. All their force, before they appear in open rebellion, is an eye, or a tooth; for every faction alienated from a state contemplates and bites: this eye and tooth is in common, for what they learn and know passes through the hands of faction from one to the other: the meaning of the tooth is, they all bite alike; Perseus therefore was to make friends of the Graiæ, that they might lend him the eye and the tooth. Two effects follow the conclusion of the war; first, the generation of Pegasus, which plainly denotes fame, that flies abroad and proclaims the victory; the second is the bearing the head of Medusa in the shield; for one glorious and memorable act happily accomplished, restrains all the motions of enemies, and makes even malice amazed and dumb. Thus far Lord Bacon.

The following physical explanation is from Tzetzes: *Phorcys* signifies the vehemence of the waters, *Ceto* the depth; γραιαν the Scholiast interprets τον αφρον, 'the foam,' Pephredo and Enyo the desire of marine expeditions. The poet calls the Hesperides 'murmuring,' because the stars in those parts, according to Aristotle, move to a musical harmony; by Stheno and Euryale, which are immortal, he means the immense and inexhaustible parts of the ocean; by Medusa, the waters which the sun, or Perseus, dries up by his beams. Chrysaor and Pegasus are those parts of matter which are exalted on high, and break in thunder and lightning. Pegasus, says Grævius, is so called, because he was born near πηγας, the fountains of

the main; Chrysaor, from his having in his hand χρυσαον αορ, 'a golden sword.' Le Clerc tells us that this fable is originally Phœnician; he derives the name of Perseus from *pharscho*, 'a horseman,' and Chrysaor from the Phœnician word *chrisaor*, 'the keeper of fire.'

Ver. 456. Some, says the Scholiast, will have Geryon to signify time; his three heads mean the present, past, and the future; Erythea is an island in the ocean where he kept his herds. *Tzetzes.*

Le Clerc tells us, that when Hercules invaded the island which Geryon possessed, he was opposed by three parties which were inhabitants, and conquered them; which explains his cutting off his three heads. The same critic afterwards seems to doubt this interpretation; he quotes Bochart to prove that no oxen were in Erythea, and that the island was not productive of grass; but I think if heads are figuratively meant for parties, the herds may as well be took for the men who composed those parties.

Ver. 462. Orthus is the dog of Geryon that watched the herds, which may be some chief officer; and his being murdered in a gloomy stall, may signify the shameful retreat he made in his time of danger.

Ver. 485. Cerberus, Le Clerc derives from *chrabrosch*, 'having many heads.' The Hydra, he tells us, means the inhabitants about the lake Lerna: Juno may therefore signify the earth who nourished the Hydra.

Ver. 497. Chimæra is from the Phœnician *chamirah*, 'burned:' it was a mountain so called because it emitted flames; of which (says Pliny) 'the

mountain Chimæra in Phaselis flames, without ceasing, night and day.' Strabo thinks the fable took a rise from this mountain; the three heads may be three cliffs; Bochart supposes them to be three leaders of the people of Pisidia, whose names may have a similitude to the nature of the three animals, the lion, the goat, and the serpent. Bellerophon is said to conquer this monster, to whom the poet gives Pegasus; because to gain the summit of the mountain, no less than a winged horse was required. *Le Clerc.* The interpretation of Chimæra, a mountain, is not unnatural, when we consider her the daughter of Typhaon, of whom we shall speak more largely in a following note.

Ver. 508. Sphinx is thus described by Apollodorus; 'she had the breast and face of a woman, the feet and tail of a lion, and the wings of a bird.' Le Clerc has this interpretation, which seems the most reasonable, of this monster. After deriving the name from *Sphica*, which is 'a murderer,' he tells us in Sphinx is shadowed a gang of robbers which lurked in the cavities of a mountain; she is said to have had the face and breast of a woman, because some women were among them, who perhaps allured the travellers; the feet and tail of a lion, because they were cruel and destructive; and the wings of a bird, from their swiftness. She is said to have slain those who could not explain her enigma; that is, they murdered such as unwarily came where they were, and knew not their haunts. Œdipus is recorded to have unravelled the enigma, because he found them and destroyed them.

The Nemæan lion may be an allegory of the same nature, or literally a lion.

The 31st verse, in the original, is commonly given thus:

Κοιρανεων τρητοιο Νημειης ηδ' απεσαντος,

in which τρητοιο is taken as an adjective signifying *cavernosa;* but Mr. Robinson, in his edition of Hesiod, published since my translation of our poet, rightly judges τρητοιο to be a proper name, and quotes a passage from Diodorus Siculus, and another from Pausanias, in which the den of the Nemæan lion is said to have been in the mountain Tretum: read, therefore, henceforward,

Κοιρανεον Τρητοιο, Νεμειης, ηδ' απεσαντος.

Ver. 517. Serpents are often in fabulous history constituted guards of things of immense value. The serpent Python kept the oracle at Delphi; and a serpent is made to watch the golden fruit. What is the moral of all this? When we are intrusted with affairs of price and importance, we ought to be as vigilant as serpents. The word οφις, 'a serpent,' from οπ]ομαι, 'to see;' and the Phœnician *nahhasch*, 'a serpent,' is from a verb in the same language, 'to see.' *Le Clerc.* I must add to this explanation; the serpent being placed in a cave to guard the fruit, denotes secrecy, as well as vigilance.

Ver. 522. The commentators have concluded Hesiod later than Homer, from his naming the chief river in Egypt under the appellation of the Nile, which, they say, was not so called in the days of Homer, but Egyptus. This argument cannot prevail, when we consider the word in the radix, which, says Le Clerc, is *nuhhul* and *nhhil*, and in

Hebrew *nahhal*, which is the common name for any river: Hesiod, therefore, might choose Nile, κατ' εξοχην, for eminence; it being the principal river; or for the same reason, which is not unlikely, that Homer might choose Egyptus, because it came more readily into the verse. But whatever their reasons were for choosing these different names of the same river, here is no foundation to determine so difficult a point as the age of either of these poets from it.

Ver. 523. Alpheus is a river in Elis, and has something more extraordinary, says Pausanias, in it than any other river; it often flows under ground and breaks out again. Eridanus, a river, says the Scholiast, of the Sceltæ. Strymon, a river in Thrace. Mæander, in Lydia or Icaria. Ister, in Scythia. Phasis, in Colchis. Rhesus, in Troy. Athelous, in Acarnia or Ætolia. Nessus, in Thrace. Rhodius, in Troy. Haliacmon, in Macedon. Heptaporus, Granicus, and Æsapus, in Troy. Hermus, in Lydia. Simois in Troy. Peneus, in Thessaly; and some (says Tzetzes) say Granicus and Simois are in Thessaly. Caicus, in Mysia. Sangarius, in Upper Phrygia. Ladon, in Arcadia; this river (says Pausanias) exceeds all the rivers in Greece for clearness of water. Parthenius, in Paphlagonia. Evenus, in Ætolia. Ardescus, in Scythia. Scamander, in Troy. The daughters of Tethys and Ocean, are only poetical names; designed, says the Scholiast, for lakes and rivers of less note than the sons. They are said, continues he, to have the care of mankind from their birth jointly with Apollo, because heat and moisture contribute to

generation, and the nutriment of men through life.

Ver. 581. The sun is called Ηελιος, from the Phœnician word *helojo*, that is, 'high;' though this name may suit all the planets, yet it is more properly given to the most eminent of them. He is sprung from Hyperion; that is, from him that exists on high.

Ver. 582. The word Σεληνη, 'the moon,' or in the Doric Σελανα, is from the Phœnician word *schelaňah;* that is, 'one that wanders through the night.' Aurora, or the morning, being born of the same parents, needs no explanation.

Ver. 585. Le Clerc says, the children of Creus and Eurybia, are not to be found in any ancient history, nor to be explained from the nature of things; but if we consider the etymologies of the names of the parents, his remark will prove invalid. Creus is from the verb 'to judge,' and Eurybia (as I have before observed) signifies wide command; judgment, therefore, and power, are made the parents of three offsprings of renown. I must here observe, that Pallas cannot be the same with her, who is afterwards said to spring from the head of Jove. Our poet calls this Pallas only, and the latter Athena and Tritogenia. The following verses, which tell us the winds sprung from Astræus and Aurora, I should suppose spurious; because we are told in the same poem they sprung from Typhœus, which is every way agreeable to the physical sense; we must therefore suppose them supposititious, or the poet has committed a very great blunder. See further in the note to ver. 1195.

Ver. 593. Styx, says the Scholiast, is from στυγεω, 'to hate, to dread;' why her offsprings are made attendants on the Almighty, is conspicuous; but I am not satisfied in Pallas being their father. Tzetzes tells us, that he understands by Pallas, the superior motion which produces such effects. The name, I believe, must come from παλλω, a verb, to express extraordinary action; in Latin, *vibro*, *agito*, &c. We are told here, that Styx was ordained by Jove, the oath of the gods; on which Lord Bacon has the following remark. 'Necessity is elegantly represented by Styx, a fatal and irremeable river.' The same noble author goes on to show, that the force of leagues is to take away the power of offending, by making it necessary that the offender should undergo the penalty enacted. Thus he proceeds; if the power of hurting be taken away, or if, on breach of covenant, the danger of ruin, or loss of honour or estate, must be the consequence, the league may be said to be ratified, as by the sacrament of Styx, since the dread of banishment from the banquets of the gods follows; under which terms are signified by the ancients, the laws, prerogatives, affluence, and felicity of empire. See further, ver. 1082.

Ver. 625. Le Clerc derives Phœbe from the Phœnician, *phe-pah*, which is *os in illâ*, that is, 'a prophetic mouth;' for, in the Phœnician tongue, the oracle is called 'the mouth of God:' and, to say we consult the mouth of God, is the same as to say we consult the oracle. *Latona*, in Greek, *Leto*, the same critic derives from *lout*, or *lito* or *leto*, which is to use magic charms; therefore, says he, Apollo and Diana, who preside over magic arts,

are said to be born of her. Asteria, he tells us, comes from *hassethirah*, which signifies 'lying hid;' not an improper name for an enchantress.

Ver. 633. Hecate is by the Phœnicians called *Echatha*, that is, 'the only,' *unica;* for which reason the poet calls her μονογενης, 'the only begotten.' She is esteemed the chief president over magic arts, and reckoned the same with the moon. The Phœnicians invoked her, because she is the regent of the night; the time when all incantations, charms, and the like, are performed. The sun is in the same language called *hhadad*, 'the only, or one,' *unus*. Hecate is here said to have the fate of mariners jointly with Neptune in her power, because the moon has an influence over the sea, as well as over the land. *Le Clerc*. The Scholiast says, the poet gives this great character of Hecate, because the person who was, perhaps, after her death honoured with divine rites, was a Bœotian.

Ver. 694. Εστη, by the Latins called *Vesta*, is by the learned justly derived from *Esch*, or the Syrian *eschtha*, 'fire:' she is esteemed the goddess of fire. Ceres, the Greek Δημητης, comes from *dai*, a Phœnician word, signifying 'plenty;' a proper name for her who has the honour of being thought the first who taught to cultivate the ground, and to raise fruit-trees. Ηρη, the Greek name of Juno, is from the Phœnician word *hira* or *harah*, 'jealousy;' than which no name could be more apt to Juno, who is often represented as teasing her husband with jealous surmises. Αιδης, or Pluto, is from the Phœnician word *ed* or *ajid*, which is 'death or destruction;' the poet calls him 'hard of heart,' because he spares none. Plutarch tells us, in his life

of Theseus, that the descent which that hero is said to make into hell, means nothing more than his journey to Epirus, of which Αἰδης, or Pluto, was king. Pluto is sometimes called the god of riches, because he had in his kingdom many mines of silver and gold. We now come to the etymologies of Εννοσιγαιος and Ποσειδων, the names of Neptune; *Posedon* signifies 'a destroyer of ships;' εννοσιγαιος, 'earth-shaker.' Jupiter is called the father of gods and men, because all sovereigns are fathers of their people. Saturn is said to swallow his children; that is, he imprisoned them. Thus far Le Clerc. I shall conclude this note with the following remark from Lord Bacon. The first distinction of ages is signified by the reign of Saturn, who, through the frequent dissolutions and short continuances of his sons, is said to have devoured them; the second is described by the reign of Jupiter, who drove those continual changes into Tartarus; by which place is meant 'perturbation.' Guietus thinks the twelve lines from ver. 745 to 757 suppositious.

Ver. 769. The learned will have Japhet to be the son of Noah, whose posterity inhabited Europe; but, since so many interpolations and falsehoods are mixed with the history of antiquity, we cannot wonder if this story, in some degree, remains yet obscure. Atlas is said to support the heavens near where the Hesperides are situated: Atlas might probably have been the founder of the people who possessed the extremest parts of Africa about the mountain Atlas; which mountain, through the extraordinary height, seemed to prop up heaven, and because it was far in the west, where they imagined

heaven almost met the earth. This mountain might have had the name from the first ruler of the people. Menœtius is called υβριστης, 'contumelious or injurious,' which is agreeable to the radix, the Chaldean word *menath*, 'he terrified.' Bochart, in his Phaleg, book i. chap. ii. tells us, the true name of Prometheus was Magog, who was the son of Japhet: he is said to have been bound to Caucasus, because he settled near it; and to have stole fire from heaven, because he found out the use of those metals which were in the mines about Caucasus. Æschylus puts these words into the mouth of Prometheus, 'Who will say he found out brass, iron, silver, and gold, before me?' The etymology of Magog seems to favour the story of the vulture gnawing his liver; the Hebrew name is *moug* or *magog*, which is 'to waste away.' The radix of Gog is, 'he burned;' not an improper name for him who was enamoured with Pandora. *Le Clerc.* To these accounts, I shall add the following from Diodorus Siculus: 'The Nile, under the rising of the Dog-star, at which time it was usually full, overflowed the bounds, and laid great part of Egypt under water. Prometheus, who tried to preserve the people, by endeavouring to stop the flood, died through grief, because he could not accomplish his design. Hercules, inured to labour, and to overcome difficulties, stopped the current, and turned it to the former channel. This gave rise, among the Greek poets, to the story of Hercules killing the eagle which preyed on the liver of Prometheus. The name of the river was then Αετος, the Greek word for an eagle.'

Since the opinions of the learned are so various

on this and several other fables of antiquity, we must rest on those interpretations which come nearest to nature, and which leave us least in the dark. My judgment is, that whatever might give birth to this fable, our poet, not regarding the different relations in his time, designed it as a moral lesson, showing the bad effects of a too free indulgence of the passions; and, in the character of Prometheus, the benefits of regulating them with discretion; which I think I have showed in my remarks on this story, as told in the Works and Days; to which I shall add the following reflections from Lord Bacon, which are more properly introduced here, as they more particularly regard this fable, as told in the Theogony. 'After the improvement of arts and the human understanding, the parable passes to religion; for the cultivation of arts was followed by the institution of divine worship, which hypocrisy soon polluted. Under the twofold sacrifice, the religious person and the hypocrite are truly represented: one contains the fat, which is the portion of God, by the flame and fumes arising from which the affection and zeal for the glory of God are signified; by the entrails and flesh of the sacrifice, which are good and wholesome, are meant the bowels of charity. In the other is nothing but dry and naked bones, which only stuff up the skin, while they make a fair show of a sacrifice. In the other part of the fable, Prometheus means prudent men who consider for the future, and warily avoid the many evils and misfortunes which human nature is liable to: but this good property is accompanied with many cares, with the deprivation of pleasures; they de-

fraud their genius of various joys of life, they perplex themselves with intestine fears and troublesome reflections, which are denoted by the eagle gnawing his liver while he is bound to the pillar of necessity: from the night they obtain some relief, but wake in the morning to fresh anxieties. Prometheus having assistance from Hercules, means fortitude of mind. The same is the explanation by the Scholiast of the eagle. The poet goes further than what Tzetzes and Lord Bacon have observed: he makes Hercules free Prometheus by the consent of Jupiter; the meaning of which must be, that such miseries are not to be undergone patiently without divine aid to support the spirits. This story is not yet without obscurities; for Hesiod calls Prometheus ακακητα, "blameless, hurtful to none;" and at the same time makes him playing tricks with Jupiter in his offerings. I must here observe, that this fable is more consistent in every part as told in the Works and Days; nor is it to be wondered at, when we consider that poem as the work of his riper years, when his genius was more sedate, and his judgment more settled.' I shall conclude this note with an allusion which Milton has, in his description of Eve, to the story of Pandora; from which it is evident he took the box of Pandora in the same sense with the forbidden fruit; and, as I have already observed in my notes to the Works and Days, many have been of opinion that both are from one tradition. The lines in Paradise Lost are these:

> More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
> Endow'd with all their gifts, (and, O! too like

In sad event!) when, to the' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks. *Book* 4.

Ver. 916. Here begins the battle of the gods, which continues to ver. 1222. In this the learned are much divided concerning the intention of the poet, and from whence he took his account of the war. Some imagine it of Egyptian rise, from the story of Typhon; nor are they few who believe it, from the tradition of the battle of the angels; but Tzetzes thinks it no other than a poetical description of a war of the elements: they are certainly wrong who think it entirely from either. I do not in the least doubt but the poet had a physical view in some passages, and in some particulars may possibly have had a regard to some relations, fabulous or real, of antiquity; but his main design seems to have been that of relating a war betwixt supernatural beings, and, by raising his imagination to the utmost height, to present the dreadfullest ideas which the human mind is capable of conceiving: and I believe I may venture to say, some parts of this war are the sublimest of the sublime poetry of the ancients. If a nicer eye should discover every part of this war to be entirely physical, which I think impossible, yet I am unjustifiable in my supposing his design to be that of relating a war betwixt supernatural beings; for while those parts of nature are clothed in prosopopæias, they cease to be parts of nature till the allegory is unfolded; our ideas, therefore, are to be placed on the immediate objects of sense, which are the persons of the war, as they directly present themselves to our eyes from the description of the poet. I must

here observe, that all the commentators on our poet are silent on the poetical beauties of this war, which makes me think them to have been men of more learning than taste.

Our poet tells us the gods eat nectar and ambrosia; and Homer mentions a river of nectar and ambrosia, αμβροσιης και νεκταρος απορρωξ. Odyss. Υ.: from which we may conclude those words to be used both for meat and drink among the gods.

Ver. 973. The reader is to take notice, that though most of the Titans were against Jupiter, all were not: for Cottus, Gyges, and Briareus, were Titans; what an image in these three brothers tearing up the rocks, and throwing them against the enemy! Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all disturbed by the tumult. The poet artfully takes care to raise our ideas, by heightening the images to the last. The description of the battle, from ver. 970 to 993, is great; but it is impossible that any reader should not feel himself more affected with the grandeur and terror with which Jupiter urges the fight. Heaven, earth, the ocean, and hell, are all disturbed as before, but the additional terror, and the variation of the language, make a new scene to the mind.

> One conflagration seems to rise on all,
> And threatens Chaos with the general fall.

How elevated are these in the original! Could the genius of man think of any thing sublimer to paint the horror of the day, attended with the roar of all the winds, and the whirling of the dust! Could he think of aught more adequate to our

ideas, to express the voice of the war by, than by likening it to the confused meeting of the heavens and the earth, to the wreck of worlds! 'Do you see (says Longinus on another author) the earth opening to her centre, the regions of death just ready to appear, and the whole fabric of the world upon the point of being rent asunder and destroyed; to signify, that in this combat, heaven, hell, things mortal and immortal, every thing, co-laboured, as it were, with the gods, and that all nature was endangered.' This passage of Longinus could never be applied with more justice than here, nor more properly expressed in our own language, than in the words of Mr. Welsted, from his translation of that author.

Milton, in his Battle of the Angels, has judiciously imitated several parts of our poet. In one place, says he,

> Hell heard the' unsufferable noise——

And, a little further,

> ——confounded Chaos roar'd
> And felt tenfold confusion. *Book 6.*

Le Clerc thinks Chaos here means the whole vast extent of air; but Grævius takes it for μεγα χασμα, 'the vast chasm that leads to hell:' in which last sense Milton likewise takes it, describing the pass from hell to earth:

> Before their eyes, in sudden view, appear
> The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
> Illimitable ocean! without bound,
> Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
> And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night,

And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars. *Book 2.*

And, in the first book,

——— the universal host upsent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

Ver. 1030. From this verse to ver. 1134, the poet judiciously relieves the mind from the rage of battle, with a description of Tartarus, Styx, &c. with an intent to end the war, and surprise us with something more sublime than we could expect, after what had preceded the single combat betwixt Jupiter and Typhœus. In the description of Tartarus, Milton has many imitations of our poet:

With earth thy vast foundations cover'd o'er.
Hesiod

Satan describing his realm,

——— lately heaven, and earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm. *Milton, book 2.*

The entrance there, and the last limits lie
Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
And Tartarus; there of all the fountains rise.
Hesiod.

——— this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.
Milton, book 2.

——— where heaven
With earth and ocean meets. *Book 4.*

And afterwards:

——— and now, in little space,
The confines met of empyrean heav'n,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell.
Book 10.

Here storms in hoarse, in frightful murmurs play.
Hesiod.

——— nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous. *Milton, book 2.*

And a little lower, in the same book:

At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ears.

Tzetzes says the beginning and end of things are said to be here figuratively, because we are in the dark as to the knowledge of them. The verses in which Atlas is made to prop up the heavens, Guietus supposes not genuine.

Ver. 1082. The story of Styx, with the punishment of the perjured gods, is chiefly poetical. Why this river should be detestable to immortals I know not, unless they think it a sad restraint to be deterred from perjury: this thought has too much impiety in it, therefore we must give it another turn; as relating to the oaths of great men, or in the same sense that death is called a foe to the gods, which is from the grief they are sometimes made to suffer for the death of any favourite mortal; as Venus for Adonis, and Thetis for Achilles.

Ver. 1136. Typhœus and Typhaon seem to be different persons (though some will have them two names of one person), because Typhœus is no sooner born but he rebels, and is immediately destroyed: and Typhaon is made the father of many children. Le Clerc derives the word Typhœus from the Phœnician word *touphon*, the radix of which is *touph*, 'to overflow, to over-

whelm.' He is not injudiciously called the father of the winds, and the son of Earth and Tartarus; the various voices which the poet gives him are agreeable to the several tones of the winds at several times. Lord Bacon has this reflection on the poetical description of this monster. Speaking of rebellion, he says, 'because of the infinite evils which it brings on princes and their subjects, it is represented by the horrid image of Typhœus, whose hundred heads are the divided powers, and flaming jaws incendious designs.'

Ver. 1154. With what dignity Jupiter sets out for this single combat! heaven and earth tremble beneath him when he rises in anger. Similar to this passage, is the seventh verse of the eighteenth Psalm: 'Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations of the hills also moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.'

Here are three circumstances which exalt the images above those in the former battles; the winds bearing the fire on their wings, the giant flaming from his hundred heads, and the similitude of the furnace.

Ver. 1195. In the winds which are here said to be from the gods, the poet omits the east-wind; though some will have αργεςης to be the name of a wind, and as such Mombritius takes it in his translation; Aulus Gellius indeed gives it as the name of a wind, but as one that blows from the west, by the Latins called *Caurus*. Stephens gives examples of it being used for the epithet 'swift;' and Scapula quotes Aristotle to show he uses it in the same sense, αργητες κεραυνοι, 'the swift lightnings:' αργητες is from the same radix, and of the

same signification with αργεςης. The poet calls the winds sprung from Typhœus greatly destructive to mortals, and those from the gods profitable; the two following verses from Exodus, therefore, will, in some degree, countenance my interpretation of Argestes; which I make an adjective to agree with ζεφυρω, *i. e.* αργεςεω ζεφυρω: 'The Lord brought an east-wind on the land all that day, and all that night; and, when it was morning, the east-wind brought the locusts.' Chap. x. 13. 'The Lord turned a mighty strong west-wind, which took away the locusts.' Ver. 19. Though this is related as a miracle, we may suppose the properest winds were chosen to bring the evil and the good on the land. In whatever sense this word is taken, our poet is not free from absurdity in his philosophy, when he makes the north, south, and west winds, spring from the gods, and those which tyrannize by sea and land from Typhœus; for the winds from each corner are hurtful sometimes; all depending on what circumstances the elements are in, and not from what part the winds come.

Ver. 1222. Here ends the war. Tzetzes says the conquest which Jupiter gained over the foe, was the tranquillity of nature after the confusion of the elements was laid. However the physical interpretation may hold good through the whole, the war is regularly conducted, and justly concluded; the hero is happily situated, the enemy punished, and the allies rewarded.

Ver. 1223. I shall give the explanation of the story of Minerva springing from the head of Jove,

in the words of Lord Bacon, from his 'Essay on Counsel.'

'The ancient times do set forth in figure, both the incorporation, and inseparable conjunction, of counsel with kings, and the wise and politic use of counsel by kings; the one in that they say Jupiter did marry Metis, which signifieth counsel, whereby they intend that sovereignty is married to counsel; the other in that which followeth, which was thus: they say, after Jupiter was married to Metis she conceived by him, and was with child; but Jupiter suffered her not to stay till she brought forth, but eat her up; whereby he became himself with child, and was delivered of Pallas armed out of his head: which monstrous fable containeth a secret of empire, how kings are to make use of their council of state; that first they ought to refer matters unto them, which is the first begetting or impregnation; but when they are elaborate, moulded, and shaped, in the womb of their council, and grow ripe, and ready to be brought forth; that then they suffer not their council to go through with the resolution and direction as if it depended on them, but take the matter back into their own hands, and make it appear to the world that the decrees and final directions (which, because they come forth with prudence and power, are resembled by Pallas armed) proceeded from themselves; and not only from their authority, but, the more to add reputation to themselves, from their head and device.' Thus far Lord Bacon. What to make of the son whom Jupiter destroyed before his birth, I know

not; unless tyranny is shadowed in that allegory, which often follows power, but was here quelled before it could exert itself, by wisdom or reflection. Milton has judiciously applied this image of Pallas springing from the head of Jove, to Sin and Satan, in the second book of Paradise Lost, where Sin, giving an account of her birth, thus speaks to Satan:

> All on a sudden, miserable pain
> Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
> In darkness; while thy head flames thick and fast
> Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
> Likest to thee in shape, and countenance bright,
> Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
> Out of thy head I sprung.

Ver. 1239. Jupiter and Themis are said to be the parents of the Hours; the meaning of which is, power and justice bless the land, or make the seasons or hours propitious, by laying down good laws which preserve property and peace. Some take Eunomie, Dice, and Irene, to be only poetical names for the Hours or Seasons of the year; but Grævius laughs at the ignorance of such interpreters, and proves, beyond contradiction, they mean good laws, right, and peace; which is the literal construction of the names. He produces a passage from Pindar, Olymp. 13, where they can be understood in no other sense; the words of the poet, in English, are these: 'Here Eunomia dwells with her sisters, Dica the safe foundations of cities, and Irana endowed with the same manners with the other, the disposers of riches to men, the golden daughters of Themis good in counsel.' We are to

observe the difference of the names in Hesiod and Pindar is only from a change of the dialect in the latter. Mombritius has taken the hours in the same sense:

Dein horas Themis ediderat, Jovis altera conjux,
Justitiam, legemque bonam, pacemque virentem.

The poet before makes the Fates spring from Night; a mistake therefore must be in one place; Le Clerc supposes it here. Mr. Robinson, to avoid the contradiction which is made by the common interpretation of Μοιρας, &c. here places Μοιρας after ωραισσι, in the construction, and not after τεκεν; which gives it a better sense: however, ωραισσι Μοιρας, with their names as they stand here, will not well admit of this construction which Mr. Robinson makes, *bonæ leges, justitia, et pax, humanam sortem pulchram et felicem reddunt.* I am inclined to think the three verses here concerning the Fates spurious: I am sure they are absurd.

Ver. 1251. Aglaia from αγλαος, 'splendid;' Euphrosyne signifies joy; Thalia from θαλιαι, 'banquets.'

Ver. 1257. Persephone, by the Latins called Proserpina, Le Clerc derives from the Phœnician word *perisaphoun*, in English 'hidden fruit,' which means the fruit committed to the earth; Jove, therefore, whether we understand him as the Supreme Being, or physically the air, is properly called the father of Persephone, and Ceres her mother. Pluto is the heat in the earth, which contributes towards maturing the fruits. Besides this interpretation, a story is told of Ceres, a

queen of Sicily, whose daughter was forced away by Pluto.

Ver. 1264. Grævius makes one inference from the Muses having diadems of gold on their heads, which is, 'that luxury in dress prevailed among the ancients.' On this occasion he uses the words of Ælian from his Various History, book i. chap. 18. 'Who can deny that the women among the ancients abounded in luxury?'

Ver. 1267. Le Clerc says Phœbus-Apollo comes from the Hebrew *phe-bo-hapollon*, 'having a wonderful mouth;' but we must take notice that the poet calls him only Apollo here. Artemis, whom the Latins call Diana, the same critic derives from the Phœnician words *har*, 'a mountain,' and *thamah*, 'admired.'

Ver. 1271. The poet means by this, that Juno was the last of goddesses whom he took to his bed, and whom he made his wife; the rest were only concubines. The word ακοιτις, 'a wife,' our author uses to none but Juno.

Hebe, the goddess of youth, is derived from the Hebrew word *eb*, 'to flourish;' Αρης, in Latin *Mars*, from *Hari*, which signifies 'a mountain-man:' it is well known that the seat of Mars was on the mountains of Thrace. Ειλειθυια, or *Lucina*, is from *heilidia*, 'she caused to bring forth;' a proper name for a goddess who presides over human birth. *Le Clerc*. The meaning of this may be, that to the supreme beings, or to earth and air, which are here Jupiter and Juno, we owe our birth, our bloom of youth, and vigour or maturity; which are denoted by Lucina, Hebe, and Mars.

Ver. 1280. The vulgar reading of this passage

is this; nor is it in any edition I have seen otherwise.

> Ηρη δ' ηφαιςον κλυτον εν φιλοτητι μιγεισα
> Γεινατο.

'Juno, joining in love, brought forth the renowned Vulcan;' than which reading nothing can be more absurd. This is a flagrant instance of the ignorance of the transcribers: nor indeed are those free from censure who have had the care of the press in the printed editions. The very words which follow, point out the mistake of εν φιλοτητι.

> ——— καὶ ζαμενησε, καὶ ηρισεν ῳ παρακοιτῃ.

'She used her utmost endeavours, and contended with her husband.' For what did she contend with her husband? 'To bring forth without his assistance, as he did without her.' Had the poet intended to make Vulcan the son of Jupiter and Juno, he would have placed him in the list with Hebe, Mars, and Lucina; but, instead of that, he lets the birth of Minerva (though he had given an account of it before) intervene, that the reason of the resentment of Juno may immediately appear: let us therefore read it ᾳ φιλοτητι μιγεισα, and the sense will be this: 'Juno, without the joys of love, brought forth the renowned Vulcan; resolving to revenge herself on her husband.' Thus Tzetzes and Grævius take it; and thus Mombritius has translated it:

> *Sic quoque, nullius commixta libidine, Juno*
> *Te Vulcane tulit.*

Sic quoque is here very proper, because it alludes to the preceding lines of the birth of Minerva.

Ηφαιστος, I believe, comes from απτω, 'to burn,' and from αιστοω, 'to destroy.' I have another reason which may possibly enforce this reading, and which I have never met with. As Vulcan is called the god of artificers in metals, he is rightly the son of Juno only, who is sometimes physically taken for the earth.

Ver. 1285. Triton is feigned to be the son of Neptune and Amphitrite, and by later poets made the trumpeter of Neptune. Le Clerc takes the name from the Chaldean word *retat*, 'he stirred up a clamour.'

Ver. 1288. This passage, where Terror and Fear are made the sons of Mars, wants no explanation: why Harmonia is the daughter of him and Venus I know not, unless the poet means that beauty is sometimes the reward of courage.

Ver. 1296. Maia is one of the Pleiades; how she may be said to be the daughter of Atlas, see in the Works and Days, book ii. note 1. The Scholiast interprets Hermes being the messenger of the gods thus, 'the herald of heaven is that which brings divine things to light.'

Ver. 1300. Bacchus is said to be born of Simele, which word Le Clerc derives from the Phœnician *tsmelah*, which signifies 'a virgin ripe for man.' The Greek name of Bacchus is Διωνυσος, which is literally 'the son of Jove;' some have a different derivation; but since this agrees with his birth according to the Theogony, it will be needless to seek any other. He is the god who presides over the vintage; therefore, as all pleasures are from God, he is justly derived from the same source. See further in the Discourse at the end,

Ver. 1304. The story of Jupiter possessing Alcmena in the shape of her husband Amphitryon, is well known: Hercules physically signifies strength and courage, which are from Jove.

Ver. 1306. Vulcan and Aglaia are here husband and wife; but Venus is made the consort of Vulcan by other authors. Vulcan, the god of artificers in fire, and Aglaia, one of the Graces, are properly joined; because, by the help of both, all that is ornamental is brought to perfection. Vulcan is called lame, because fire cannot subsist without fuel. These two are brought together, but no children are born of them, which does not answer the title of 'the generation of the gods;' therefore improperly introduced in a poem under that title, as are the other persons who meet and do not propagate.

Ver. 1312. Hercules is married to Hebe, that is, to eternal youth; the reward of great and glorious actions.

Ver. 1318. Circe, as an enchantress, is properly said to be a daughter of the Sun; and Medea, for the same reason, is justly derived from the same source.

Ver. 1332. We are now come to the last part of the poem, where goddesses submit to the embraces of mortals. How ridiculous would these stories seem, were they to be understood in the very letter! Such, therefore, (an observation I have made before) as remain obscure to us, we must conclude to have lost of their explanation, through the length of time in which they have been handed down to us. The meeting of Jason and Ceres in Crete, plainly signifies the land be-

ing cultivated by that hero; and Plutus, the god of riches, being the produce of their loves, means the fruits of his labour and industry.

Ver. 1340. Cadmus and Harmonia have, doubtless, some relation to persons in history. Polydore, the Scholiast says, was so called, because the gods distributed their gifts at the nuptials of his parents.

Ver. 1347. These verses of Chrysaor and Callirhoe are, doubtless, placed here by mistake, since they were introduced before in a more proper manner: here they are absurd, because Chrysaor and Callirhoe are not reckoned mortals.

Ver. 1354. I believe Memnon and Hemathion were called by the ancient Greeks, 'sons of Aurora,' because they were of the orientals which settled in Greece. Memnon was king of Ethiopia, which country is in the east from Greece. *Le Clerc.* Tzetzes tells us, that Macedon was so called from Hemathion, who was slain by Hercules; but that does not agree with Memnon being slain by Achilles, because the distance of time betwixt Hercules and Achilles was too long; besides Memnon was slain in his youth, which increases the error in point of time. The reason which Lord Bacon gives for Memnon being the son of Aurora, is, that as he was a youth whose glories were short-lived, he is properly said to be the son of the morning, whose beauties soon pass away. The same remark, perhaps, may be applied to Hemathion and Phaëthon.

Ver. 1366. Many passages may be collected, from which the Argonauts will appear to have been Thessalian merchants, who sailed to Colchis; but, since Hesiod intended not to relate the expe-

dition, it would be needless to give the history here. *Le Clerc.*

Ver. 1380. Æacus, Achilles, and Æneas, are names well known in history, and seem to be mentioned only as the reputed sons of goddesses by mortals, without any physical view: which seems to be the end of introducing Agrius, Latinus, and other names.

Ver. 1394. Le Clerc takes *Nausinous* to be the inclination which Ulysses had to leave Calypso, and *Nausithous* the ship in which he sailed from her: both words, indeed, are expressive of such meanings, but as many persons have had names from their dispositions, offices, or some particular circumstance of their lives, or names given them significant of some quality or employment, yet not applicable to those who are so named, we are not certain whether these are designed as real names or not.

Ver. 1403. This concludes the Theogony, as the poem now stands; from which it appears, that the poet writ, or intended to write, of women of renown: but such a work could not come under the title of the Theogony; of which see further in the fifth section of my Discourse on the Writings of Hesiod.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

THEOLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS.

In the following Discourse I shall confine myself to the Theology and Mythology of the ancient Greeks, showing their rise and progress, with a view only to the Theogony of Hesiod; intending it but as an appendix to the notes.

The Greeks, doubtless, derived great part of their religion from the Egyptians: and though Herodotus tells us, in one place, that 'Hesiod, with Homer, was the first who introduced a Theogony among the Grecians, and the first who gave names to the gods,' yet he contradicts that opinion in his second book, where he says, 'Melampus seems to have learned the stories of Bacchus from Cadmus and other Tyrians, which came with him from Phœnicia to the country now called Bœotia.' He must therefore mean, that Hesiod and Homer were the first who gave the gods a poetical dress, and who used them with more freedom in their writings than preceding authors.

Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pausanias, all mention Cadmus settling in Bœotia, and Egyptian

colonies in other parts of Greece; and Herodotus says, 'almost all the names of the gods in Greece were from Egypt:' to enforce which, I have translated the following account from Diodorus Siculus.

We learn from the Egyptians that many by nature mortal, were honoured with immortality for their wisdom, and inventions which proved useful to mankind, some of which were kings of Egypt; and to such they gave the names of the celestial deities. Their first prince was called Ηελιος, from the planet of that name, the sun. We are told that Ηφαιςος, or Vulcan, was the inventor of fire; that is, the use of it: for seeing a tree on the mountains blasted from heaven, and the wood burning, he received much comfort from the heat, being then winter: from this he fired some combustible matter, and preserved the use of it afterwards to men; for which reason he was made ruler of the people. After this Chronos, or Saturn, reigned, who married his sister Rhea; of whom five deities were born, whose names were Osiris, Isis, Typhon, Apollo, Aphrodite. Osiris, is Bacchus and Isis, Ceres, or Demeter. Isis was married to Osiris, and, after she shared the dominion, made many discoveries for the benefit of life; she found the use of corn, which grew before neglected in the fields like other herbs; and Osiris began to cultivate the fruit-trees. In remembrance of these persons annual rites were decreed, which are now preserved: in the time of harvest they offer the first-fruits of the corn to Isis, and invoke her. Hermes invented letters, and the lyre of three chords; the first instituted divine worship, and ordained sacrifices to the gods.

The same historian proceeds to relate the expedition of Osiris, who was accompanied by his brother Apollo, who is said to be the first that pointed out the laurel. Osiris took great delight in music, for which reason he carried with him a company of musicians, among which were nine virgins eminent for their skill in singing, and in other sciences, whom the Greeks call the Muses, and Apollo they style their president. Osiris at his return was deified, and afterwards murdered by his brother Typhon, a turbulent and impious man. Isis and her son revenged themselves on Typhon and his accomplices.

Thus far Diodorus in his first book: and Plutarch, in his treatise of Isis and Osiris, seems to think the Grecian poets, in their stories of Jupiter and the Titans, and of Bacchus and Ceres, indebted to the Egyptians.

Diodorus, in his third book, tells us, Cadmus, who was derived from Egypt, brought letters from Phœnicia, and Linus was the first among the Greeks who invented poetic numbers and melody, and who writ an account of the actions of the first Bacchus: he had many disciples; the most renowned of which were Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. We are told by the same author, that Orpheus, who was let into the theology of the Egyptians, applied the generation of the Osiris of old, to the then modern times, and, being gratified by the Cadmeans, instituted new rites. Simele, the daughter of Cadmus, being deflowered, bore a child of the same likeness, which they attributed to Osiris of Egypt; Orpheus, who was admitted into the mysteries of the religion, endea-

voured to veil her shame, by giving out that Simele conceived by Jove, and brought forth Bacchus. Hence men, partly through ignorance, and partly through the honour which they had for Orpheus, and confidence in him, were deceived.

From these passages we learn, that the religion and gods of Egypt were, in part, translated with the colonies into Greece; but they continued not long without innovations and alterations. Linus first sung the exploits of the first Bacchus or Osiris; he, doubtless, took all the poetical liberty that he could with his subject: Orpheus after him banished the first Bacchus from the theology, and introduced the second with a lie, to conceal the shame of a polluted woman. In short, all the stories which were told in honour of those Egyptians, who had deserved well of their country, were, with their names, applied to other persons. Thus, according to the historian, the divine Orpheus set out with bribery, flattery, and delusion.

Hesiod begins his Theogony with the first principle of the heathen system, that Chaos was the parent of all, and Heaven and Earth the parents of all visible things. That Heaven is the father, says Plutarch, in his Inquiry after God, appears from his pouring down the waters which have the spermatic faculty; and Earth the mother, because she brings forth. This, according to the opinion of Plutarch, and many more, was the origin of the multiplicity of gods, men esteeming those bodies in the heavens and on the earth, from which they received benefit, the immediate objects of their gratitude and adoration: the same were the mo-

tives afterwards which induced them to pay divine honours to mortal men; as we see in the account we have from Diodorus. The design of the poet was to give a catalogue of those deities who were, in any sense, esteemed as such in the times in which he lived, whether fabulous, historical, or physical; but we must take notice, that even where a story had rise from fable or history, he seems to labour at reducing it to nature, as in that of the muses: what was before of mean original, from nine minstrels, slaves to a prince, is rendered great by the genius of the poet.

I shall conclude, (thinking it all that is further necessary to be said, and particularly on the Mythology) with the following translation from the preface of Lord Bacon to his treatise on the Wisdom of the Ancients.

'I am not ignorant how uncertain fiction is, and how liable to be wrested to this or that sense, nor how prevalent wit and discourse are, so as ingeniously to apply such meanings as were not thought of originally: but let not the follies and license of a few lessen the esteem due to parables; for that would be profane and bold, since religion delights in such veils and shadows: but, reflecting on human wisdom, I ingenuously confess my real opinion is, that mystery and allegory were from the original intended in many fables of the ancient poets. This appears apt and conspicuous to me; whether ravished with a veneration for antiquity, or because I find such coherence in the similitude with the things signified, in the very texture of the fable, and in the propriety of the names which are given to the persons or actors in the fable,

and no man can positively deny that this was the sense proposed from the beginning, and industriously veiled in this manner. How can the conformity and judgment of the names be obscure to any? Metis being made the wife of Jove, plainly signifies Counsel. No one should be moved, if he sometimes finds any addition for the sake of history, or by way of embellishment: or if chronology should happen to be confounded, or if part of one fable should be transferred to another, and a new allegory introduced: for these were all necessary and to be expected, seeing they are the inventions of men of different ages, and who writ to different ends; some with a view to the nature of things, and other to civil affairs.

'We have another sign, and that no small one, of this hidden sense which we have been speaking of; which is, that some of these fables are in the narration (that is, in themselves literally understood) so foolish and absurd, that they seem to proclaim a parable at a distance. Such as are probable may be feigned for amusement, and in imitation of history; but where no such designs appear, but they seem to be what none would imagine or relate, they must be calculated for other uses. What a fiction is this! Jove took Metis for his wife, and as soon as he perceived her pregnant, eat her; whence he himself conceived, and brought forth Pallas, armed, from his head. Nothing can appear more monstrous, more like a dream, and more out of the course of thinking, than this story in itself. What has a great weight with me, is, that many of these fables seem not to be invented by those who have related them, Homer, Hesiod,

and other writers; for were they the fictions of that age, and of those who delivered them down to us, nothing great and exalted, according to my opinion, could be expected from such an origin: but if any one will deliberate on this subject attentively, these will appear to be delivered and related as what were before believed and received, and not as tales then first invented and communicated; besides, as they are told in different manners by authors of almost the same times, they are easily perceived to be common, and derived from old memorial tradition, and are various only from the additional embellishments which diverse writers have bestowed on them.

'In old times, when the inventions of men, and the conclusions deduced from them, were new and uncommon; parables, and similes of all kinds, abounded. As hieroglyphics were more ancient than parables, parables were more ancient than arguments. We shall close what we have here said, with this observation: the wisdom of the ancients was either great or happy; great, if these figures were the fruits of their industry; and happy, if they looked no further, that they have afforded matter and occasion so worthy contemplation.'

POSTSCRIPT.

I CANNOT take my leave of this work without expressing my gratitude to Mr. Theobald for his kind assistance in it. Much may with justice be said to the advantage of that gentleman; but his own writings will be testimonies of his abilities, when, perhaps, this profession of my friendship

for him, and of my zeal for his merit, shall be forgot.

Such remarks as I have received from my friends I have distinguished from my own, in justice to those by whom I have been so obliged; lest, by a general acknowledgment only, such errors as I may have possibly committed, should, by the wrong guess of some, be unjustly imputed to them.

THOMAS COOKE.

Feb. 15, 1728.

A

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THE

RAPE OF HELEN,

BY

COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

MR. C———[1].

[1] 'Mr. C— is said to be put for *Coadjutor*. That coadjutor was the Rev. Mr. Meen, editor of Fawkes's Apollonius Rhodius,' &c.

See Life of Dr. Farmer in Necrology, vol. i.

THE

RAPE OF HELEN.

Ye nymphs of Troy, for beauty fam'd, who trace
From Xanthus' fertile streams your ancient race,
Oft on whose sandy banks your tires are laid,
And many a trinket which your hands have made,
What time to Ida's hallow'd mount ye throng,
To join the festive choir in dance and song;
No longer on your favourite banks repose,
But come, the judgment of the swain disclose.
Say from what hills, to trackless deeps unknown,
Rush'd with impetuous zeal the daring clown; 10
Say to what end, with future ills replete,
O'er distant oceans sail'd a mighty fleet;
What seas could this adventurous youth embroil,
Sow discord's seeds, o'er what disastrous soil?
Say from what source arose the dire debate,
Which swains could end and goddesses create.
What his decision? Of the Grecian dame
Who to the shepherd's ear convey'd the name?
Speak, for ye saw, on Ida's still retreat,
Judicial Paris fill his shepherd's seat; 20
Venus ye saw, the Graces' darling queen,
As on her judge approv'd she smil'd serene.

What time Hæmonia's lofty mountains rung
With hymeneal songs for Peleus sung,
Officious Ganymede, at Jove's request,
Supplied with sparkling wine each welcome guest;
And all the gods to Thetis' nuptials came,
Sister of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.
Earth-shaking Neptune left his azure main,
And Jove supreme forsook his starry plain: 30
From Helicon, with odorous shrubs o'erspread,
The Muse's tuneful choir Apollo led:
Him Juno follow'd, wife of sovereign Jove;
With harmony the smiling queen of Love
Hasten'd to join the gods of Chiron's festive grove.
Cupid's full quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
Persuasion follow'd with a bridal crown.
Minerva, though to nuptial rites a foe,
Came; but no helmet nodded o'er her brow.
Diana to the Centaur's grove resorts, 40
And for one day forgets her rural sports.
His loose locks shaking as the zephyrs play'd,
Not long behind convivial Bacchus stay'd.
War's god, as when to Vulcan's dome he sped,
No spear his hand sustain'd, no casque his head,
Such now, without his helmet or his lance,
Smiling he look'd, and led the bridal dance.
But from these blissful scenes was Discord warn'd;
Peleus rejected her, and Chiron scorn'd.
As by the gadfly stung, the heifer strays 50
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, stung with envy, Discord roam'd, nor ceas'd
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feast.
Oft from her flinty bed she rush'd amain,
Then stood, then sunk into her seat again:

With desperate hand she tore her snaky head,
And with a serpent-scourge she lash'd her flinty bed.
To dart the forky lightning, and command
From hell's abyss the Titans' impious band,
Jove from his throne with rebel arm to wrest, 60
Were projects form'd within the fury's breast.
But, though incens'd, she dreaded Vulcan's ire,
Who forms Jove's bolt, and checks the raging fire,
Her purpose changing, she with rattling arms
Dissension meditates and dire alarms;
If haply clattering shields can strike dismay,
And from the nuptials drive the gods away.
But Mars she dreaded, oft in arms array'd,
And this new project with complacence weigh'd.
The burnish'd apples, rich with golden rind, 70
Growth of Hesperian gardens, struck her mind;
Resolv'd contention's baneful seeds to sow,
She tore the blushing apple from its bough,
Grasp'd the dire source whence future battles sprung,
And midst the gods the golden mischief flung.
The stately wife of Jove with wondering eyes
Beheld and wish'd to grasp the golden prize.
Beauty's fair queen to catch the apple strove;
For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.
Jove mark'd the contest, and, to crush debate, 80
Thus counsel'd Hermes, who beside him sat:—
'Paris, perchance, from Priam sprung, you know;
His herds he grazes on mount Ida's brow,
And oft conducts them to the dewy meads,
Through which his streams the Phrygian Xanthus leads;

Show him yon prize, and urge him to declare
Which of these goddesses he deems most fair:
In whom, of all, his matchless skill can trace
The close arch'd eyebrow and the roundest face;
On such a face, where bends the circling bow,
The golden apple, beauty's prize, bestow.' 91
Thus spoke the sire: the willing son obey'd,
And to their judge the deities convey'd.
Each anxious fair her charms to heighten tries,
And dart new lustre from her sparkling eyes.
Her veil aside insidious Venus flung;
Loose from the clasp her fragrant ringlets hung;
She then in golden cauls each curl compress'd,
Summon'd her little loves, and thus address'd:
'Behold, my sons, the hour of trial near! 100
Embrace, my loves, and bid me banish fear.
This day's decision will enhance my fame,
Crown beauty's queen, or sink in endless shame:
Doubting I stand, to whom the swain may say,
"Bear thou, most fair, the golden prize away."
Nurs'd was each Grace by Juno's fostering hand,
And crowns and sceptres shift at her command:
Minerva dictates in the' embattled field,
And heroes tremble when she shakes her shield:
Of all the goddesses that rule above, 110
Far most defenceless is the queen of Love;
Without or spear or shield must Venus live;
And crowns and sceptres she has none to give.
Yet why despair? Though with no faulchion grac'd,
Love's silken chain surrounds my slender waist:
My bow this cestus, this the dart I fling,
And with this cestus I infix my sting;
My sting infix'd renews the lover's pain,
And virgins languish, but revive again.'

Thus to her loves the rosy-finger'd queen 120
Told all her fears, and vented all her spleen:
To every word they lent a willing ear,
Round their fond mother clung, and strove to cheer.
And now they reach mount Ida's grassy steep,
Where youthful Paris feeds his father's sheep:
What time he tends them in the plains below,
Through which the waters of Anaurus flow,
Apart he counts his cattle's numerous stock,
Apart he numbers all his fleecy flock:
A wild goat's skin, around his shoulders cast, 130
Loose fell and flow'd below his girded waist;
A pastoral staff, which swains delight to hold,
His roving herds protected and controll'd.
Accoutred thus, and warbling o'er his song,
He to his pipe melodious pac'd along:
Unnoted oft, while he renews his lay,
His flocks desert him, and his oxen stray.
Swift to his bower retires the tuneful man,
To pipe the praise of Hermes and of Pan.
Sunk is each animal in dead repose; 140
No dog around him barks, no heifer lows:
Echo alone rebounds through Ida's hills,
And all the air with sounds imperfect fills.
The cattle, sunk upon their verdant bed,
Close by their piping lord repose their head:
Beneath the shades which sheltering thickets blend,
When Paris' eye approaching Hermes ken'd,
Back he retires, with sudden fear impress'd,
And shuns the presence of the heavenly guest;
To the thick shrubs his tuneful reed conveys, 150
And all unfinish'd leaves his warbled lays.
Thus winged Hermes to the shepherd said,
Who mark'd the god's approach with silent dread:

'Dismiss thy fears, nor with thy flocks abide;
A mighty contest Paris must decide.
Haste, Judge announc'd! for whose decision wait
Three lovely females, of celestial state:
Haste, and the triumph of that face declare
Which sweetest looks, and fairest, midst the fair:
Let her, whose form thy critic eye prefers, 160
Claim beauty's prize, and be this apple her's.'
Thus Hermes spoke; the ready swain obey'd,
And to decide the mighty cause essay'd.
With keenest look he mark'd the heavenly dames;
Their eyes, quick flashing as the lightning's flames,
Their snowy necks, their garments fring'd with gold,
And rich embroidery wrought in every fold;
Their gait he mark'd, as gracefully they mov'd,
And round their feet his eye sagacious rov'd.
But, ere the smiling swain his thoughts express'd,
Grasping his hand, him Pallas thus address'd: 171
'Regard not, Phrygian youth, the wife of Jove,
Nor Venus heed, the queen of wedded love:
But martial prowess if thy wisdom prize,
Know, I possess it; praise me to the skies.
Thee, fame reports, puissant states obey,
And Troy's proud city owns thy sovereign sway;
Her suffering sons thy conquering arm shall shield,
And stern Bellona shall to Paris yield.
Comply; her succour will Minerva lend, 180
Teach thee war's science, and in fight defend.'
Thus Pallas strove to influence the swain,
Whose favour Juno thus attempts to gain:
'Should'st thou with beauty's prize my charms reward,
All Asia's realms shall own thee for their lord.

Say, what from battles but contention springs?
Such contests shun; for what are wars to kings?
But him, whose hands the rod of empire sway,
Cowards revere, and conquerors obey.
Minerva's friends are oft Bellona's slaves, 190
And the fiend slaughters whom the goddess saves.'
Proffers of boundless sway thus Juno made;
And Venus thus, contemptuous smiling, said:
(But first her floating veil aloft she threw,
And all her graces to the shepherd shew;
Loosen'd her little loves' attractive chain,
And tried each art to captivate the swain:)
'Accept my boon, (thus spoke the smiling dame)
Battles forget, and dread Bellona's name:
Beauty's rich meed at Venus' hand receive,
And Asia's wide domain to tyrants leave. 201
The deathful fight, the din of arms I fear;
Can Venus' hand direct the martial spear?
Women with beauty stoutest hearts assail,
Beauty, their best defence, their strongest mail.
Prefer domestic ease to martial strife,
And to exploits of war a pleasing wife:
To realms extensive Helen's bed prefer,
And scoff at kingdoms, when oppos'd to her.
Thy prize with envy Sparta shall survey, 210
And Troy to Paris tune the bridal lay.'
The shepherd, who astonish'd stood and mute,
Consign'd to Venus the Hesperian fruit,
The claim of beauty, and the source of woes;
For dire debates from this decision rose.
Uplifting in her hand the glowing prize,
She rallied thus the vanquish'd deities:
'To me, ye martial dames, the prize resign;
Beauty I court, and beauty's prize is mine.

Mother of mighty Mars and Vulcan too, 220
Fame says, the choir of Graces sprung from you:
Yet distant far, this day, your daughters stray'd,
And no one grace appear'd to lend you aid.
Mars too declin'd to' assert his mother's right,
Though oft his brandish'd sword decides the fight.
His boasted flames why could not Vulcan cast,
And at one blaze his mother's rivals blast?
Vain are thy triumphs, Pallas, vain thy scorn;
Thou, not in wedlock, nor a woman born: 229
Jove's teeming head the monstrous birth contains,
And the barb'd iron ripp'd thee from his brains.
Brac'd with the' unyielding plaits of ruthless mail,
She curses Cupid and the silken veil:
Connubial bliss and concord she abhors,
In discord glories, and delights in wars.
Yet know, virago, not in feats of arms
Triumph weak women, but in beauty's charms:
Nor men nor women are those mungrels base,
Like you, equivocal in form and face.' 239

In terms like these the laughter-loving queen
Rallied her rivals, and increas'd their spleen,
As, lifting high, she view'd with secret joy
Her beauty's triumphs, and the bane of Troy.
Inspir'd with love for her, the fair unknown,
By beauty's conquering queen pronounc'd his own,
Ill-fated Paris to the forest's maze
Men vers'd in Pallas' various arts conveys.
At Pericles' command they give the blow,
And lay the glories of the forest low:
He, artist fam'd, his frantic prince obey'd, 250
And burden'd ocean with the ships he made.
From Ida's summits rush'd the daring swain, [main:
And to its bowery shades prefer'd the boisterous

The' extended beach with choice oblations stor'd,
And his protectress Venus oft implor'd;
The billowy deep his furrowing keel divides,
And in the Hellespont his vessel rides.
But prodigies announce approaching ill,
And with presages sad each bosom fill: 259
Up-heaving waves heaven's starry concave shroud,
And round each Bear is cast a circling cloud.
Clouds and big waves discharge their watery stores;
Full on the deck the bursting torrent pours:
Their sturdy oars with unabating sweep
Far whitening agitate the angry deep.
Dardanus pass'd, and Ilion's fertile plains,
The mouth of Ismarus' lake the' adventurer gains.
Now, far remote, they view Pangræa's height:
Now Phillis' rising tomb attracts their sight,
And the dull round she nine times trod in vain,
To view the faithless wanderer again. 271
Hæmonia's meads remote, the Trojan spies
The' Achaian cities unexpected rise:
Phthia, with heroes far renown'd replete;
Mycenæ, fam'd for many a spacious street:
Beside the meads, where Erymanthus glides,
Sparta aspires, that boasts her beauteous brides;
Sparta with joy the' expecting swain survey'd,
Lav'd by Eurotas, by Atrides sway'd:
Nor distant far, o'ershaded by a wood, 280
Beneath a mountain's brow Therapnæ stood.
Short was their voyage now; the bending oar
Was heard to lash the foamy surge no more:
The sailors, safe embosom'd in the bay,
Firm to the beach confine the corded stay.
In purifying waters plung'd the swain,
And, rising thence, pac'd slowly o'er the plain;

For much he fear'd, lest his incautious tread
O'er his wash'd feet the spatter'd mire should spread;
Or lest his hair, beneath his casque confin'd, 290
Should, if he ran, be ruffled with the wind.
The city's splendour Paris' eye detains,
The citizen's abodes, and glistering fanes:
Here Pallas' form, in mimic gold pourtray'd,
Here Hyacinthus' image he survey'd:
Him with delight the Amiclæans view'd,
Pursuing Phœbus, and by him pursued;
But, sore displeas'd at jealous Zephyr's spite,
They urg'd the stripling to unequal fight;
For Phœbus' efforts ineffectual prov'd, 300
To save from Zephyr's rage the youth he lov'd.
Earth with compassion heard Apollo's cries,
And from her bosom bade a flower arise,
His favourite's name, impress'd upon whose leaf,
Still, as the god contemplates, soothes his grief.
Now Priam's son before Atrides' dome
Exulting stood in beauty's purple bloom.
Not Semele, by Jove's caresses won,
On Jove bestow'd so beautiful a son:
(Forgive me, Bacchus, seed of Jove supreme)
Such peerless graces round his person beam. 311
Touch'd by fair Helen's hand, the bolts recede;
She to the spacious hall repair'd with speed:
Her form distinct the' unfolded portals show;
She look'd, she ponder'd, and again withdrew.
Then on a radiant seat she bade him rest,
And, still insatiate, gaz'd upon her guest.
Awhile she likens him in graceful mien
To Love, attendant on the Cyprian queen.
But tis not Love, she recollects again; 320
Nor bow nor quiver deck this gallant swain.

Tis Bacchus sure, the god of wine, she said;
For o'er his cheeks a rosy bloom is spread.
Daring at length her faultering voice to raise,
She thus express'd her wonder and her praise:
'Whence art thou, stranger? whence thy comely [race?
Thy country tell me, and thy natal place:
In thee I mark the majesty of kings:
But not from Greece thy lofty lineage springs;
Not sandy Pyle thine origin can show; 330
I know not thee, though Nestor's son I know.
Phthia, the nurse of heroes, train'd not thee;
For known are all the' Æacidæ to me,
Peleus, and Telamon renown'd in fight,
Patroclus' courtesy, Achilles' might.'
Inspir'd by love, thus spoke the gentle dame;
And he, thus answering, fann'd the rising flame:
'If e'er recording fame, illustrious maid, 335
Hath to thine ear great Ilion's name convey'd,
Ilion, whose walls on Phrygian frontiers stand,
Rear'd by Apollo's and by Neptune's hand;
Him if thou know'st, most opulent of kings,
Who reigns o'er Ilion, and from Saturn springs;
I to hereditary worth aspire;
The wealthy Priam is my honour'd sire.
My high descent from Dardanus I prove;
And ancient Dardanus descends from Jove.
The' immortals thus forsake the realms of light,
And mix with mortals in the social rite:
Neptune and Phœbus thus forsook the sphere,
Firm on its base my native Troy to rear. 345
But know, on three fair goddesses, of late,
Sentence I pass'd, and clos'd the long debate.
On Venus, who with charms superior shone,
I lavish'd praises, and confer'd my boon.

The Cyprian goddess, pleas'd with my decree,
Reserv'd this recompense, O queen! for me;
Some faithful fair, possess'd of heavenly charms,
Should, she protested, bless my longing arms;
Helen her name, to Beauty's queen allied; 360
Helen, for thee I stem'd the troubled tide.
Unite we now in Hymen's mystic bands:
Thus love inspires, and Venus thus commands.
Scorn not my suit, nor beauty's queen despise:
More need I add to influence the wise?
For well thou know'st, how dastardly or base
Is Menelaus's degenerate race:
And well I know that Græcia's ample coast
No fair like thee, for beauty fam'd, can boast.'
He said: on earth her sparkling eyes she cast;
Embarrass'd paus'd awhile, and spoke at last: 371
'To visit Ilion, and her towers survey,
Rear'd by the god of ocean and of day,
(Stupendous labours by celestials wrought)
Hath oft, illustrious guest, employ'd my thought;
Oft have I wish'd to saunter o'er the vales,
Whose flowery pasture Phœbus' flocks regales;
Where, beneath Ilion's walls, along the meads
The shepherd-god his lowing oxen feeds.
To Ilion I'll attend thee; haste, away; 380
For beauty's queen forbids our long delay.
No husband's threats, no husband's search, I dread,
Though he to Troy suspect his Helen fled.'
The Spartan dame, of matchless charms possess'd,
Proffer'd these terms to her consenting guest. [sun,
Night, which relieves our toils, when the bright
In ocean sunk, his daily course has run,
Now gives her softest slumbers, ere the ray
Of rising morn proclaims the' approach of day.

Two gates of airy dreams she opens wide; 390
Of polish'd horn is this, where truths abide;
Voices divine through this mysterious gate
Proclaim the' unalterable will of fate:
But through the ivory gate incessant troop
Of vain, delusive dreams, a faithless group.
Helen, seduc'd from Menelaus' bed,
The' adventurous shepherd to his navy led:
To Troy with speed he bears the fatal freight;
For Venus' proffers confidence create.
At morning's dawn Hermione appears, 400
With tresses discompos'd and bath'd in tears;
She rous'd her menial train, and thus express'd
The boding sorrows of her troubled breast:
'Where, fair attendants, is my mother fled,
Who left me sleeping in her lonely bed?
For yesternight she took her trusty key,
Turn'd the strong bolt, and slept secure with me.'
Her hapless fate the pensive train deplore,
And in thick circles gather round the door;
Here all contend to moderate her grief, 410
And by their kind condolence give relief:
'Unhappy princess, check the rising tear;
Thy mother, absent now, will soon appear:
Soon as thy sorrow's bitter source she knows,
Her speedy presence will dispel thy woes.
The virgin-cheek, with sorrow's weight o'ercome,
Sinks languid down, and loses half its bloom:
Deep in the head the tearful eye retires,
There sullen sits, nor darts its wonted fires. 419
Eager, perchance, the band of nymphs to meet,
She saunters devious from her favourite seat,
And, of some flowery mead at length possess'd,
Sinks on the dew-bespangled lawn to rest:

Or to some kindred stream perchance she strays,
Bathes in Eurotas' streams, and round its margin
plays.'
'Why talk ye thus?' the pensive maid replies,
The tears of anguish trickling from her eyes,
'She knows each roseate bower, each vale and hill,
She knows the course of every winding rill.
The stars are set; on rugged rocks she lies: 430
The stars are up; nor does my mother rise.
What hills, what dales thy devious steps detain?
Hath some relentless beast my mother slain?
But beasts, which lawless round the forest rove,
Revere the sacred progeny of Jove.
Or art thou fall'n from some steep mountain's brow,
Thy corse conceal'd in dreary dells below?
But through the groves, with thickest foliage
crown'd,
Beneath each shrivell'd leaf that strews the ground,
Assiduous have I sought thy corse in vain: 440
Why should we then the guiltless grove arraign?
But have Eurotas' streams, which rapid flow,
O'erwhelmed thee, bathing, in its deeps below?
Yet in the deeps below the Naïads live,
And they to womankind protection give.'
Thus spoke she sorrowing, and reclin'd her head,
And, sleeping, seem'd to mingle with the dead;
For Sleep his elder brother's aspect wears,
Lies mute like him, and undisturb'd by cares:
Hence the swoln eyes of females, deep distress'd,
Oft, when the tear is trickling, sink to rest. 451
In this delusive dream the sleeping maid
Her mother saw, or thought she saw, portray'd.
Aloud she shriek'd, distracted and amaz'd,
And utter'd thus her anguish as she gaz'd:

'Last night, far distant from your daughter fled,
You left me slumbering in my father's bed.
What dangerous steeps have not I strove to gain?
And stroll'd o'er hills and dales for thee in vain?'
'Condemn me not,' replied the wandering dame:
'Pity my sufferings, nor augment my shame. 460
Me, yesterday, a lawless guest beguil'd,
And distant tore me from my darling child:
At Cytherea's high command I rove;
And once more revel in the walks of love.'
She said: her voice the sleeping maid alarms;
She springs to clasp her mother in her arms.
In vain: no mother meets her wistful eyes;
And now her tears redouble and her cries:
'Ye feathery race, inhabitants of light, 470
To Crete's fam'd isle direct your rapid flight:
There to my sire the' unwelcome truth proclaim,
How yesterday a desperate vagrant came,
Tore all he dotes on from his bridal bed,
And with his beauteous queen abruptly fled.'
The restless fair, her mother to regain,
Thus to the winds bewail'd and wept in vain.
The Thracian town diminish'd from their view,
And fleet o'er Helle's strait the vessel flew;
The bridegroom now his natal coast descried, 480
And to the Trojan port conducts his bride.
Cassandra from her tower beheld them sail,
And tore her locks, and rent her golden veil:
But hospitable Troy unbars her gate,
Receives her citizen, and seals her fate.

NOTES

ON

THE RAPE OF HELEN.

Coluthus Lycopolites, a Theban poet, flourished in the reign of the emperor Anastasius, about five hundred years after Christ. He is said to have been the author of several poems; none of which have come down to us except this, which in many passages is corrupt and mutilated. There is an excellent edition of this poem by Lennep. There is also an old translation of it by Sir Edward Sherburne; to whom I acknowledge myself indebted for some of his useful annotations.

Did the insertion of this little poem stand in need of an apology, it might be made by observing, that the subjects of the two poems are not wholly dissimilar. In the one is celebrated the rape of Medea, in the other the rape of Helen; two events of equal celebrity in ancient story.

On the title of this poem, Sir Edward Sherburne makes the following not unpleasant remark: 'The word *rape* must not be taken in the common acceptation of the expression: for Paris was more courtly than to offer, and Helen more

kind-hearted than to suffer, such a violence. It must be taken rather for a transporting of her with her consent from her own country to Troy: which Virgil seems to insinuate in the first book of his Æneid, where, speaking of Helen, he says,

Pergama cum peteret.———

'The word *peteret* implies, that the quitting of her country, and going along with Paris, was an act she desired, as well as consented to; and thus much the ensuing poem makes good.'

Ver. 2. The most celebrated river in Troas: it derived its source from Mount Ida.

Ver. 10. The ancients esteemed the art of husbandry to be of all others the most honourable. The hands of princes sustained at the same time the crook and the sceptre. Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, is represented in this poem under the character of a shepherd. In our times the care of flocks and herds is committed to the lowest orders of the people. Shepherd and clown are terms with us nearly synonymous: but we must endeavour to separate from them the ideas of churlishness and ill-breeding, when applied, as the ancients applied them, to heroes and kings.

Ver. 24. It was a fiction of the poets, that Peleus, the son of Æacus, and pupil of Chiron, married Thetis, the daughter of Nereus; and that all the gods attended at their nuptials on Mount Pelion, except Eris or Discord, in whose presence agreement and harmony could not long subsist. See on this subject, *Catullus de Nupt. Pel. et Thet.* and *Valerius Flaccus*, L. i. v. 129.

Ver. 42. The correspondent lines in the original ought to be placed after v. 33, as Lennep rightly observes: to that place (immediately after the poet's mention of Diana) the translator has restored them.

Ver. 56. The conjectural reading of Vossius is here preferred; as it seems to contain more sense and more poetry than any other. He reads,

——————χειρὶ δὲ λαιῇ
Ὃν δὲ τὲ κόλλοπ ἔρυξε και ἣν ἐφυράσσατο πέτρην.

Ver. 79. Apples were esteemed the symbol of love, and dedicated to Venus. They were also considered as allurements of love, and were distributed among lovers. Hence the expressions μηλοβολεῖν and *malo petere*, in Theocritus and Virgil.

Ver. 89. The ancients looked upon such eyebrows, which our poet calls βλεφάρων συνοχην as essential to form a beautiful face. *See Anacreon's description of his mistress*, and *Theocr. Id.* viii. 72.

Ver. 99. They were supposed to be very numerous.

—— *volucrumque exercitus omnis amorum.*
Val. Flacc. vi. 457.

Ver. 116. The cestus of Venus, of which Homer makes particular mention, Il. xiv. 216. derives its name ἀπὸ τοῦ κεντεῖν. To which stimulating quality our poet alludes in the following line:

'And with this cestus I infix my *sting*.'

Ver. 205.

——— κάλλος,
Ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν
Ἀντ' ἐγχέων ἀπάντων. *Anacr. Ode* xi.

Ver. 267, 268. *Ismarus, Pangræa.*] Mountains in Thrace. The former is also the name of a lake.

Ver. 269. Demophoon, son of Theseus, on his return from Troy, passed through Thrace, where he was hospitably received by Phillis, its queen, who fell in love with and married him. He having expressed his desire to visit Athens, his native country, Phillis consented to his departure, upon condition that he would return on a certain day which he should appoint. Demophoon promised to be with her on the appointed day. When the day came, Phillis, tortured with the pangs of an impatient lover, ran nine times to the shore; which from this circumstance was called in Greek *Enneados:* but unable any longer to support his absence, she, in a fit of despair, hanged herself. *See Ovid's Epist.* ii. *Phillis to Demoph.*

Ver. 274. A province and city of Thessaly; the birth-place of Achilles. But, for a more particular account of Coluthus's geography, the reader may consult Lennep's note on ver. 215, where he shows (to make use of his words) *quam fuerit in geographicis hospes Coluthus.*

Ver. 296. Hyacinthus was a young prince of the city Amyclæ, in Laconia. He had made so extraordinary a progress in literature, that he was considered as a favourite of Apollo. As he was playing with his fellows, he was unfortunately

struck on the head by a quoit, and died of the blow. The poets have enlarged on this simple story in the following manner:

The wind which blew the quoit aside, and gave it the fatal direction, they have called Zephyrus; whom they have represented as the rival of Apollo. Zephyrus, having received for his kindnesses to Hyacinthus, the most ungrateful returns, was resolved to punish him for his insolence; and having challenged him one day to a game of quoits, he struck the unfortunate youth a blow on the temples.

The inhabitants of Amyclæ, says the poet,

——————— δηϊδ' ἀήτου
Σκυζομενος, καὶ τοῦτον ἀνήγαγεν.———

'were displeased with the contest proposed by Zephyrus, and withdrew Hyacinthus from the fight; or, perhaps (still better to connect this with the following sentence), they brought him out, and spirited him on to the fight; presuming, that his favourite god would enable him to come off victorious—ἀυταρ Ἀπολλων, &c.

This is Lennep's conjectural reading; which, whether the true one or not, must be allowed to affix a tolerable meaning to a passage that was before very unintelligible.

Ver. 302. From the blood that was spilt on the ground, Apollo produced a flower, called after the name of his favourite youth. *See Ovid's Metam.* l. x.

Ver. 331. Antilochus, mentioned frequently in Hom. Il.

Ver. 333. The descendants of Æacus. He was

the son of Jupiter and Ægina: his offspring were Phocus, Peleus, Teucer, and Telamon.

Ver. 390. The fiction to which our author in this place, and Virgil, in Æneid vi. allude, is borrowed from B. xix. of Hom. Odyss. It is imagined, that this story of the gates of sleep may have had a real foundation, and have been built upon the customs of the Egyptians. *See the note on ver.* 656, *book* xix. *of Pope's Odyss.* Our poet has represented these fanciful gates as opened by Night; and with great propriety.

'The ancients,' says Sir Edward Sherburne, 'painted Sleep like a man heavy with slumber; his under garment white, his upper black; thereby expressing day and night; holding in his hand a horn; sometimes really such, sometimes of ivory, in the likeness of one; through which, they feigned, that he conveyed dreams; true, when the same was of horn, false when of ivory.' Some have assigned, as a reason why true dreams pass through the gate of horn, and false ones through the gate of ivory,—that horn is a fit emblem of truth, as being transparent; and ivory of falsehood, as being impenetrable.

Ver. 418. Virgil, Æn. vi. 278. calls sleep *consanguineus lethi.*

Ver. 450. Hence, *i. e.* by reason of the likeness there is betwixt these two affections.

Ver. 464. The line in the original is obscure, and usually misplaced. It is given to Hermione, but without the least reason. It is here restored to its proper place; and is an observation which comes naturally enough from the mouth of Helen. *See Lennep's note on the passage.*

Ver. 482. Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, and priestess of Apollo. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy; but on her refusing to comply with the conditions on which it was given her, he rendered it ineffectual, by ordaining that her predictions should never be believed. Hence it was, that when Paris set sail for Greece in pursuit of Helen, her prophecy, that he should bring home a flame, which should consume his country, was not regarded. Her appearance, therefore, on the present occasion is quite in character; and our poet has shown his judgment by the representation he has given of her.

EUPOLIS'S

HYMN TO THE CREATOR;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

EUPOLIS'S

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

AUTHOR of Being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright;
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound:
Whether thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Ei, or *Iao:* thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy stedfast being still the same.

Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when sweet declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove!
And teach the world to praise and love.

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,

Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd,
All-creating Power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.
Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod,
Sea, earth, and air, confess thee God!
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both air and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thoughts arise
To thy pavilion in the skies:
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train,
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight:
(For thee their silver harps are strung)
Ever beauteous, ever young.
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And through heaven's arch resound thy praise.

The feather'd fowls that skim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there;
The lark, precentor of the choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn; the' angelic notes
Repeating in their warbling throats,
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below:
On the green turf, their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast.
Thus, like thy golden chain from high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Source of light! thou bid'st the sun
On his burning axle run;
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky.
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
And as the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase the orb of light,
Imparted lustre: thus we see
The solar virtue shines by thee.

Eiresione we'll no more,
Imaginary pow'r, adore;
Since oil, and wool, and cheerful wine,
And life-sustaining bread are thine.

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains:
The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
Rises pregnant from the ground;
At thy command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.
Minerva, only is thy mind,
Wisdom, and bounty to mankind.
The fragrant thyme, the blooming rose,
Herb and flower, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
For food, for med'cine, or delight;
Planted by thy parent care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.

O ye nurses of soft dreams,
Reedy brooks, and winding streams,
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding through the meadows green,
Or where through matted sedge you creep,
Trav'lling to your parent deep:
Sound his praise by whom ye rose,
That sea which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal woods and groves,
Which the' enamour'd student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
For thought and friendly converse made,
Fam'd Hecadem, old hero, lies,
Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,
And through the gloom of silent night
Projects from far its trembling light.
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow:
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend:
Cedars and pines, that wave above,
And the oak belov'd of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy,
Or nothing are, or Jove from thee!
Whether various nature play,
Or re-invers'd thy will obey,
And to rebel man declare
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Laugh, ye prophane, who dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies,
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismay'd is still prepar'd:

Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what thou send'st must needs be best.
No evil can from thee proceed:
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed;
Darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone:
Then does night obscene arise
From Erebus, and fill the skies;
Fantastic forms the air invade,
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
How to punish, prone to spare!
Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride
That dar'd old ocean's pow'r deride;
Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubean wave,
At Marathon they found a grave.
O ye bless'd Greeks who there expir'd,
For Greece with pious ardour fir'd.
What shrines or altars shall we raise
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die!

And yet a greater hero far,
(Unless great Socrates could err)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown Instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room:
Thou with Jove our vows shalt share,
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.

O Father, King, whose heav'nly face,
Shines serene on all thy race;
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore;
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want, for thou art all!

FINIS.

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